

WOBURN JOURNAL.

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the Editor, at Woburn, or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.

Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring
towns, solicited.

TALES AND SKETCHES.

THE THING THAT MONEY CANNOT BUY.

Mr. Wakefield was the proprietor of a fine farm, and passed for the richest farmer in the neighborhood. He began life as a small farmer, and everything succeeded with him: the wind which blighted the harvest of his neighbors seemed to pass harmlessly over his fields; the distemper which decimated their flocks spared his; whenever he wanted to buy, the prices were sure to lower in the market; and if he wished to sell, they generally rose as opportunely.

One morning, as he was busily employed superintending the masons and carpenters, who were employed in making some additions to his house, he was saluted, in passing, by one of his neighbors, an old retired schoolmaster, who had labored hard in his vocation for forty years. Old Allan, as this personage was called, lived in a small house of rather mean appearance, in which he had dwelt for many years, happy in the respect which was felt for him by all his neighbors, on account of his excellent character, and thankful for the small share of the world's goods which had had for him.

The farmer warmly returned his salute, and exclaimed gayly, "Well, neighbor, I suppose you are come to see my improvements: come in, friend, come in; one is always in want of a little advice from such a philosopher as you." This epithet of philosopher had been bestowed upon the old schoolmaster in the village partly from esteem, partly in *bodinage*; it was at the same time, a harmless criticism on his taste for "wise saws and modern instances," and a homage which was rendered by all to his cheerful temper and the undisturbed serenity of his mind.

The old man smiled good-humoredly at the summons thus addressed to him by the wealthy farmer, and pushing open the gate, entered his enclosure. Mr. Wakefield then showed him with the self-satisfied air of a proprietor, the new additions he was making to his already extensive buildings; by means of which he would now have an excellent lock-up, coach-house, several spare rooms for his friends, and a small conservatory, wherein his wife might indulge her taste for exotics.

"All this will cost a great deal," said Mr. Wakefield; "but one must never regret the expenditure of money when it really adds to one's comfort."

"You are in the right," replied Allan: "a man who has nothing to annoy him, is worth two discontented men any day."

"Without reckoning, besides, that we shall gain in health by the change! And this reminds me, friend Allan—do you know that when I was passing your house yesterday an idea struck me all of a sudden?"

"That must happen to you more than once a day, neighbor, I should suppose," replied the schoolmaster, with a smile.

"No, but without joking," resumed Wakefield, "I have found out the reason of your suffering as you do from the rheumatism: it is the fault of that row of poplars which masks your windows, and shuts out the air and light."

"Yes," replied the old man; "at first they formed only a little leafy wall, which was refreshing to the sight, attracted the birds as a nesting-place, and allowed a free course to the sun's cheering rays. I used mentally to bless my neighbors, the Rengton's, who had planted such a border to their garden; but since the wall has risen in height, and that which at first lent a charm and gayety to the scene, is now transformed into a source of gloom and of discomfort. Thus it is too often in life—that which seems graceful and amusing in the child is hateful and repelling in the man; but now the thing cannot be helped, so it is as well to make the best of it."

"Cannot be helped!" exclaimed the farmer; "and why not? Why should not the poplars be cut down?"

"To have the right to do that one must buy them first," objected the schoolmaster.

"Well, then, I will buy them," said Mr. Wakefield: "I shall not regret the price, if your rheumatism will only leave you in peace." Old Allan expressed his warmest gratitude to the farmer; but the latter laughingly exclaimed, "Do not thank me: I only do it to prove that money is good for something."

"Say for a great deal," replied Allan.

"I should say for everything!" rejoined Wakefield. The schoolmaster shook his head. "Oh, I know your opinions, old philosopher," continued the farmer; you look upon money with a sort of prejudice."

"No," replied Allan, "I look upon it as an instrument, which may be powerful in our hands either for good or evil, according to the spirit in which you use it; but there are things in the world which do not bow before its rule."

"And I say that it is the king of the world!" interrupted Wakefield; "I say that it is the source of all our enjoyments in life, and that to escape from its influence, one must become an angel in paradise."

At this moment a letter was placed in his hand; he opened it, and had no sooner glanced

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his eye over it, than he uttered an exclamation of joy, and exclaimed triumphantly, "Here is another proof of what I have been saying: do you know what this letter contains?"

"Good news, I hope," replied Allan.

"My nomination as justice of the peace." The schoolmaster offered his sincere congratulations to the farmer on his attainment of this little distinction, which he knew to have been long the object of his ambition, and which he felt that his friend justly merited.

"Merited!" repeated Wakefield; "and can you venture to say in what respect I have merited it, my good neighbor? Is it because I am the cleverest man in the neighborhood? My next neighbor, Mr. Hodson, knows ten times more of law than I do. Is it because I have rendered greater services to my neighborhood than anybody else? Here is old Lawrence, who, by his courage and presence of mind, saved ever so many people from being burnt in the late conflagration, and who last year found out a means of curing the rot amongst the sheep. Is it because there is no other honest, right-minded man in the town of Moreton? Are not you here, father Allan—you who are old Honesty himself, dressed up in a coat and pantaloons? It must therefore be clear to you that I have received the appointment simply as the most influential man in the parish, and that I am the most influential because I am the richest. Money, my friend, is always money! A few minutes ago I was proving to you that it could purchase health and comfortable ease: now you see how it procures me an honorable appointment which I wished for: to-morrow it will satisfy some new desire. You see, therefore, that the world is a great shop, where everything is to be had for ready money."

"Has Peter sold you his dog?" inquired the schoolmaster, waiting a decided answer.

Wakefield looked at him with a smile, and then slapping him on the shoulder, exclaimed, "Ah! you want to prove that my theory was at fault! You defied me to persuade Peter to give me up Growler for his weight in gold."

"His weight in gold!" said the schoolmaster; "that would be a great deal; but I know that the shepherd loves and values his dog as if he were his bosom friend."

"Well, this bosom friend is now in my possession!" triumphantly exclaimed the farmer. Allan started with surprise. "Yes," replied Wakefield, "he has been mine since yesterday. Peter had signed a security for his sister: yesterday the bill fell due, and the money was not forthcoming; he came himself to offer to sell me Growler."

"And the dog is here!"

"Yes, chained up in the inner court, where he has been supplied with everything which constitutes the happiness of a dog—namely, a well-filled trencher, and a kennel comfortably lined with straw; but come and see for yourself."

The farmer led the way into the yard, followed by the schoolmaster. They had no sooner entered it, however, than they described the trencher upset, the chain broken, and the kennel empty. The dog had taken advantage of the night to break his chain, and to escape over the wall.

"Is it possible," exclaimed the astonished farmer, "he has actually made his escape?"

"To return to his old master," observed Allan.

"And what on earth has he gone in quest of down there? What can he have wanted?"

"That which you could not purchase with him," gently replied the old schoolmaster; "even the sight of the man who nourished and cherished him until now! Your kennel was warmer, your provision more abundant, and your chain lighter than that of Peter; but in Peter were centred all his recollections, as well as his habits of attachment; and for the beast, as well as for the man, there are some things which can neither be bought nor sold."

Money can purchase, indeed, almost every earthly good, except the one that lends its value to them all—*affection*.

You are a wise man; do not forget the lesson which chance has thus taught you: remember, henceforth, that though one may indeed purchase the *dog* for money, one can only acquire his faithful attachment by tenderness and care."

"Yes," replied the farmer, thoughtfully, "I now see that there is something which money cannot buy."

READER! YOUR DURY.—If you desire an interesting paper, subscribe for it—pay in advance—read it attentively—write for it occasionally, and procure all the new subscribers you can. If you have a family, and wish to interest your son or daughter in reading a paper, furnish them the means of becoming a subscriber, and you will have the double pleasure of reading the paper and hearing it read.—Commonwealth.

"The more people see things, the less they notice them. The first man to discover an error in ship navigation is a landsman, while nine-tenths of all the improvements annually made in agricultural implements, owe their existence to men who never worked on a farm in their lives.

Written for the Journal.
**A SISTER'S REPLY ON BEING URGED
TO RETURN HOME.**

BY MARY BITCHIE.

Thou bid'st me return, brother,
Return to my home,
To the land of my birth, brother,
And never more roam.

Thou sayest that Time, brother,
Has marked on my brow,
Its ridges of years, brother,
And grief makes me bow.

Ah! well do I know, brother,
Adversity's blast
Has injured my form, brother,
And gloom o'er me cast.

Yet I cannot return, brother,
A voice whispers "on;"
I must heed that voice, brother,
Tho' friends do me scorn.

Yes, "onward" I go, brother,
From all that are dear,
To thread life's dark maze, brother,
Earth's sad ones to cheer.

Then oft think of me, brother,
When the loved ones meet
Around the fireside, brother,
Each other to greet.

Yes, think of the wanderer,
But ne'er shed a tear,
For know 'tis her choice, brother,
The lone heart to cheer.

Woburn, March, 1852.

A PLEA FOR OLD TREES.

There are few things which I like better to meet with in my wanderings, than an old tree. When I see one upon which the storms of some hundred winters have wasted themselves, sad and solemn feelings always come over me; I feel as if I could linger long about it; and sometimes, strange as it may appear, I could even prostrate myself before it, in mute awe and admiration. It is not that there is anything very *beautiful* in an old tree—sometimes it is even the reverse; and when I pause to look at some broken trunk, with scarce a mark of verdure remaining on it, my friend who is with me will pull my arm, and wonder what I see in that to stare at. But to me, an old tree brings with it associations of a very interesting and pleasing character; and it is for these that I love to look upon it, and feel a kind of friendship for it.

In the first place, the delightful idea of *constancy* associates itself with an old tree. Amidst the rush and push of this world's changes, there it has remained immovable for centuries; and whilst cities have crumbled away, and kingdoms have been revolutionized, and great empires have risen and fallen, it has

"taken root downward, and borne fruit upward," and, year by year, its branches have spread themselves overhead as a green canopy, and it has helped to make the face of nature more beautiful. There is one tree in my neighborhood—I think it is said that nine hundred years have rolled their clouds and played their lightnings over it—under which I remember gamboling when I was a child; and, though many changes have since then come over me, and I have had my share—I think sometimes, as I suppose most people do, *more* than my share—of dark days and sorrowful ones; though friends whom I had loved have forsaken me, and some have turned away from me, who I never thought would have done so; I go now occasionally, and I find the tree unaltered:—

"So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man!"

the marks of age, perhaps, are more apparent, but it smiles upon me as it did of old; and in recalling, as I almost can, the sweet and innocent thoughts and emotions which I indulged under it, and the remembrance of the dear departed ones with whom I stood at its feet, I can almost bring back the days so long gone, and fancy myself a boy again. And I am not the only one whom this old tree has cheered thus and encouraged: it smiled upon others before it smiled on me; and it will continue to smile when I am gone and departed. The traveller has many a time locked upon it, as he has passed the village in which it stands; and the broken-down soldier has recognized it with a tear, as he has returned after many battles to the quiet home of his boyhood. For many a year the swallow, returning from her annual visit to a milder climate, has always found its branches ready for her as a resting-place; and in many a summer, the parting flocks have sought and found under it a grateful shade.

How many things are there which the world has less cause to be grateful to than it has to an old tree!

But an old tree has always associated with it thoughts of *the past*. How many persons have gazed upon it who will never gaze upon it again; and with what different emotions: it has been gazed upon at different times, and by different classes of character! The noble has gazed upon it as he dashed by in his chariot; and the poor lame beggar, as he hobbled past on his crutch. Perhaps, in some dark night, when the moon was hidden behind the clouds, and scarce a star was seen in the firmament,

and the cold wind blew, and the drizzling rain descended, which kept all but the wicked or the houseless wanderer within doors, the murderer may have arranged his plot; or even upon the very ground over which its shade is cast, he may have carried it into execution; and the old tree may have listened to the cry of the murdered man, and seen his blood as it mixed with the green grass around it. Centuries ago, the Druid may under it have offered his human sacrifice; and near it, may have rattled in the night wind the chains and bones which hung upon the gibbet. What tales it could tell, if it could but speak to us of England in the olden time; and what revelations could it furnish of events, but now imperfectly pictured forth to us in the fictions of history! It has heard the old men talk of Alfred and of Canute, of the Conquest and William the Norman; the tales of the Plantagenets and the Lancasters have been told in its presence; it could speak to us of Magna Charta and of the Crusades, of Harry the Eighth and the Reformation; it heard men talk with glistening eye of John Hampden and of Cromwell, and how they stood up gloriously against tyrants, and overthrew them; it listened to their deep murmurs at the tyranny of James, and to their shouts of delight at the accession of the Prince of Orange; it heard them while they talked in whispers of the Plague, and of the number dying daily, and how they were carried in carts, and thrown unclad into the grave; and it has seen how the world, amidst its ups and downs, has been going forward all the while; and how, from all things being a monopoly of the few, the rights of the many have come gradually to be recognized, so that the "greatest happiness of *all*" is likely yet to become the politics of the world. Old tree! wilt thou not open thyself to us, and reveal the secrets to which thou hast been a party?

There is one lesson which we may very properly learn from the contemplation of an old tree. Amidst all the changes which have occurred around it, and notwithstanding the storms which have beaten upon it, it has stood firm and unmoved. How calmly it has witnessed the joys and sorrows, the crimes and miseries of the world! Oh, to be as patient as the old tree amidst the storms and battles of life; ever, amidst changes and uncertainties, fulfilling our high duty and destiny!

I never like to see an old tree cut down. When the woodman's axe approaches it, and I observe upon it the mark which dooms it to destruction, my soul protests against the sacrifice. It seems as if a part of myself were gone, when an old familiar tree is removed—as if one of my ties to this green earth were snapped asunder. But perhaps it is better so.

My friends of all kinds are dying away;

and it is well that I should sometimes be reminded that I soon must follow them.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

An Irish schoolmaster who, whilst poor himself, had given gratuitous instruction to certain poor children, when increased in worldly goods, began to complain of the service, and said to his wife he could not afford to give it any longer for nothing,—who replied, "Oh! James, don't; a poor scholar never came into the house, that I didn't feel as if he brought fresh air from heaven with him—I never miss the bit I give them—my heart warms to the soft, homely sound of their bare feet on the floor, and the door almost opens of itself to let them in."

A sentiment so beautiful, could not fail to express itself beautifully. The prosperity which contracted his heart, enlarged hers.—Her love was moved by it; it turned her serving into joy:—

"As the great sun when his influence
Sheds on the frost-bound waters. The glad streams
Flow to the ray, that warbles as it flows."

AMUSING.—A greenhorn from the country went to a menagerie to examine the beasts, the birds, and creeping things there congregated, among which an orang-outang particularly struck his attention. Several gentlemen were conversing about the animal, one of whom expressed his opinion that it was a lower order of the human species. Jonathan did not like this idea, and striding up to the gentleman, expressed his contempt for it thus:—"Pooh! pooh! he's no more human species than I be!"

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AS TRUTHFUL AS ELOQUENT—WHAT IS PATRIOTISM.—The faith which wins liberty is near akin to that divine enthusiasm which seals the throne of Heaven. Patriotism is not the vulgar, noisy, rapacious, cancerous appetite of the forum which spurs the knaves and buffoons of public life into notoriety, which struts in the stolen cloak of Græcius, or performs its devotional exercises at the market cross.—It is not tainted with the corruption of the demagogue or skilled in the flippant cant of the hypocrite. It is a noble and gallant virtue, a virtue which teaches a people to aspire; and not to seek the summit of power and glory with the slimy crawl of the reptile, but with the broad pinions of the eagle.—*Nation*.

TRANSMISSION OF BODILY DEFECTS.—We find the following in the Home Journal:—

"To what degree, or with what certainty, bodily defects are handed down from parents to children, is a question upon which there should be more information and more responsibility. We see some novel and interesting statistics on this subject in a late report of a Deaf and Dumb Institution in England. There were seventy-two couple of married mutes who had one hundred and two children, ninety-eight of these children hearing and speaking perfectly well, and only four born deaf and dumb like their parents."

A great thought is better than a good fortune; and the blessing of it is perpetual.—

The presence of it in the soul is like converse with an angel. He who has one such guest to dwell with him, will not go abroad for society.

At this moment a letter was placed in his hand; he opened it, and had no sooner glanced

Written for the Journal.
OUR BROTHER IS GONE.

And has our brother passed away,

To dwell in realms above?

Yes! he has gone where endless day

Is passed in heavenly love.

His was a spirit too pure and bright

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1852.

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JOHN A. FOWLE, Editor.

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The proprietors of the "Woburn Journal" propose, at the close of Volume First, to submit the original pieces contributed to this paper to a committee; and in accordance with their decision, they will distribute to the successful authors two or three PRIZES, each to consist of one or more of our most costly ANNUALS.

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—Messrs. Nichols, Winn & Co. are agents for this paper.

WOBURN.—Dr. David Vaughan, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

STOTCHEL.—Mr. G. W. Dixie will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in this vicinity.

BOSTON.—Messrs. S. M. PETTENGILL & CO., State street, are agents for this paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Phil," Boston.—We are glad to get your musings, so appropriate to the season; we say more.

"Laura L."—The touching incident you write of, is one that calls forth sympathy from all, and is worthy a place in our columns.

"L." and "Lydia."—Your various articles are received, well written and acceptable.

Mrs. Wellman.—We are indebted to you for your several communications, the beautiful hymn, and other lines are quite acceptable.

"Jerusalem Pumpkins."—The Pumpking Correspondence will be welcome to our columns; we should think he had been where the "schoolmaster was, abroad."

"The House of Mourning," from Warren Academy, is a fine production, and will be published.

"Clara Clifton."—We don't know how we could be angry with such a correspondent, even if your pieces are long; we shall use your lines on Spring in due time.

"Gumbo." will not find his article in our columns, and we again take occasion to say that it is of no use to send us matter of a personal nature, as we do not deem it proper or expedient to publish it.

"Winchester."—Your "criticisms" is received, and will appear in our next, and at that time may have some remarks to make in addition to your own.

"J. B." is at hand, and will be placed on file; we think you should pay a little more regard to *rhythm*.

"Caroline."—Schoolboy?" "Nathaniel," and others favor us with enigmas, and answers to enigmas, &c., that we have published. We shall use up the stock of enigmas we have, and hope our young friends find it pleasant to puzzle them out.

"Middlesex."—We hope some of our agricultural friends can enlighten you, on the important matter you enquire about.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

The meetings of the Institute, to which we have been looking forward with so much interest for several weeks, commenced on Monday morning. The morning train brought a large delegation of teachers from the neighboring towns, who immediately repaired to the Unitarian Church, to receive their assignment of places of residence during the week. The Committee of Arrangement are worthy of all commendation, for the happy and systematic manner in which they disposed of this matter.

The town having previously been well canvassed, and a list of the names of those who were willing to extend their hospitalities to the teachers having been prepared, it remained only to pass to each member of the Institute a card of introduction, and the work of the committee was done.

The Institute was called to order at 10 o'clock, A. M., by Dr. Sears, who opened the meeting by imploring the blessing of God on the services of the week. After disposing of some preliminary business, the opening lecture was given by D. P. Colburn, Esq., on Arithmetic. The lecturer took up the elementary principles of arithmetic, insisting forcibly on the importance of thoroughness in giving instruction in the elements of this branch of study. The lecture was conducted with great skill, and the frequent use of the black-board, and the putting of direct questions to the teachers, awakened and kept up the interest of the members of the Institute.

At 11 o'clock, William Russell, Esq., gave a lecture on Elocution, confining himself, as the previous lecturer had done, to the elements of the subject, which he treated. He referred to the position of the body, in speaking, the proper use of the organs, and gave illustrations of the different sounds of the vowels, etc.

After which the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

HON. A. H. NELSON, President; DR. R. U. PIPER, Vice President; JOHN A. FOWLE, Secretary; PARKER CONVERSE, Treasurer.

Executive Committee:—J. E. LITTLEFIELD, L. P. DAVIS, HON. CHARLES CHOATE, AUG. ROUNDY, ENOCH HINCKLEY.

Remarks were made by several gentlemen as to the course to be pursued, and as to the probably benefits of the Society—all of an interesting character. We hope our citizens will not fail to send in their names, to either of the officers of the Society, as members, and thus enable the association to commence its labors at once, and without delay. We hope soon to lay before our readers the proposals of the Society for their acceptance.

STEAMER STATE OF MAINE ASHORE.—We learn that the steamer State of Maine, from Fall River for New York, went ashore yesterday morning at 6 o'clock, on Greenwich Point. She has quite a number of passengers and a heavy freight. She went on during a thick fog, at half-tide. When our informant left she lay easy, and all on board were safe and comfortable.

Do not fail to peruse our "Weekly Summary," it always contains the news of the week.

We are obliged to crowd out a good deal of matter this week as we devote so large a share of our paper to a report of the Institute.

TUESDAY.

Morning.—The meeting of the Institute was opened with prayer. The first lecture was given by Prof. Greene, on Language, the lecturer explained the manner in which men have proceeded from spoken to written language. The successive steps were traced, and illustrations on the black board given of the progress made from the simpler to the more complicated forms of speech.

The next lecture was given by Prof. Russell, and was occupied with a thorough drilling on the elementary sounds.

Prof. Greene continued the discussion of the subject of the first lecture of the forenoon.

Afternoon.—The first exercise was one on criticism, all matters in wrong pronunciation and grammar, which had been noticed by the members of the Institute in the course of the meeting, were called up and corrected.

The first lecture was given by Prof. Greene. The philosophy of parsing was dwelt upon, and the proper method of giving instruction on this subject explained.

Mr. Colburn again took up the subject of School Discipline, and many points of practical value were thoroughly discussed. Some questions, in which many persons among us are interested, were referred to. The practice of keeping children after school as a punishment, the denial of a recess to a scholar, and the monitorial system, in most of its details, were referred to and condemned.

The lecture was followed by an exercise in Arithmetic.

Evening.—The evening was occupied by Prof. Russell, who gave illustrations both of reading and speaking, by examples of select pieces, which were read and recited.

WEDNESDAY.

Morning.—Devotional exercises. The first lecture was given by Mr. Colburn, on Interest. The object of the lecture was to explain the different modes of computing interest.

The second lecture by Mr. Russell, was on the pronunciation of consonant sounds. Many popular errors in this department of elocution were pointed out and corrected.

The third lecture was given by Mr. Colburn, and was a continuation, in part, of the subject of the first lecture, and the discussion of the subject of fractions, with various examples of simplifying multiplications.

Afternoon.—*Critic's Report.*—Mr. Russell, on Elocution, particularly on the pronunciation of words, pointing out errors and correcting the same, occupied the first hour, an excellent and interesting exercise.

The second lecture, by Prof. Guyot, on Physical Geography, was an explanation of the best method of giving instruction in geography.

The last hour was spent in musical exercises, conducted by Mr. Pratt.

Evening.—Prof. Guyot continued the discussion of Physical Geography, the general subject being North America.

Prof. Russell illustrated, by numerous examples, the management of the human voice, in force, pitch, stress, etc.

(Concluded next week.)

TREE SOCIETY.

This Society held a public meeting last Saturday night, and adopted the following Constitution:—

This association shall be called the "Woburn Ornamental Tree Society."

The object of this Society shall be to plant ornamental and shade trees on public places, and streets, and for the encouragement of the taste of setting out trees, shrubbery &c.

The officers of this society shall be a President, Vice President, Secretary, and Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of five.

The President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer, shall perform the duties usually incumbent upon such officers. The Executive Committee shall superintend the setting out of the trees, decide upon the location and have direction of all the society funds.

Any person may become a member of this society, by paying annually into its Treasury, the sum of one dollar, or by performing a day's labor in its service.

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WEEKLY SUMMARY.

Written for the Journal.

March has left us; it has been a cold and tedious month. April, we hope, will bring us sunny days.—The Public Land question is exciting much debate in Washington; it has extended to our Senate, and raised quite a stormy debate. The substance of this question is the granting 160 acres to actual settlers, *free*.—The house of William Gibson, of Claremont, N. H., took fire and burnt down, with his three children, all under five years of age.—A heavy frost on Grand River, Canada, destroyed property to the amount of \$90,000.—The birth-day of Washington was celebrated at Naples, in a brilliant manner.—The Hudson River is clear of ice, and navigation open.—The barque Sunbeam, of Boston, has been shipwrecked. Captain Lincoln, with his wife and child, were drowned, with part of the crew.—The Rev. J. W. Greene, who is represented as a great imposter, has been arrested in Philadelphia, and committed to prison.—A new Jewish Synagogue, in Warren Street, Boston, was consecrated last Friday; the ceremony was a novel and interesting one.—The Queen of Spain and her husband can't agree; they will quarrel.—The most exciting question in Washington is,—"Who will be the next President?"—The ice on Lake Erie is very heavy and solid; navigation will be late.—Fast Day in Maine, April 15.—The Canals at Pittsburgh are in navigable order, and the opening of Spring business very fair.—The New York Canals will open about the 20th April.—Judge McClure, of Philadelphia, in his charge to the Grand Jury, spoke highly of the Maine Liquor Law, and pronounced it Constitutional.—Fast Day in Vermont, April 5.—A company has been formed in Worcester, with a capital of \$85,000 for building a first class Hotel, and have petitioned for a charter.—A large Hotel is about being built in Concord; what has become of the *Woburn Hotel?*—The "busy hum of commerce" is beginning in Boston, with fair spring prospects, and the wharves indicate a healthy state of shipments.—California ships are fast filled up with freight and passengers.—There has been much swindling by parties in New York in selling California Tickets, which proved worthless. Over 800 passengers remained at Panama, who purchased these tickets; they are completely destitute of means, and cannot return. The parties in New York who sold these spurious tickets have fled the city. California emigrants should never purchase a ticket without *first knowing the Agent*.—The Railway excitement in the British Provinces is undiminished; the people seem determined to open a road for the *Iron Horse*.—The Boston tree and shrubbery market is well-stocked, and many desirable qualities are to be purchased at Auction.—Deaths in Boston last week, 71.—North Danvers Parish has manufactured 800,000 pairs of thick shoes, and 200,000 pairs thin ones per year for the last two years, the profits of which are set down at \$100,000.—It is stated that over half a million dollars have been lost in the shoe trade within the last 20 years.—There are 230 cities and towns in New Hampshire.—Mr. Clay's health is again declining.—Miss Mary Jeffries committed suicide, by cutting her throat, last Thursday, in Lynn.—A monument to the old Thirteen States is in contemplation, to be erected in Independence Square, Philadelphia.—The first Sternb'at built on Lake Erie was in 1817, and in 1851 there were 761 Steamboats on the Western Lakes.—The largest Steamer in the world has recently left Louisville, Ky., for New Orleans, she is 353 feet long, and 75 feet wide, fitted like a palace, for 300 cabin passengers.—Simon Brown, Esq., of Concord, has been appointed a Justice of the Peace.—The Liquor Bill in the House is warmly debated, its friends are strong.—A new Ferry is established at East Boston.—The Tremont Temple and Chapman Hall School, were entirely destroyed by fire, on Wednesday morning. Two men were killed. Loss \$200,000.—Late arrivals from California: the mining news is highly favorable; the social and political news is satisfactory.—The last arrivals from Europe—France is quiet, but edging towards the Empire.—Spain is sending troops to Cuba, and removed the present Governor.—Portugal is reforming her Cabinet—Australia is satisfied with the change in the British Ministry; the markets are dull.

WE DESERVED COMPLIMENT.—We love to bestow a compliment where it is well merited, and therefore take especial pleasure in saying of the *Portland Eclectic*, "one of the best conducted and neatest paper on our exchange list, and would thank the editor for the good opinion expressed.

All the remarks made in regard to the *Woburn Journal*, be true, then it must be true, that Woburn has a pretty good paper published in its midst, and we are quite sure that the most valuable and interesting part of it, is to be found in the many able and interesting communications to be regularly found in its columns.

Is there any conceivable good arising, I

ask, have pleased all our readers, but it

is not, yet will be, to give such

matter as it will be profitable to peruse, and to adopt such a course in all cases as will prove acceptable to our patrons; and thanking them for the aid rendered, will continue to rely upon them for contributions, as well as "material aid."

Boston, March, 1852.

PHIL.

Written for the Journal.

SWEARING.

MR. EDITOR,—Thinking you take an interest in the welfare and prosperity of young men, and particularly those of our own town, I take the liberty to suggest a few ideas upon a vice to which many of our young men, and ladies, are too much addicted. I allude to *Profane Swearing*.

Perhaps the fault is not altogether in the children. They hear it used by their parents, and as a matter of course, they learn to use it.

It is really painful to hear young boys, just

beginning to talk, (as I might say,) take the name of God in vain.

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North Woburn, March, 1852.

UNALDO.

THE "HERMIT" AGAIN.

In all my wanderings,—amid the busy scenes of commerce, at the social firesides of familiar friends, or in the more exalted stations of society, where the great, the popular, and the reputed leaders of gay and fashionable life mingle for the enjoyment and gratification of sensual pleasures,—with all these at my bidding,—that still small voice always whispered to me of "home—sweet home—there is no place like home." The man who visits his early home, from which he has been separated for years, and finds a great change in everything around it, feels somewhat sad at recollections of by-gone years; and if he could only recognize some memento of early life, it would seem to be a pearl of value. The "old oaken bucket, which hung in the well," would be a grateful sight; but when the hand of improvement has swept every vestige of former years away, and we cannot find even a tree which used to offer a shade, our thoughts can only apprise us of what once was, but now is not. The spot above all others, in this wide world, to be revered by an old man, is that where he first inhaled the breath of heaven,—where the twig of life was bent, and where education formed his youthful mind.

Such a spot to me is Roxbury,—but what an altered place. In my late visit to Boston, I could not resist the desire of seeing our old home in Roxbury; it was near what was called "Bog Bridge." It is a city now, and not a living being could I recognize that I had ever seen before in those days. Our few neighbors were prominent men. John Lowell, the "Boston Rebel;" John Parker, Gen. Wm. Heath, and Gen. Williams, are quite familiar to me. Gen. Heath had two grandchildren, and very often we used to assemble around him, to hear his stories of the Revolution. He was a very fleshly man, and usually believed in ghosts after that, "Bakers Valley" has now some three or four houses built upon it, and the old bars are not. These, Mr. Editor, are some of my schoolboy days. They were the happiest of my life. I recur to them, as others do, with pain and pleasure. Years have since gone over me, in which I have passed through scenes from a beggar to a king, many of them are interesting, some "light as air;" all make up nearly three score years and ten, and have left the white locks of age for contemplation in my humble cottage.

Woburn, April 3, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1852.

CORPORATION OF MASSACHUSETTS
BY HIS EXCELLENCE
GEORGE S. BOUTWELL,
Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
A PROCLAMATION
FOR DAY OF PUBLIC

Fasting, Humiliation and Prayer.
Divine worship is an individual duty, yet it is appropriate that States acknowledge the existence and recognize the superintending power of the Creator of men, and Disposer of nations.

I do therefore, by and with the advice and consent of the council, appoint THURSDAY, the eighth day of April next, to be observed by the people of Massachusetts, as a day of Fasting, Humiliation and Prayer.

And I earnestly invite the people of the Commonwealth to examine and consider the errors of individual and associated life, the dangers to which as a Sovereign State we are thereby exposed, and the nature of our duty to the vicious, the ignorant, the unfortunate among us.

May all invoke the Divine blessing upon our state!—

Upon its institution of reformation, humanity, education, religion;—

Upon its interest of labor, of art, and of commerce;—

Upon its relations to the American Union, —that they may be just, peaceful, perpetual;—

Upon its principles of government and religious freedom,—that they may be finally accepted by the nations and races of men.

Given at the council chamber, in Boston, the eleventh day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two, and of the Independence of the United States the seventy-sixth.

GEORGE S. BOUTWELL,
By His Excellency the Governor with the advice and consent of the council;

ANNE WALKER, Secretary,

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts,

Written for the Journal.

A SIMILE.

On a bright sunshiny day I gazed on a calm lake—the sun was reflected with dazzling brilliancy from its burnished surface, but near the bank I could see reflected the varied hues and forms of bright flowers, waving reeds and majestic trees, and altho' there were a few unusually bold, brambles and barren stalks, yet as a whole it presented a beautiful picture to the eye. I visited it again at night; the gay hues and forms of the day could not be seen, but microcosm in its clear depths were many, many stars shining almost as brightly as their bright originals in the blue sky above, for—

"Each tiny wave with dimpled face
As it leaped up in air,
Caught a star in its embrace
And held it trembling there."

Those visits reminded me of the Christian's character, when the sun of prosperity shines upon it, we see the bright flowers of affection and benevolence, the graceful reeds of politeness, and the noble trees of truth and honesty mirrored forth, and altho' perhaps, we may see the unsightly weed of pride of station, a bramble or two of peevishness, and a neglected talent like a barren stalk reflected there, yet the character looks fair, but it is only in the night of affliction and adversity that we see those bright lights, reflected rays, from the glorious character of their bright example, the stars of patience, meekness, hope, and faith, beaming with holy beautiful lustre from out the clear calm depths of the Christian's soul.

Woburn, March, 1852. LYDIA.

Written for the Journal.

ARITHMETIC, &c.

Mister Editor.—Allow me the privilege of a few remarks in relation to a subject discussed at some length by one of your correspondents, in a late number of the Journal. The writer seems to have imbibed the idea that the study of Colburn should not be completed before that of the written Arithmetic is begun; that advantage is gained by the study of both; at the same time; and the tenor of his remarks appears to be a depreciation of the real importance of mental arithmetic. Now it occurs to me that there are strong reasons why mental arithmetic should be *thoroughly* studied and mastered; and that, too, before assuming written arithmetic. 'Tis true, a knowledge of numeration is not obtained there. But let us consider the relative value of the systems in point of practical application. Men of business require the power of making calculations with readiness and facility, so far as possible, in the mind. To them, correct conclusions, and an intelligible way of arriving at those conclusions, are satisfactory. These are the objects of mental arithmetic. The processes of computation are simple and distinct. The fundamental principles of arithmetic are presented clearly and intelligibly. The student, deprived of the foreign aid of paper and slate, is made to rely on his own faculties. And more than all, he qualifies himself to commence, *understandingly*, the system of written arithmetic, and to proceed, with ease and confidence, through these calculations too complicated for mental exertion alone. Why, then, should we hasten to leave a system so distinguished in practical results? Colburn should not be so rashly abandoned.

Perhaps, as the writer intimates, a question may be solved with less labor by writing out the work: but is not the advantage gained proportionately diminished? The operation is not better understood—principles are not more firmly fixed, by this means. The slate is somewhat analogous to those *helps* in college, yclept *pouies*, that furnish so material aid to the *eas-towing* student in the translation of a difficult lesson. Their advantage is not certainly prominent. Is it not true that multitudes who have more than once "ciphered through" the large arithmetics of the school, have found themselves baffled in the attempt to solve, by mental process, examples in Colburn? What is the reason of this? Simply, that they have

been wont, in their operations, to attend more to the *relation* and *order* of figures, as written on their slate, than to the *general principles* on which their solution depends. Oftentimes this is true, and it is the general tendency of careless, unthinking individuals, who exercise the memory more than the understanding. In mental arithmetic they are more likely to seek for the *reasons* of things.

But what objection to the study of both systems at once? Young scholars are apt to think it *mainly* to use the pencil and slate, and when they have begun to employ them in a *comparing* capacity, they gradually lose their interest in the old system. Written arithmetic seems a higher branch of study, and their ambition is to make onward movements. Besides, it is new, and requires less exertion; therefore it elicits their attention. It is impracticable, I think, to use both at the same time.

One idea more. Is it advisable to introduce the study of grammar into our primary schools? This seems to be the notion of your correspondent, but, is it, to me, erroneous. Would not the science of language be more earnestly studied and better understood, if it were not commenced so early as is the custom at present? I believe it is a great fault of our common schools, that boys and girls take grammar before they are able to comprehend its definitions, or understand the application of its rules. They study it season after season, making scarcely any perceptible advancement, just because it is not understood. Young scholars are *not* interested in the common treatises on that science. They commit to memory the rules, without any idea of their meaning or application. Grammar ought not to be forced upon the young mind, but should be postponed to a suitable age.

March 21, 1852. C.

PUMPKIN CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON, 1852, March 29th.

MISTER EDITOR.—My name is *Jerusalem Pumpkins*, Esq., recently, or some time ago, of Pumpkinsville, Vermont, and having just come down to take a few observations bout town, and see what I can dew for a living, and whether it will pa better than school-teachin up in Vermont, and understanding that yew wanted to hire a Boston letter riter, and considerin myself as a man of some parts, and neig a keen felier about human nater, possessin in my opinion all ther qual-terations to make my literari ritings proper; I have cum to the conclusion to rite u a letter, and see how much you would ax, if it under-toke the job.

In the fast place I wood inform you that I have taught school winters in Pumpkinsville, that I was run last fall for representative in town, got leaven votes, wood have been elected had I got enuf more to made mine the most, but the pesky fellow run against me was illiterate, knew nothin bout "readin, ritting and rhythmit" and because he didn't know nothin was leated, and I had tew stay at home; and I have always found Mister Editor that those men who are gifted with real solid acquire-ments go far awa and seek a liveler-hood; and altho I am descended from the ancient family of Pumpkiness, and was brought up in the top of indulgences—such as new milk soon as the cow was milked, fresh eggs to suck, maple sap to drink—yet now I am in Boston, and can't even get skinned milk.

But I'm bound to get a livin' "honestly if I can," and nother wa if I must; and after comparin my ideas with other great men such Willis, Long-feller, I have concluded to try my ink, and se if I cannot make a noise in the world, and perhaps get a chance as "charger extraordinary" to some forrin court, or some office or uthar of that natur; I am willin to give my views in ure paper, provided your printer will not nuterlate or splice my meaning, and not miss-spell my spellin. You no Misster Editor that we literai have grate cause to complane of printers for not putin in things as they are writ, and then we are larfed at by critisicen, and laf too stand it; i no that I dont rite none of the best hand in the world but at the same time I have taught ritting, and pride myself that I can write smart if not so pretty, therefore i say that printers should be bound to read all thats sent in.

I went to call on the City Guver-mont 'tother day, and was non-plased to think they didnt offer me the freedom of the town, but I suppose they never heard that I was run for representative, in fact an old codger at the Maors room asked me what I wanted; I told him who i was, and that I was lookin for a situation, and havin hearn that they wanted a City Treas-urer thought id cum up and see the Maor; he looked at me from head to feet, and then larfed right out; said i what you larf at, darn you! You, City Treas-urer said he, why you look as if yude jest come down; said i come down, you fool you, havn't i just cum up stairs, and how do you spouse I could cum down while goin up—this logic was too much for him, and he axed my pardon, and showed me into the guvernemt rooms; I told him i would like to get the job of sweepin out, if I could get the Treas-urep; so you see I have got an anchor ou to windwend, and perhaps may get a chance in there.

But I spos my prefacer has used up so much room in ure "jurnal" that I'd better stop now till next time, if yew let me no, and i will remain,

till next time,

JERUSALEM PUMPKINS, Esq.

Adelung, a celebrated German philosopher who died at Dresden in 1805, published a work giving specimens of the Lord's Prayer in 500 different languages and dialects

Written for the Journal.
CURIOSITIES.

A bridle from a clothes horse.
A flag from the north pole.
A ring from the finger of scorn.
A sheet from an oyster bed.
A pie made of "some punkins."
An apple from the "Woburn Branch."
A hat from "Gay Head."

CLAUDE MELNOTTE,
North Woburn, March, 1852.

Selected for the Journal.

An Enigma, said to have been written by Mr. Canning—which for a length of time, baffled the skill of all England to solve.

"There is a word of plural number,
A fo to peace and human slender.
Now any word you chance to take,
By adding S, your plural make;
But if you add an S to this,
How strange the metamorphosis:
Plural, is platon no more,
And sweet what bitter was before!"

Written for the Journal.
AN EPISTAPH.

ON A WOMAN WHO SOLD EARTHENWARE.
A ne pi ta PIQO na WQ ! man whos O-LD
EAR the N. WARE bene. At IT, IIS
STONELEIES, KATH Arin eg Raige Haugd
FRO I mabus—y LI PE to Life lessc lay s. h.
eg O T herpif AND No. ws he's Urn'
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VI

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eih E R SHO, P m ay bea g—AIN!

East Woburn, March, 1852. F. II.

Truth cannot be found without labor and attention of the mind, and the thought dwelling a considerable time upon the survey and discussion of each particular.

Mister Editor:—The following are the answer to the conundrums in your last. The "Constatinople one I give up:—

Why are teeth like verbs?

Because they are regular, irregular, and defective.

Why is a blacksmith's apron like the gate of a convent?

Because it keeps the sparks off.

Boston, March, 1852. ANN ELIZA.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

NOTICE.

The SCHOOLS in District No. 1, will commence on MONDAY, April 5th, at 9 o'clock A. M.

WALTER WYMAN,
Prudential Committee.

Woburn, April 3, 1852.

MARRIAGES.

In Medford, 17th inst., by Rev. H. Ballou, 2d, Mr. Officer C. Carroll to Miss Harriet A. Tibbles, both of this town.

In Lowell, March 21, by the Rev. Mr. Eddy, Mr. Henry Jackson to Elizabeth Butterworth, of L.

DEATHS.

In this town, 28th Inst., Mrs. Olive W. Lewis, wife of Hyatt Lewis, 31 years.

In this town, March 22d, Emma Jane, only child of James and Lydia A. Scott, 1 yr. 8 mos.

Oft weep not, mother, for thy darling babe,—

vrp, but the spirit's shrine thou may behold.

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WOBURN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT THE OFFICE
OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE, BY
FOWLE & BROTHER,
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in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to
the Editor, at Woburn, or at No. 21 Federal St., Boston.
Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighbor-
ing towns, solicited.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

WHAT IS LOVE?

Come define it! say, who is love?
Explain that magic word,
A word, which where'er you love,
Continually 'tis heard.

Say! is it passion's flame,
Seeking itself, gratify,
In spite of friends and fame,
Regardless of God on high?

Ah, no! its meaning true,
In few words you'll see;
Such is felt by few,
Such love oh give to me!

It is regarding one,
Far more than lands or self,
More than friends or home,
Much more than one's own self.

Woburn, Feb., 1851.

VOL. I. 25

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1852.

NO. 25.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

Written for the Journal.

ACROSTICAL ANSWER TO ENIGMA.

The good Enigma "Schoolboy" gave,
Has puzzled me a "few," I own;
Each word I've found at last, and now,
Young friends, in rhyme I'll make them known.
Ever the name of *Hannah* reads
Alike backwards and forwards, both;
Rich music with the *Fife* is made,
Early morn "boys of larger growth."
It's true that every one's been *youth*,
Grey-headed though they may now be;
How oft the magic words "I'll *try*!"
True strength should give to you and me.
Ever we tread beneath our feet,
Each bit of dirt that's in our way;
Nor is it less a truth, that oft
Horses will *draw* from day to day.
Unless I am mistaken quite,
Now comes the gentle sheep or *Ewe*.
Dear reader, ever to her the kind,
Remembering she is kind to you.
Ever take *Heed*, and strive to shun
Danger of every name and form,
For if you do not, it is feared
Is a deadly shaft may smite your form.
From distant China's far-off shore,
There comes to us across the sea;
You likewise know that *Tin* is used
To hold, sometimes, the sleeping *bea*.
We have all haled the birth, "t' true,
Of eighteen hundred and fifty two."

Winchester, March, 1852.

FRANK.

A FOX'S REVENGE.

The Rev. J. Murray, in his work on Creation, tells the following story:—

"An old and respectable man of the county of Montgomery, used frequently to relate an anecdote of a circumstance he saw. In his youth he resided on the banks of the Hudson river. One day he went to a bay on the river, to shoot ducks or wild geese. When he came to the river, he saw six geese beyond shot. He determined to wait for them to approach the shore. While sitting there he saw a fox come down to the shore, and stand some time and observe the geese. At length he turned and went into the woods, and came out with a very large bunch of moss in his mouth. He then entered the water very silently, sank himself, and then keeping the moss above water, himself concealed, he floated among the geese. Suddenly one of them was drawn under water, and the fox soon appeared on the shore with the goose on his back. He ascended the bank and found a hole, made by the tearing up of a tree. This hole he cleared, placed the goose in it, and covered it with great care, strewing leaves over it. The fox then left; and while he was gone, the hunter unburied the goose, closed the hole, and resolved to wait the issue.

"In about half an hour the fox returned, with another in company. They went directly to the place where the goose had been buried, and threw out the earth. The goose could not be found. They stood regarding each other for some time, when suddenly the second fox attacked the other most furiously, as if offended by the trick of his friend. During the battle he shot them both."

MINUTE MECHANISM.

There is a cherry-stone at the Salem, Mass., Museum, which contains one dozen spoons. The stone, itself, is of the ordinary size, but the spoons are so small, that their shape and finish can only be well distinguished by the microscope. Here is the result of immense labor for no decidedly useful purpose; and there are thousands of other objects in the world, fashioned by ingenuity, the value of which, in the utilitarian sense, may be said to be quite as indifferent. Dr. Olive gives an account in his *Philosophical Translations*, by the way of a cherry-stone, on which was carved one hundred and twenty-four heads, so distinctly that the naked eye could distinguish those belonging to Popes and Kings, by their mitres and crowns. It was bought in Prussia for \$1500, and thence conveyed to England, where it was considered an object of so much value, that its possession was disputed, and became the object of a suit in Chancery. This stone Dr. O. saw in 1852.

In more remote times still, an account is given, of an ivory chariot, constructed by Mermecides, which was so small that a fly could cover it with its wing; also of a ship of the same material, which could be hidden by the wing of a bee! Pliny, too, tells us that Homer's *Iliad*, with its fifteen thousand verses, was written in so small a space as to be contained in a nut-shell; while Elian mentions an artist who wrote a distich in letters of gold, which he enclosed in the rind of a kernel of corn. But the Harleian MS. mentions a greater curiosity than any of the above; it being nothing more nor less than the Bible written by one Peter Bates—a chancery clerk—in so small a book that it could be enclosed within the shell of an English walnut. Dr. Israeli gives accounts of many other exploits similar to the one of Bates. There is a drawing of the head of Charles II. in the Library of St. John's College, Oxford, wholly composed of minute written characters, which at a small distance, resemble the lines of an engraving. The head and ruff are said to contain the book of Psalms, the Greek, and the Lord's Prayer. Again, in the British Museum is a portrait of Queen Anne, not much bigger than the hand. On this drawing are a number of lines and scratches, which, it is asserted, include the entire contents of a thin folio.

Horace Mann thus sums up a few of the advantages of modern inventions:—"One boy, with a fourdrimer machine, will make more paper in a twelvemonth than all Egypt could have made in a hundred years during the reign of the Ptolemies. One girl, with a power-press will strike off books faster than a million of scribes could copy them before the invention of printing. One man with an iron foundry, will turn out more utensils than Iacob Cain could have forged had he worked diligently till this time."

POETRY.

We give place to the criticism below, for the purpose of showing our poetical friends the importance of regarding more particularly the elements of poetry, and we are sure that in doing so, we can displease no person, for all should regard a criticism written in the right spirit as beneficial in its influence. While we are well aware that some of the poetry published in the Journal is liable and open to criticism, we also know that much of it is above criticism, and would do honor to any paper or magazine published in the country, and by way of illustration, we will say that we find it made use of by our exchange papers. We do hope, however, that all who see fit to favor us with articles for the public eye, will take as much pains as possible; and they may rest assured that we shall always be happy to receive and publish their pieces.—Ed.

Written for the Journal.

CRITICISMS.

Mr. Editor:—Criticisms are sometimes not only interesting, but highly instructive, and especially so, to the author whose work is the subject of criticism. In the sincere hope of benefitting the author of a poem which appeared in the Journal of March 27th, entitled "Spark from Freedom's Magazine." I make this, the first article I have had the honor to write for your valuable paper, a criticism.

SPARK FROM FREEDOM'S MAGAZINE.

Spark! from afar a call for aid comes forth,
From Magyar's plain, to freemen of the north;
Their zeal for Freedom burns to quite a flame,
We will respond, and all with joy exclaim—

Half! half! Columbia, in thy strength arise,
Unfurl the banners to the vaulted skies;
Protect the rights, and in thy might maintain
The well-earned laurel of thy glorious name.

So, Russia, beware how you do interfere!
With the rights of Hungary, to them so dear;
Else your doom is sealed, and all deserts sway,
Driv'n by the hand of justice fair, for away.

And now we would say to Russia, beware!
Lest you rouse Britain's lion up from his lair,
The lion and eagle, when just cause there shall be,
Will defend the rights of all nationality.

North Woburn, March, 1852. E. F.

In the first verse of the above, third line, to what or to whom I would ask "E. F." does the word *their*, refer, if not to Magyar plain? The word Magyar's being in the possessive must be a mistake of the writer, and must have intended to say plain Magyar's, translated, *namely*, Magyars! anything but complimentary to Kosuth and his compatriots?

The word "quite" in the same line is, at least, unusual in poetry, and suggests a ludicrous idea that, "considerable" would have answered *quite* as well, and would have been as definite.

The second verse is not quite as bad, although there is too much sacrifice of grammar to rhyme, and there is also a little indistinctness, as, "Protect *their* rights." Whose rights? The plain Magyar's: "The well-earned laurels of the glorious name." Will "E. F." explain in what manner a name can wear laurels; but as a name has no brow, where are the laurels to be worn?

"So Russia beware how you do interfere," &c. &c. This verse is about as much like poetry as if written "Mr. Nicholas, hands off Hungary, or we'll pitch into you like a thousand of brick, and knock your throne into a cocked up hat." Really I think there would be little choice between the rhymed and unrhymed version of this stanza.

I do not believe the last verse in the poem under consideration, will cause the Russian eagle any uneasiness. The threat contained in the last two lines, is weak, from the fact that now the "rights of Nationality" are attacked, and the lion and eagle submit with admirable patience; to conclude, the last word of the poem should be written Nationalities, in order to procure the metre.

Perhaps I am talking in the dark all this time, and that "E. F." meant the poem under consideration for a joke, if so, and it is to be judged by the ordinary test, it is certainly a capital one. The remarks I now make are in the most friendly spirit, to the author(s) and not to the *individual*.

An unmusical ear is a great defect in a poet, and when one suffers from this defect, he should, after having made the rough cast of his work, carefully examine each line, and ascertain that it contains the exact number of syllables required by the metre, and that the accent invariable falls upon the *right* syllable. An error in these points is fatal to the rhyme, as witness the last word in the poem under consideration. The author should take care, also, that each verse shall be pointed and complete in itself; he should not allow one idea to "draw its slow length along" through more than a single stanza, and some writer's upon the poetic art say, that each line should be enriched with its own separate thought. A poem is a work of art, and the poet an artist.

The poet must learn where, *within himself*, to look for beauty. There is no misplaced accent in nature's music or the soul's, and when the soul speaks out it utters music. The poet must not endeavor to express a passion that he does not feel; if he do, he will find the joints of his Pegases spavined. He must not attempt to treat of a subject concerning which

he is ignorant, as our author has done in the present instance, for poetry, or rhyme rather, will not veil his want of knowledge.

Poetry, in the poetic ages, as is well known, was sung, not said; and it was an indispensable requisite of poetry now, that it should be capable of being set to music. Allow me to advise the contributors of poetry to your paper, especially those who embody their thoughts in four line stanzas, to study carefully the Irish melodies of Tom Moore, to listen often to their delicious music, and catch if they can the sweetness of their tone; to read Burns, the poet of the people, again and again, until they can attain an appreciation of that natural melody to which his soul perpetually kept tune. Shakespeare is a glorious study for the aspirant for poetic honors, but it is a study of the highest order,—no imitation must be attempted. He was original, and in order to approximate towards him, you and I must also be original. His music was the music of nature, and it study awakes a responsive echo in the soul.

Hoping these suggestions will be received in the same spirit in which they are written, I take my present leave, promising, if such is your editorial desire, to chat with you often in future, on this and other subjects.

WINCHESTER.

Winchester, April 9, 1852.

THE BEAUTY OF THE SKY.—It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasure of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, as far as we know, be answered, if once in three days, there, thereabouts, a great black ugly rain cloud were broken up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again until the next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. But instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives, when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, intended for our perpetual pleasure.

WHY WOMEN TRADE IN APPLES.—Any one at all familiar with a city life, knows full well that the apple stands at the corner of the streets are almost universally tended by women. Well, what of it? It runs in the family. Mother Eve went into the apple business until she ruined Adam, got drove out of Paradise. Is it strange she should stick to her old trade?

THE NATIVES OF BRAZIL USED TO SLEEP ON NETS COMPOSED OF THE RIND OF THE HAMMOCK TREE, SUSPENDED BETWEEN POLES FIXED TIGHT IN THE GROUND. Hence the sailor's hammock derived its name.

IN ST. PETERSBURG, BY AN OLD CUSTOM, EVERY PERSON, MALE OR FEMALE, OF WHAT GRADE SOEVER, TAKEN UP DRUNK IN THE STREET BY THE POLICE, IS OBLIGED THE NEXT DAY TO SWEEP THE STREETS FOR A CERTAIN NUMBER OF HOURS.

A PERSON WHISTLES WHEN HE HAS COLD FINGERS; AND HE WHISTLES WHEN HE HAS BURNED HIS FINGERS; AND STRANGE TO SAY, WHEN HE HAS LOST HIS MONEY, HE WHISTLES FOR IT ALSO.

SOW AS YOU WOULD REAP.—IF YOU SHOULD SEE A MAN DIGGING IN A SNOW-DRIFT WITH THE EXPECTATION OF FINDING VALUABLE ORE, OR PLANTING SEEDS ON THE ROLLING BILLOWS, YOU WOULD SAY AT ONCE THAT HE WAS BEING HIMSELF. BUT IN WHAT RESPECT DOES THIS MAN DIFFER FROM YOU, WHILE YOU SOW THE SEEDS OF ILLNESS AND DISSIPATION IN YOUR YOUTH, AND EXPECTS THE FRUITS OF AGE, WHICH WILL BE A GOOD CONSTITUTION, ENHANCED AFFECTION, AND RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

ONE GREAT AND KINDLING THOUGHT FROM A RETIRED AND OBSCURE MAN, MAY LIVE WHEN HE FINDS IT OUT.

PRAYER WAS NOT INVENTED; IT WAS BORNE WITH THE FIRST SORROW OF THE HUMAN HEART.

SET A WATCH OVER THY MOUTH, AND KEEP THE DOOR OF THY LIPS; FOR A TALE BEARER IS WORSE THAN A THIEF.—SCRIPTURE.

RICE DUMPLINGS.—PICK AND WASH A POUND OF RICE, AND BOIL IT GENTLY IN TWO QUARTS OF WATER TILL IT BECOMES DRY; KEEPING THE POT WELL COVERED, AND NOT STIRRING IT. THEN TAKE IT OFF THE FIRE, AND SPREAD IT OUT TO COOL ON THE BOTTOM OF AN INVERTED SIEVE; LOOSENING THE GRAINS LIGHTLY WITH A FORK, THAT ALL THE MOISTURE MAY EVAPORATE. PARCE A DOZEN PIPPINGS, OR OTHER LARGE JUICY APPLES, AND SCOUR OUT THE CORE. THEN FILL UP THE CAVITY WITH MARMALADE, OR WITH LEMON AND SUGAR. COVER EVERY APPLE OVER WITH A THICK COATING OF BOILED RICE. TIE UP EACH IN A SEPARATE CLOTH, AND PUT THEM INTO A POT OF COLD WATER. THEY WILL REQUIRE ABOUT AN HOUR AND A QUARTER AFTER THEY BEGIN TO BOIL, PERHAPS LONGER.

WHAT REQUIRES MORE PHILOSOPHY THAN TAKING THINGS AS THEY COME? PARTING WITH THINGS AS THEY GO.

JOB PRINTING

OF ALL THE VARIOUS KINDS AND POSSIBLE DESCRIPTIONS

COMPRISED IN PART.

CARDS, BILL HEADS, CIRCULARS, BLANKS, CATALOGUES, FAMPHELETS, SHOP BILLS, SHOE BILLS, NOTICES, &c., &c.

PROMPTLY AND TASTFULLY EXECUTED AT THE

JOURNAL PRINTING OFFICE,

OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE.

This office has been furnished with new type through

out, and we are prepared to execute all orders for printing in the best manner and at short notice.

Printing in G.M. Silver and Bronze done in superb style, at reasonable rates.

WOBURN RECORDS.

BIRTHS IN THE TOWN OF WOBURN

(Continued.)

1700.

"These 5 children of Thomas Boyden and Martha his wife, were entered here by their mothers request, because of their removing too and from in the Indian war, some of them were never recorded any where else, and the rest of the records were lost."

BOYDEN, Martha, d. of Thomas and Martha, 14th June, 1667.

"Elizabeth d. of Thomas and Martha, 24th of May, 1670.

"John, s. of Thomas and Martha, 29th Nov. 1672.

"Jonathan, s. Thomas and Martha, 27th Sept. 1675.

"Joseph, s. of Thomas and Martha, 24th April, 1678.

"all these five children of Thos. and Martha Boyden entered here at their said mothers request as above."

"John Browne of Billrica yt Maryed with Elizabeth, Polle desired yt their children should be recorded in the Records became most if not all of them were borne in Woo bowne."

BROWNE, John, b. 27th March, 1663 and dyed ye next day.

"John, 22d Jan. 1684.

"Elizabeth born 6th July, 1685, and dyed ye same July.

"Elizabeth, 10th of February, 1686.

"Hannah, 27th April, 168

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

JOHN A. FOWLE,.....Editor.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1852.

The proprietors of the "Woburn Journal" propose, at the close of Volume First, to submit the original pieces contributed for this paper to a committee; and in accordance with their decision, they will distribute to the successful authors two or three PRIZES, each to consist of one of three of our most costly ANNUALS.

AGENTS.

North Worcester.—Messrs. Nichols, Wien & Co. are Agents for this paper.

Worcester.—Dr. David Yermain, Lyceum Building, agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

Stowham.—Mr. G. W. Dyer will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

Boston.—Messrs. S. M. Pettengill & Co., State-street, are agents for this paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"W. L." London.—We are happy to add to our list of correspondents "W. L." and are promised further communication from the same source.

"J. J."—We hope our Winchester friend will favor us at his leisure with agriculture articles, as we esteem his views quite valuable; your piece of poetry we admire, and shall use it.

"S. T."—Your interesting story is published, and adds another to the many facts that show the noble qualities of the Dog.

"Mechanic!"—We must refer you to the Committee who have the matter in charge, we believe the "ball is not yet in motion."

"Eugene," "Claude Melnotte," "A. H. P." "C.," "Louis," send me enigmas, answers to enigmas, &c., all of which we shall use as fast as possible.

We have to type an interesting letter from "D." our New York Correspondent, which is crowded out this week.

"John Smith"—hits off an error in good style; we think those persons who won't bear a little sin should ponder well the old adage with which you close.

"H. A. K."—The beautiful lines you send are indeed worthy of a place in our columns; we shall use them, hoping to hear from you often.

"L."—we shall comply with your request soon, perhaps next week.

"Critic!"—We think you are rather "wholesome" in your communication, and at present we should not like to publish it, although it is well written and correct.

"Barb d'Origen."—You have handled the pen finely in this piece; we shall use it.

"John."—Your selections are on hand, and will be used, if we can find room at some future time.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

We conclude to day our report of the convention held in this town last week, and much as the friends of schools and education had anticipated we think they cannot feel at all disappointed in the results of the gathering, for it seems to have awakened in our midst a new and fresh interest in the cause of education, and it has also convinced many of the great importance of such gatherings, and has clearly shown how beneficial to the community such gatherings are.

There seems to have been a perfection in all the arrangements connected with the Institute, that made it particularly pleasant and interesting in all its features, and we think Dr. Sears shows in his management of these important conventions, great skill and talent, not only in the arrangements, but also in the selection of lecturers to impart instruction to the teachers.

The whole affair reflects great credit upon all concerned, and for many a year Woburn has not witnessed so pleasant, interesting, and important an assemblage as the one gathered at the "Teacher's Institute" last week; in another column may be found a set of resolutions passed before the Institute separated.

TUESDAY.

Morning.—The customary devotional exercises of the day having been conducted by Dr. Sears, the opening lecture was given by Mr. Colburn. The attention of the teachers was called to the application of certain algebraic principles to the solution of problems in Arithmetic.

The second exercise was a lecture by Mr. Pratt on the elementary principles of music, accompanied with vocal illustrations.

The third lecture was by Prof. Guyot. The subject of the lecture was the Physical Forms of the oceans, and their influence on the Continents. By the aid of maps the topic was discussed in a novel and interesting manner, and many new facts were brought to light.

Afternoon.—After the usual exercise in criticism, Dr. Sears called the attention of the Institute to the proper pronunciation of German words with more special reference to the names of distinguished authors.

The remainder of the time until the three o'clock recess, was occupied by Mr. Pratt in a singing exercise. The introduction of these musical exercises tended to add a vivacity to the sessions of the Institute, which was very plainly perceptible.

Prof. Guyot in the department of Physical Geography, took up the Analysis of the Skeleton of the Continents, for the purpose of calling attention to the best method of fixing in the mind of the scholar the great points of geographical interest on the globe. Illustrations were given of the principles which he endeavored to unfold, by referring to the maps of North America and Germany.

Prof. Russell occupied the last hour on the subject of Inflections of the voice in speaking and reading.

Evening.—Prof. Whitaker of Boston gave the lecture this evening on Drawing. The advantages of the science of drawing to the teacher, and the combination of straight lines, were the chief topics to which attention was called. It was a lecture happily conceived, and marked with much beauty of thought and expression and reading.

Messrs. Russell and Whitaker concluded the exercises of the evening with elocutionary readings.

FRIDAY.

Morning.—After prayer by Dr. Sears, Prof. Guyot continued the subject of application of some of the principles of Physical Geography to the mountains and rivers of the German States.

The second lecture was by Prof. Whitaker, who explained some of the modes of a more complicated combination of straight lines, and the simpler methods of the combination of curved lines.

Afternoon.—The first hour was taken up with the very useful exercise in criticisms, after which, Prof. Russell called attention to the subject of force, pitch and movement, as applied to the human voice.

The second lecture was given by Prof. Guyot, on the unequal distribution of temperature, explaining the theory of the trade winds etc.

Mr. Pratt concluded the afternoon service with an exercise in vocal music.

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good a picture of Dr. Reynolds as any of the Boston operators, at one half the expense.

BOSTON, March 29th, 1852.

Mr. Editor.—Being called to your thriving village on a matter of business last week, I noticed the Daguerreotype Saloon of Mr. B. P. Batchelder, near the Common. I desire to say a brief word in relation to the merits of the "Operator" Dr. Reynolds, whose services the proprietors have secured. The Dr. has been a very successful assistant of the world famous Whipple of this city, whose success in this wonderful art is almost marvellous. Dr. Reynolds is no pretender but an educated practical chemist, and the inhabitants of Woburn can now rely upon receiving as perfect a picture at their own doors, as they can possibly obtain by a journey to Boston, and at about one half the price. Families desiring groups, or the pictures of their little ones will find this an opportunity which will not again soon occur. Knowing what I here state to be entirely correct, I hope that the Dr. will receive the patronage he so well merits. R.

We understand that Messrs. Russell, Colburn, & Whitaker, associated with other gentlemen, in different departments, intend carrying out of a plan, the details of which had been quietly managed among the teachers. The male teachers of the Institute had procured a rare and costly work, on Decorative Arts of the Middle Ages, and took the opportunity of presenting the same, accompanied by a neat speech from one of their number to Dr. Sears, who made of course an appropriate reply. This ceremony being concluded, a young lady stepped forward and in behalf of the female teachers presented a beautiful copy of Mrs. Jamison's Sacred and Legendary Art, to Prof. Russell and another brief and appropriate reply followed. The whole scene was witnessed with great satisfaction on the part of the audience.

SATURDAY.

Morning.—Devotional exercises. The lecture on the morning on Marine Currents and their influence on Climate, was the concluding one of Prof. Guyot's course. All the lectures of Prof. Guyot were of great practical value, and hints were given, which if carried out by the teachers, cannot fail to be exceedingly useful in the study of Geography. It

was a high compliment bestowed by Dr. Sears on the accomplished lecturer, that he was the only man on the continent who could give such a course.

The concluding lecture was given by Prof. Whitaker on the Combination of curved lines. Before adjournment, resolutions, expressive of their thanks to their instructors and the citizens of the place for their hospitality, were presented by the teachers of the Institute. Dr. Sears made a few practical remarks to the teachers, and Rev. Mr. Stockbridge, in behalf of the friends of education in Woburn, expressed their gratification with the whole series of meetings which had been held, and the Institute adjourned.

TREE SOCIETY.

We call attention to the advertisement in another column, for proposals to furnish the Tree Society with trees for their Spring operations, and we hope those persons who may have trees for sale, will offer them to our Society at a low rate, so that they may be enabled to set out a good many trees this Spring. It is understood that proposals may be sent in for as small quantities as 25 or 50, thus enabling those persons who may have but a few to dispose of, to do so. And we will add, that persons who may be inclined to make donations of trees to the Society, will receive due attention.

It will be seen that the officers of the "Woburn Ornamental Tree Society," enter upon their work with a spirit that beokens success, and they are determined that the objects of the Society shall be fully carried out, if our citizens will sustain and encourage them by joining the Society, and taking of all the trees they may wish to set out during the present Spring. The assessment for membership is but one dollar, and this entitles each member to the privilege of taking what trees he may want at prime cost, and to have them set out by an experienced person, at a cost of the Society, wherever he may designate.

The Executive Committee propose to get immediately a full supply of the best trees, for shade and ornamental purposes, and will soon be prepared to set them in any quantities, and it is desired that all persons who may wish to procure trees, will send in to the Committee a list of their wants, and on what streets they wish them set out. It is also desired that our citizens will take an interest in this matter, and try and get their neighbors and others to join the Society, and when the committee comes round with the subscription list, let all put down their names as members, and also make a donation of a few dollars to carry out its excellent object. The trees set out by the Society on its own account will be distributed in Town through the various School districts, in proportion to the subscriptions received therein.

DAGUERREOTYPES.

We have received from a friend the following complimentary notice of the manager of the Daguerreotype Saloon on our own, and from our observations are sure that our correspondent is correct as to the quality of pictures taken, as well as the reasonable price charged.

Now is an excellent opportunity to have a likeness taken, thus saving the trouble and expense of a journey to Boston, and at the same time feeling assured that you will get just as

West Newbury last year.—India Rubber bands are taking the place of twine for fastening small parcels, in some fashionable stores in Boston.—A Steam Propeller is building to run from Boston to Halifax.—The Grand Jury of Merrimack County have found a bill against the Editor of the "Crusader," a temperance Journal, at Concord, for a libel on Daniel C. Fuller.—An attempt was made last week to blow up a new house in Haverhill, by placing under the house a keg of 25 lbs. of powder; a slow match burned within two inches of it, and went out of itself,—3000 emigrants left Lynn 1st March for the United States.—A third attempt was made last Saturday to choose a Mayor in Lynn, but without success.—The mysterious tracks made in the snow at Lynn, are thought to be those of a large grey Owl, shot in that city last Monday; perhaps "Moll Pitcher" is again abroad.—A Railroad company are not discharged from their liability for baggage, by the loss of a check.—The Committee of the Overseers of Harvard College have reported in favor of the separation of Cambridge Divinity School from the College.—The Maine Liquor Bill is postponed to the 13th inst.—The Senate and House are busy on local matters.—We have no items of importance from Washington.—Late arrivals from California bring various items of local interest; crime had increased, and the Vigilant Committee, recently established, are ready for action; the gold diggers are doing well.—Latest news from Europe unimportant; England busy with new elections.—France quiet, the President attending grand reviews.—Hungary and Austria again in trouble; business matters generally satisfactory.—A tremendous snow storm set in on Monday night, and raged with great violence all Tuesday, doing heavy damage at sea and on shore; several vessels have been lost, with some few lives; it is feared many more have suffered.—Woburn continues to increase; we find several new houses have gone up lately, and we hear of more under contract.

Written for the Journal.

Mr. Editor.—I should like to know what has been done by the committee having in charge the "Woburn Hotel," it is time some movement should be made, and I have been waiting for an opportunity to subscribe for a share or two. I have heard that the committee are waiting for some of our rich men to head the list, supposing such names would carry influence with them, and that without these names first we cannot fill up the stock. Now I am one of those who don't believe in this doctrine. I believe we can build the "Woburn Hotel," even if my humble name should head the list with one share, to begin with, and I cannot see why this subscription list should not be left at some convenient place where all might sign who wish; there is no doubt about the hotel, if we only go forward with spirit and judgment; don't let us wait for particular men to subscribe first. The Stock will all be taken, no matter who signs first, let us have the "Hotel." You may be sure it will be built, with or without that subscription.

A MECHANIC.

Woburn, April, 1852.

LITERARY NOTICES.

We have not had time to notice before, the books and other publications sent us from the publishers; but in future we shall be more prompt in such matters. Below we give some views of a part of the pile on our table, to which we invite the readers attention:

THE AMERICAN ROSE CULTURIST.—This is a beautiful treatise on the cultivation of the Rose, in all seasons, with a list of the choicest kinds. It is a valuable book for those ladies who have a mind for flowers; it also treats of the Dahlia. It is from Saxton's Cottage Library, New York, and can be had at Fowle's Book Store.

TEMPERANCE MELODIES.—Filled with Temperance songs set to music. We are much pleased with this little volume, all temperance people should have one. Published by Kidder & Cheever, Cornhill, Boston. For sale at Fowle's Book Store.

LIFE OR LOUIS KOSUTH.—A neat volume, the history of M. Kosuth up to his speech at Washington. It is well got up, and its contents quite interesting; and all who take an interest in the great Magyar Chief, should have one; and those who have not become acquainted with his history, will find it in this book; it is well written, by Headley. For sale at 114, Washington street, Boston.

CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.—Devoted to literature, morals, and religion. This is one of the best Magazines which is laid on our table, its embellishments are beautiful, it is filled with moral stories, and is a gem for the centre table and the Christian's fireside. Published by Geo. Pratt, 116 Nassau street, New York.

THE SAN FRANCISCO HERALD.—This is a large double sheet, published at San Francisco, California, contains much reading matter, with a general review of the markets, and Commercial affairs in California, a prepared edition for the steamers; we acknowledge the receipt of this from Mr. F. S. Saxton, California Passenger Agent, 81 Washington street, Boston.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.—as good as ever, and always interesting; we wish we could send the publisher a long list of subscribers. For sale at Fowle's Book Store.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—This is no doubt a valuable publication; it has not as yet reached our table. There are many others, but we cannot well speak of them, till we have ocular demonstration of their contents and value.

ADJOURNED TOWN MEETING.

Proceedings of the adjourned March meeting, April 5th, 1852.

The Moderator chosen at the last meeting not being present, chose Leonard Thompson Moderator, pro tem.

Chose Henry Thompson Overseer of the Poor and Surveyor of Highways, in place of John Johnson, jr., declined.

Eben Dow Field Driver in place of Simon Holden, declined.

Edward Simonds Collector, at 1/4 per cent, in place of Henry Cummings, declined.

The Moderator, (Abijah Thompson,) took the chair.

Voted to take up Art. 20.

Voted to hear the Report of the Committee on establishing a High School.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON A HIGH SCHOOL.

The Committee recommended—

1st. That the Town immediately take the proper steps to establish a High School.

2nd. That a sum of twelve hundred dollars be appropriated by the Town for the purpose of carrying the above recommendation into effect, and that a committee of — be raised to procure a suitable room and teacher for the school.

3rd. That a committee be raised to ascertain the most suitable permanent location for a High School, and the expense of a lot, and report at the next Town Meeting.

All which is respectfully submitted.

In behalf of the Committee,

J. C. STOCKBRIDGE, Chairman.

</div

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1852.

Mr. Collins, which he so much deserves. I could write you a longer letter, but enough for the present.

I wish you a cordial success, in the Woburn Journal.

Yours truly, W. L.

Written for the Journal.

AFFECTION OF A DOG.

Mr. Editor:—I am a constant reader of your Journal, and I am much pleased with its selections; they are such as every man can safely read to his family, and all convey good moral lessons. Your correspondents are numerous and make a pleasing variety, which is always a desirable feature in a good family newspaper. I did not take up my pen to flatter. Our townsmen know and appreciate the value of the 'Journal,' without any information from me. My object in this communication was to notice one of your selections in the last Journal! headed "The thing that money cannot buy." It is a very interesting piece; the sentiment and moral it conveys, brings to my mind very forcibly, the affection of a dog I once owned. I am a firm believer in the true and lasting affections of a dog. I have experienced it, and my feelings are always deeply wounded when I see one abused. The dog which I refer to, was of no peculiar breed; he was given to me by a person who said he was glad to get rid of him. I had owned him but a few days, before I could see a change in him; he had not been used to kindness, and when I caressed him, how his eyes would glisten, and his look was true affection. I became very partial to him, so that he knew by my looks what I wanted of him. He took sick, and got under the house; when I found him he could not move a limb, and I thought the poor creature would die. I fed him for many days, and when I took him his meat, he would give me such a grateful look, that I often thought I could see tear start from his eye. He had completely lost the use of his limbs, and still appeared well; a neighbor chance to see him one day, and advised me to cut off a piece of his tail, when the blood would circulate and he would get well. I took an axe and approached him for that purpose, and never shall I forget that poor dogs look; he thought I want to kill him; how the poor creature tried to move, and what an imploring look he gave for his life. My heart almost failed me, but I cut off a small piece of his tail, and when he got well, he seemed to know and feel that I had saved his life, and he gave me in return his affection. He would always follow me, and was quite uneasy when I was absent. We had a young child, to whom he was much attached. We were to be absent one day, and left this child with a neighbor. I wanted the dog to go with us, but he would not go, and when I called him he wagged his tail, and ran to the neighbor's house, where we left the child; he remained by the child all day, and nothing could induce him to leave that child; and when we came home, what joy he manifested, and almost spoke the words, that he had watched the child faithfully. He would always sleep in our chamber, nothing could induce him to leave it at night. One night, I shall never forget it, I was awakened by something on the bed which kept pulling the clothes, and pawing me. As I awoke I found the chamber on fire, and the dog with his fore feet on the bed, exerting himself to wake us up, and had it not been for him, we should have been smothered; how he bounded for joy, when he found us awake, and what anxiety he displayed about the safety of the child. For years after I could read a language in that dog's looks, that he had paid his debt by saving our lives, and he appeared happy. There is one thing that money cannot buy and that is the "affection of a dog."

Woburn, April, 1852.

ACCIDENT.—We are informed that a man by the name of Burton, was run over at Winchester, yesterday morning, by an express train on the Boston and Lowell railroad, and killed instantly. It is supposed that he was laboring under the effects of intoxication, as it was necessary to keep him under an arrest the night previous on account of his threatening to commit suicide.

GRANITE.—The vicinity of Mt. Clemens, Michigan, has been visited by a tremendous flood. A part of the lower town was inundated, and the firm of Eastman & Williams lost 100,000 feet of pine lumber. Bridges were swept away, and several thousand staves.

Written for the Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—I send you the answer to an "Epitaph" which appeared in your last weeks Journal, I which think F. H. should have said was selected, as it appeared some twelve years ago in a paper printed in New Hampshire.

An Epitaph on a woman who died earthborn.

Beneath this stone lies Catherine Gray,
Changed from busy life, to lifeless clay;
She got her self.

And now she's turned to earth herself.
Ye weeping friends let me advise,
Abate your grief, and dry your eyes,
For what awaits a flood of tears,
Who knows, but in a sum of years,
In some tall pitcher, or broad pan,
She in her shop, may be again.

Woburn, April 6, 1852. C.

MR. EDITOR:—If the following is a correct answer to the enigma by Mr. Canning, it is at your service.

Your curious word of plural number,
That fee of peace and human slender,
I've found, for if to "cares" you add S,
It quickly turns them to "cares."

Yours &c.

A. H.

THE WEATHER.

The mean temperature of the month of March was about one degree colder than the average of the month during the last 28 years. The highest point to which the thermometer rose during the month was 60, at 2 P. M., on the 13th, and its lowest point was 5 on the morning of the 3d, making a range of 55 degrees.—On the 31st of March 1851, the thermometer rose to 74.

Thursday, April 1.—Very clear and pleasant after 8 o'clock. In the morning the ground was covered with snow, but the bright sun entirely evaporated it before night; wind fresh from the N. W., in the forenoon; afternoon W.; thermometer at 6 A. M., 30; 10 P. M., 34.

Friday, April 2.—Partially cloudy early in the morning; from 7 to 9 o'clock very clear and beautiful, the birds sang merrily and the day gave promise of being very fine, but the sky soon became overcast, and rain commenced falling early in the P. M.; between 6 and 7 P. M., it snowed briskly, and again covered the ground; wind in the forenoon S. W., and W. S. W.; afternoon N.; evening N. W.; thermometer at 6 A. M., 28; 10 P. M., 30.

Saturday, April 3.—Froze hard last night.—To-day generally clear; wind fresh from N. W., and quite cold; thermometer at 6 A. M., 24; 10 P. M., 28.

Sunday, April 4.—Clear and cool; wind N. W.; thermometer at 6 A. M., 24; 6 P. M., 34; 10 P. M., 28. Evening hazy.

Monday, April 5.—Nearly clear in the morning, and a part of the forenoon; during the middle of the day hazy, after which cloudy; wind N. E. and E. N. E. and rather fresh.—Very chilly and disagreeable. The easterly winds to which this region of our coast is subject have now commenced their chilly blasts. They are the occasion of much discomfort to many persons and cause much scolding and grumbling, but as they are a part of the appointed order of things, and are regular in their visit, it would seem to be the part of wisdom and philosophy to meet them as we do the cold of winter, expect them and nerve ourselves up to bear them. We are too apt to expect balmy spring weather before its season in this latitude; we must wait until the temperature of the sea and the land has become more equalized, when the frosts of winter have disturbed. Then the easterly breeze becomes as grateful as it was before forbidding.

Tuesday, April 6.—Snow began to fall about midnight and this morning the ground was covered to the depth of eight inches. The wind blew very brisk from N. E. and piled the snow up in drifts as nearly a formidable size as any we have seen all winter. It continued snowing fast until 9 A. M., after which it fell at intervals and quite moderately. The quantity of snow which has fallen is probably greater than has come at any one time since March 18, 1851, when it was about the same. On the 13th of April, 1841, there was more snow fell than on this occasion.

The trains upon the different Rail Roads leading into Boston were more or less detained by the snow; thermometer at 6 A. M., 28; 6 P. M., 24; 10 P. M., 24.

Wednesday, April 7.—Cloudy until 9 A. M., then clear and pleasant through the day; wind N. W. and W. N. W. Sleighing in the morning quite good, but the snow wasted rapidly during the day; thermometer at 6 A. M., 26; 7 P. M., 34; 10 P. M., 30.

FRANKLIN.

Written for the Journal.

WHAT'S THE USE OF FUN.

Mr. Editor:—I'd like to know the reason why, You say things funny, and sometimes dry, For I heard a person talk the other day, And tell the folks she didn't like the way, You put in things that made the people laugh,

And open their mouths as wide as any calf; She thought your poetry was too full of fun, You should talk sense, and then the thing is done.

Said I, Miss Smirk, did you ever smile, O no! says she, my face I never spile; O la! says I, you are a sweet old maid,

I'll write the Editor, with the postage paid, And tell him that I've found at last the flat,

Who says never, never "laugh and grow fat."

Woburn, April, 1852. JOHN SMITH.

Written for the Journal.

A PROBLEM.

A man bought 15 sheep, agreeing to pay for them, one kernel of corn for every different position in which they could be placed. How many bushels would he have to give, allowing 1500 kernels to a pint? And how many dollars worth, at 87½ cents per bushel? Answer required.

CLAUDE MELNOTTE.

Written for the Journal.

AN ENIGMA.

I am composed of 12 letters. My 12, 3, 5, 10, is a sea animal.

7, 9, 10, 10, 6, is a girl's name.

2, 5, 1, 12, are very useful.

4, 11, 3, 10, is part of the human body.

6, 3, 12, is an adverb.

2, 6, 5, 4, is an expression.

My whole is an ornament to the town.

The answer to the conundrum in last weeks paper is:—

Why is Constantinople like a gizzard? Because it is in Turkey.

Woburn, April 6, 1852. C.

MR. EDITOR:—If the following is a correct answer to the enigma by Mr. Canning, it is at your service.

Your curious word of plural number, That fee of peace and human slender, I've found, for if to "cares" you add S, It quickly turns them to "cares."

Yours &c.

A. H.

EUGENE.

Written for the Journal.

HOMES.

What spot can be found; Where'er we rove, So dear to the heart As "home, sweet home?" Where'er we may wander O'er ocean or land, No spot can be found Such love to command.

The home of our childhood!

How fondly the heart Will cling to it ever, Though from it we part! Its dear scenes engraven On memory's page, Can never be effaced By absence or age!

The home of a kind father,

And mother most dear, And sisters and brothers Ever true and sincere, Our life's joyous morning, So bright and serene, Presented no cloud To mark the glad scene.

O, may we who possess A home, and kind friends, Forget not the Giver, Who every good sends; And pity the wanderer, Whom fate dooms to roam A stranger to all, The endearments of home.

And when thoughts of his exile Cause the tear drops to start, Ever speak to him kindly And cheer his lone heart;

And God in his goodness, Will repay us ten-fold, With riches far better Than silver or gold.

Woburn, March, 1852.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Woburn Teacher's Institute.

Whereas, the cordial invitation to the Members of this Institute, to hold their sessions in Woburn, is sufficient to prove the citizens of that enterprise two fully appropriate the value and necessity of popular education, therefore

Resolved, That our warmest thanks be tendered the members of this place for their courtesy, hospitality, and uniform kindness, during the sitting of the Institute.

Resolved, That our sincere gratitude is due the Committee of Reception, for their care and attention to the general welfare of the Institute, and for the general arrangement of the Institute.

Resolved, That we are deeply indebted to the Secretary of the Board of Education, for his care in providing such instruction as renders these "Institutes" not only valuable to Teachers, but calculated to do much to promote the cause of Education throughout the Commonwealth.

Resolved, That the above Resolutions be published in the "Woburn Journal."

Notice.

The SCHOOLS in District No. 2, will commence on MONDAY, April 13th, at 9 o'clock A. M.

HIRAM FISKE,

Prudential Committee.

Woburn, April 10, 1852.

Notice.

All persons interested in the support of Liberal Preaching in Woburn, are invited to meet at the Unitarian Church, on Saturday evening, at 7 o'clock.

Measures have been taken for the formation of a Unitarian Parish, at that time and place.

Woburn, April 9, 1852.

Notice.

In Boston, April 8th, Mr. PARKER MERRILL, to Miss ANNIE E. GIBBON, both of Boston.

In this town, on the 6th inst., by the Rev. J. C. STOCKBRIDGE, Mr. WILLIAM H. CHILLY, of Charlestown, to Miss ELIZABETH WENTWORTH, of Woburn.

CHARLES W. COOPER, Woburn.

Notice.

In Medford, 27th ult., Mrs. REBECCA H. wife of Mr. OLIVER H. FLOYD, 51.

In Chardon, 27th instant, youngest child of Thomas E. WHITFIELD, 21.

CHARLES W. COOPER, Woburn.

Notice.

JOHN A. FOWLER,

Secretary

April 10, 2m.

BOARDING.

MRS. MARIA CORMICK having removed to the pleasantly situated house in Pleasant Street owned by MR. FREDERICK COOPER, and can accommodate a few more permanent boarders.

Woburn, April 10th, 1852.

WANTED.

A GIRL who would like to learn to set type, can hear of a situation by applying at the Woburn Bookstore, April 10.

STEPHEN MELNOTTE.

Massachusetts.

WOBURN, MASS.

Notice.

JOHN A. FOWLER,

Secretary

April 10.

DEATHS.

In Medford, 27th ult., Mrs. REBECCA H. wife of Mr. OLIVER H. FLOYD, 51.

In Chardon, 27th instant, youngest child of Thomas E. WHITFIELD, 21.

CHARLES W. COOPER, Woburn.

Notice.

JOHN A. FOWLER,

Secretary

April 10.

TELEGRAMS.

THE CENSUS of the MIDDLESEX EAST DISTRICT

MEDICAL SOCIETY will be held, on the 1st of May, in the Town Hall, at 10 A. M., and 6 P. M.

Leave Boston at 7, 10, 12, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7,

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1852.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

THE HOUSE OF MOURNING.
Lines suggested, by attending the funeral of Miss Mary L. Fonda, Oct., 1851.

Summer, with all its shady bowers,
Its genial suns, and healthful showers,
Its joyous sports that fly so fast,
Had gone, to mingle with the past.

Autumnal breeze round play'd,
The frosty leaves began to fade,
When we with sorrow wound our way,
To grief's abode on Sabbath day.

The winds did sigh with solemn tone,
And nature wept with solemn moan;
The little lark, that sings so gay,
Raised his sad song and flew away.

A maiden fair, with lovely charms,
Alas! was laid in death's cold arms;
Consumption's withering hand had come
And called her to her blissful home.

We oft had met her lovely smile,
So sweet, so calm, so free from guile,
In learning path with us she trod,
But now her soul is with its God.

Parents and friends stood weeping round,
That her cold home must be the ground;
Why need we weep mortal clay?
Her soul had found eternal day.

In youth she sought and found the road,
The narrow path which leads to God;
And when the angel Death drew nigh,
Her spirit pure, rose up on high.

O! may we all like her prepare
To serve the Lord, that we may share,
Those blissful joys where love prevails,
And heavenly music never fails.

Warren Academy, March, 1852.

AGRICULTURE.

*He who by the plough would thrive,
Honesty must either hold or drive!*

AGRICULTURAL CORRESPONDENTS SOLICITED.

Mr. Editor.—Owing to the large amount of original and interesting matter contained in your valuable paper, we flatter ourselves it is eagerly sought after and carefully perused by your numerous subscribers. Local matters have been discussed upon with commendable zeal and interest, while science has been considered; but notwithstanding the variety of new and interesting matter contained weekly in your paper, there is one department which seems to drag.

It should not be forgotten that our mother town, old Woburn, is still a country town, and that there is many real, practical, and experienced farmers within its borders and vicinity, who could establish an agricultural department in the "Woburn Journal," that would cope with many of the agricultural journals of the day. We are personally acquainted, Mr. Editor, with a number of your inhabitants who have furnished papers for agricultural purposes; would that we might see some of their valuable effusions in your journal.

The establishment of a paper in Woburn has placed the inhabitants of that and the neighboring towns under special advantages, and we hope the agricultural fraternity especially, as there is not an agricultural society to our knowledge in this vicinity, will improve the privilege and opportunity of making known the results of their farming operations from time to time, through the columns of your paper. Your correspondent, R. U. P., has made some valuable suggestions; his articles on the "cultivation of flowers" were doubtless the result of protracted experience, and were well considered; may he continue his contributions, and his example be followed by many others.

Winchester, March 25, 1852.

THE CANKER WORM.

As we happened to pass through Cambridge last summer, we noticed that most of the fruit trees were eaten by the Canker Worm, with only now and then a green leaf left, and on enquiry we were told that no precaution was taken in the spring to prevent the foul depredators. We have lately noticed that they have commenced tarring their orchards; they tax on the trunk of the tree a strip of tarred paper about three inches wide, on which they spread tar every night. It has been the practice to tar the body of the tree, but it being very injurious, the paper is used, and the tar spread on that, but this method is but little better, for it soon melts and runs down the body of the tree.

As we noticed last season that these insects had commenced their work of destruction here in our immediate vicinity, and not liking to resort to the use of tar, will some of the agricultural readers of the Journal, suggest a method that is not injurious. *MIDDLESEX.*

Winchester, March 25, 1852.

CHOKING CATTLE.

We recollect well when upon a farm, some years ago, in the fall a fine cow got choked, as cattle often do, upon apples or potatoes, and would very soon have died, had the obstacle not been at once removed from the stomach, where it was lodged. Various old remedies were tried to no purpose. Presently one recollects a remedy proposed in the agricultural paper a few weeks before. It is to put a stout cod line round the neck just below the substance, which can be felt with the hand on the outside, and draw it close, this prevents the piece of apple or potato, or whatever it is, from falling back when the animal makes an effort to throw it out, which they will almost always do directly, when assisted in this way. The remedy was at once successful. The offending morsel proved to be the half of a hard greasing apple. So this little scrap of newspaper knowledge was in this instance worth a cow of thirty or forty dollars value.

How can we know beforehand what kind of knowledge is going to be most useful to us? We cannot. And there is hardly any information, especially in our own business, that will not some time or other, in the long run, turn out to be of value to us.—*Prof. J. S. Woodman.*

PRUNING APPLE TREES.

It is a common practice to neglect, almost totally, apple orchards after they have been planted; and in consequence of the neglect, the growth becomes crooked and irregular—branches incline upon the ground, and become so numerous and dense as almost completely to shut out the sun and air—they become stunted, and often become covered with moss, and the fruit small and inferior quality.

Moderate and judicious pruning would contribute essentially to prevent this evil, and even to recover trees which have not so far advanced in this unthrifty state; but where they have long existed without care, and have grown old and become diseased, it is cheapest to remove them at once, and plant young and vigorous ones in their places. Doctoring diseased old trees is never to be recommended, except they are of some favorite or choice variety.

It is not advisable to prune very freely, but to commence before the trees become large, and by a frequent and moderate trimming, prevent the growth of a thick and crowded top. The operation should be so performed that the straightest and most thrifty branches may remain; and their distance asunder be such as freely to admit light and air.

In pruning, branches should be cut off as closely as possible, provided it does not occasion too broad a wound. The place is then sooner covered with a new growth of wood. In general, wounds more than an inch in diameter, should be protected from air and moisture. Tar mixed while heated with a quantity of whiting or powdered chalk sufficient to prevent its running, is an excellent application. Or nearly the same purpose is effected if brick dust, or even fine sand, be substituted for whiting.

Pruning apple trees may be advantageously performed any time during the winter.—*Gene-*

MISCELLANEOUS.

There is no better mark of good education than civility. Vulgar minds are ever coarse in their manner, rude in their behavior, and blunt in their remarks. To treat all men with respect and kindness, and especially the aged, is a sure sign of a good heart. Who loves the company of the uncivil? We always avoid them, especially when we have a modest friend by our side. If you would gain the good will and respect of others, use no harsh language or vulgar expressions.

POWER OF GUNPOWDER.—To gunpowder, as a source of mechanical power, it seems hardly necessary to call attention; yet it is only when we endeavor to confine it, that we get a full conception of that astonishing agent. In Count Rumford's experiments, 28 grains of gunpowder, confined in a cylindrical space, which it just filled, tore asunder a piece of iron which would have resisted a strain of 400,000 lbs., applied at no greater mechanical disadvantage.

Somebody says—"It is curious to look back and see what was regarded as great things in those days. Our fathers thought it was a great thing that Franklin could take the lightning from the clouds and spread it on the earth. Now this lightning is turned to the use of man—is converted into an agent to go of errands."

It is a great art in the Christian life to learn to be silent. Under oppositions, injuries, still be silent. It is better to say nothing, than to say it in an excited or angry manner, even if the occasion should seem to justify a degree of anger.

THINGS LOST FOREVER.—Lost wealth may be regained by a course of industry, the wreck of health repaired by temperance, forgotten friendship restored by study, alienated friendship soothed into forgiveness—even forfeited reputation won back by penitence and virtue.

But who ever again looked upon his vanished hours, recalled his slighted years and stamped them with wisdom, or effaced from Heaven's record the fearful blot of a wasted life?

A DOWN-EAST SKIPPER.—With a boy, was trying to manage a small sloop, when the master of a Liverpool packet, who had been dodging out of the way, incensed at their awkwardness, cried out, "Whatsoop is that?" "The Sally, from Maine," responded the Yankee. "Who commands her?" "Well," replied the skipper, "I undertook to, but I swoon she's too much for me."

If you love others they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak kindly and pleasantly.

GERMAN POLITICS.—The reason of the want of unity among Germans is thus given by a writer of their own nation:

"Where two Germans are gathered together, there are, as is well known, not less than three different opinions."

Written for the Journal.

HYMN TO THE DEITY.

BY MRS. MARY W. WELLMAN.
Great Ruler of the skies,
Almighty, sovereign, wise,
Thee we adore;

Help us our prayer to raise
Thy goodness let us praise;
Lead us through all our days,
To love thee more.

Oh Thou, whose throne above
Consists of truth and love,
Hear our outcry;

Let waves and tempest cease,
Author of love and peace;

From sin our land release,
Father on high.

Father, we bend the knee,
With uplift hands to thee—

In pity hear—

May all thy children be,
But one great family,

In love and unity,
With godly fear.

To Thee, O Holy One,
To Father, Spirit, Son,

All praise be given;

Oh, guide us Lord, we pray,

In thy most holy way;

Prepare us for that day

Of rest in heaven.

Oh, may our faith increase,
Jesus, great prince of peace,

Thy reign is near;

Lord, let thy kingdom come,

On earth thy will be done,

All praise to Father, Son,

Through endless years.

North Woburn, 1852.

THE LITTLE ONE.

BY CLARA CLIFTON.

On my bosom laying,
Sleeps my little one,

She fell away while saying,

"Father thy will be done."

Vainly she strove to keep awake,

Until her prayers were said,

But sleep the eyelids did overtake

Of my dear unfolded.

And she hid her head away,

And slept within my bosom,

And left her prayers for me to say

The little precious blossom,

The angels love her dearly,

For they dwell within her eyes,

And they wake her very early

With a glad surprise.

When she hears the robins singing,

She claps her hands for gladness,

And forth with them is ringing,

To drive away all sadness.

Then she feigns to be asleep,

Her little eyelids closing,

While her father's arms do keep,

Her head on them reposing.

The angels they do love her,

This full well I know,

For she says "I see the angels, mother,"

When the morning is aglow.

Then should angels take her,

We will love her still,

When in the morn they wake her,

On the heavenly hill.

Groton, Mass. 1852.

READY MADE CLOTHING.

BY M. CURRIER.

ALL those that may be in want of garments, such as

have been made at his establishment, are invited to call

and examine, as he feels confident that his styles and

pries will be satisfactory to all. Garments cut in style

and warranted to fit.

P. TEARE, oct 18. '52

TEARE, TAILOR,

KNIGHT'S BUILDING, WOBURN.

AS a great variety of Readymade Garments and

Vegetables, every article of clothing, &c.,

which may be wanted, will be made to fit.

TEARE, TAILOR, oct 18. '52

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in advance.

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Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring towns, solicited.

TALES AND SKETCHES.

"SPEAK TENDERLY TO THE ERRING."

BY REV. CHAS. HOOVER.

The following history embraces facts which are but too common, illustrative of the perils of young men, and of the little interest that is felt for their souls even by nearest friends, and by those whose special office it should be to seek and save the lost, and be a guide and a helper to the wanderer. With the hope that it may prove a profitable chapter, I shall here introduce the leading facts of his history, as he communicated them to me.

Henry H.—, the young man I am speaking of, was the son of respectable parents, of very moderate pecuniary means, but amiable and intelligent, and much esteemed in their neighborhood for their various excellent qualities. Our family and the H.'s were on very friendly terms, and long after misfortune had broken up and scattered them, they were remembered by us with more than ordinary interest. Of all child acquaintances, Henry was one of the most peculiarly interesting. Beautiful in person and affectionate in disposition, he was also remarkably thoughtful, serious, and inquiring, so that when he was but about six years old, every one predicted that he would one day become a preacher and a great man. Just at this time, sudden calamity came with desolating power upon Henry's family. His father in the prime of manhood was drowned. A sudden squall overthrew a sail-boat in which he was one of a party of pleasure, and he, with several others, perished. This sad event was soon followed by the scattering of the family. Henry was taken in charge by a wealthy old Quaker gentleman farmer in the vicinity of the city, with whom he remained till he was twelve or thirteen years old, and where his appetite for reading and instruction were abundantly indulged. He made surprising attainments for one of his years and opportunities. Finding in the books of science which fell into his hands, the frequent occurrence of Latin terms, he applied himself of his own accord to the acquirement of that language; and afterwards, in like manner, undertook the Greek, and before he was fourteen, and without a word of instruction, he readily mastered Virgil in the former, and the New Testament in the latter language, and had also formed a considerable acquaintance with several modern tongues. This, however, was a very small part of his knowledge. His reading was immense. He devoured every thing he could lay hands on in the shape of a book. There was, to be sure, little or nothing of system in his studies, for he read without guidance whatever came to hand, and his acquirements were a vast chaos of facts without form or void, and darkness brooded over all. But his memory was faithful, and seemed never to relinquish a fact which it had once grasped. About this time he read these two pernicious books, Paine's *Age of Reason* and Volney's *Ruins*, but by a singular Providence, Bishop Berkley's *Minute Philosopher*, one of the ablest answers to infidelity ever written, though somewhat obscure, fell into his hands, and entirely satisfied his mind as to the speculative truth of Christianity.

And now, for the first time in his life, he began to feel his personal need of religion. His residence had been removed to the city, and he began to be interested in the faithful preaching of the gospel, a thing as new and as strange to his ears as if he had lived all his life in a heathen land. Does Dr. Skinner, now of the Mercer street Church, New York, remember the meetings that used to be held in Mr. Patterson's Church, in Philadelphia, and in the school-house in the rear, in which he and Dr. Cox, now of Brooklyn, both then young men, with Mr. Burch and the now glorified Patterson participated? Among the deeply anxious souls that then there cried out, "what must we do to be saved?" was this young man; and there, after many days of anguish bordering on despair, he found that peace which the world cannot give. After a suitable time he was received into one of the city churches, and commenced his public profession of discipleship with the strongest desire and purpose to be wholly devoted to the Lord. For two or three years his religious ardor appeared not in the least to abate. His enjoyment in private religious duties was great. His peace flowed like a river. Every day was a Sabbath, and every Sabbath a foretaste of heaven. His thirst for knowledge meantime was as great as ever, but better directed. With an increasing love for the Scriptures, his attention was directed with new interest to the languages in which its revelations were originally given. The Greek Testament became his pocket companion, and was studied daily. He now studied the Hebrew, and enjoying the advantages of a competent instructor, made rapid progress. The advice of friends, and his own views of duty, concurred in regarding the ministry of reconciliation as the calling for which Providence designed him. And although he was not now his own master, having become an apprentice some time before, and although the prospect of realizing his new purpose was remote, he marked out for himself a plan of

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study, and he devoted to its persecution all the time he could call his own, abstracting many an hour from the time usually allotted to sleep.

Thus, all things promised well. But the fiery trial of the young Christian was at hand. Two or three of the youths in the same office to which he belonged, invited him one pleasant day, to join them in a sailing excursion. He accepted and went, not dreaming for a moment that any harm could arise from it, or that it would be liable to misconception. The time was spent pleasantly, jovially, but yet innocently; not as a religious exercise certainly, but as a perfectly harmless recreation. In a day or two, however, Henry was taken to task by one of his fellow church-members, a few years older than himself, and charged in a very severe and harsh manner with having disgraced religion and violated his vows, by going with a pleasure party of ungodly young men. Henry's constitutional infirmity was extreme sensitiveness, and these reproofs, the first he had ever heard, withered his very soul. He was conscious of innocence, but the thought of being singled out and pointed at as having disgraced religion, by those too, with whom he had walked to the house of God and the prayer-meeting, sunk deep into his heart. Very soon the story grew like that of the black crows, and it was now said that Henry and his companions in the sailing party had been drinking rather freely. The story was utterly false, but it answered the purpose for which Satan invented it. It crushed Henry's young affections, destroyed his confidence in those fellow professors whom he had formerly regarded as examples, and alienated him from the prayer-meeting, and after a time from the church where he had recorded his vows. His young, sensitive, affectionate nature had received a blow from which he could not recover. He shrank from intercourse with those who had inflicted it; shut himself up in his closet, and nursed his grief in solitude and silence.

Henry's employer was a Presbyterian elder, and a man of the world; he owned a pew in the church, and a box in the theatre. Henry was offered the use of the family ticket whenever he should feel inclined to attend, and occasionally, to relieve the tedium of his lonely and uncared for life, he accepted the offer, and in process of time, became pretty regular attendant upon the drama, though I believe he was addicted to none of the vices which are usually connected with theatre-going young men. With him it was a mere literary recreation; he saw a play as he read a poem, and all his habits in other respects was moral in the usual sense of the word. His church, however, was now for several years entirely neglected, and his Sabbaths were spent at home.

And now, note one fact: Henry, under the supposition that he had committed a dreadful sin by spending a few leisure hours in sailing with two or three of his office-mates, who were not church-members, was virtually driven from Christian society by the harshness of a blind zeal; and after he had withdrawn, almost heart-broken, and shut himself up to mourn alone, this mere child in years, this infant in religion, this unfriended orphan boy, is then left to stray at his will, and there is none to follow him, and in the loving spirit of the gospel, endeavor to heal his wounds, real or imaginary, and encourage him in the path of duty. One kind word would have saved that boy. But for years he lived as I have described, and no officer or member of the church, upon whose books his name still stood, inquired after him or cared for his soul. Even those who were so dreadfully shocked at the disgrace brought upon religion by his sailing excursion, seemed to forget that there was such a person in the world. Exposed to all the temptations of a great city, with none to guide him, no father to counsel him, no mother to pray for him, no sister to win him to virtue's side, no church to watch over his wayward footsteps, what wonder if he should be wicked with the baptism of love!

Several years after these things, my father was called upon one morning by a stranger, who informed him that a young man was lying at a low miserable grocery on the outskirts of a town, in a deplorable state, brought on by excessive drinking; that his situation required immediate attention; and that he had been heard to name my father as a former friend of his family. Without being able to imagine who the unfortunate outcast and wanderer might be, my father immediately set forth to see him, taking me along with him. We proceeded according to the direction of the stranger, and soon reached the dismal rum-hole that had been described to us. Making known our errand, we were shown into a back room, dark almost as night, filthy as a sty, with several beds in it, on one of which, covered with a horse blanket, lay the object of our visit. My father spoke in a kind tone, some words of inquiry to the unhappy man, which were only answered by sobs, convulsive sobs, that seemed to shake the room, and we awaited in silence the subsidence of his agony. At length, turning to my father and grasping his hand, we beheld the haggard features of Henry H.—. My father wept like a little child. Enough was known of Henry's situa-

tion to decide our course. The poor fellow had to be clothed from head to foot before he was fit to be removed; after which, he was taken to our house and ministered to his situation required, after a long course of inebriation.

We soon had the happiness of seeing him himself again. He was encouraged to believe that all was not lost; that divine grace would be sufficient for him if he forsook his evil way, and that there were friends who felt for him, and were ready to second his endeavors. The thought that any one cared for him, and that his return to the path of duty would cause any one to rejoice, affected him exceedingly. The rock on which he had split, indeed, as the foregoing narrative shows, was the impression produced by injudicious treatment, that one loved him, or cared for him. On this subject, with his sensitive spirit, he had become a monomaniac; one step more made him a misanthrope, and swung from his moorings in the social system, as multitudes had done before him. But now his disappointed heart was invited to try again, to come back into the magic circle of sympathy and love, and Christian communion, and with an expanding heart he came. We were daily, and glad hearted witnesses of the gracious change in his feelings, and of the modest, child-like, yet determined spirit with which he recommended the Christian course. O how his bosom swelled with affectionate gratitude for the smallest token of sympathy or solicitude for his well-being. His sense of the mercy of God in reclaiming and forgiving him was at times overwhelming; I have seen him sit often for a long time, his eyes closed, a smile of peace and joy on his countenance, while tears would chase each other down his cheek, tears of mingled penitence and joy, and he was not conscious enough of their presence to wipe them away. His personal experience of the harsh and uncharitable judgments of men, had a powerful effect in rendering him slow to utter or believe evil reports; and he was always ready to espouse the side of the accused, maintaining it as a practical duty, as a legal maxim, to hold accused persons innocent until proved to be guilty. His whole soul interested itself in the erring and the wretched, and he would say that he desired no higher honor than to be a gospel missionary in hospitals and prisons.

Circumstances rendering it as convenient as it was agreeable, Henry remained a long time a member of our family. I have incorporated with these simple annals his not uncommon history, because it interested my own heart, and because it may be useful in cautioning others against rude and unfeeling censoriousness which repelled Henry from the Church to the world, and well nigh wrecked his soul forever; and if the eye of some backslider, far gone in the ways of sin, should light upon these pages, let him pause and return, and bowing with a broken heart at the cross of Calvary, find peace to his guilty and troubled soul. Church members and church officers, too, may learn a lesson from this story. Often, while great zeal is manifested to get people into church, very little concern is felt for their subsequent course. A great deal of attention is shown to a young man when he first becomes concerned about his soul. The minister, the elders, the members of the church notice him, converse with him, give him religious advice, and lead him to religious meetings, till he joins the church, and then nobody has anything to say to him. If he conduct himself properly, very well; but it will not be owing to any particular efforts made by others for his advancement in the spiritual life. If he goes astray he will hear of it, not from some Christian brother calling on him in a kind and loving spirit to confer with him alone, but in whisperings, and backbitings, and harsh censures. These are hard sayings, but alas, too true. Would that the time might speedily come when the church shall be purged from its unbrotherly spirit, and be baptized anew with the baptism of love!

THE OLD MAN.—No expression that we are acquainted with, grates so harshly on our ear, as that of "the old man," when it comes from the lips of a son speaking of his father. The person who habitually uses the expression, is either intimate with low characters, or he does not feel that respect and deference due from a son to a parent. In excuse it is said, 'tis but a joke, and means nothing. If so, it were better not to jest on such a subject, and use some expression that does mean something.

Young chaps that frequent oyster cellars, beer saloons, and fashionable wine-shops, who can smoke a "regalia," or chew "ladies twist," without making them sick, or walk a crack with three glasses of champagne—these are sprigs who talk of "the old man," who don't know they're out.

We have also heard these same characters speak of their mothers as "the old woman." True, it is no heinous offence, yet it shows as plainly as any other swagger, what company they have kept, and the estimates they place upon their parents' love and care for so many years.

IT One had better be cheated agreeably than pass one's life in watching not to be cheated.

Written for the Journal.
FOR MY SISTER'S ALBUM.

Sister, thou hast bid me write
On this page, so fair and white,
A few lines, that you may daily see
A brother's love, I bare to thee.

The tribute then I bring to you,
Is pure affection, kind and true,
For it was given us from above,
Then sister take a brother's love.

Kind sister, strive to improve the mind;
Seek knowledge of the pure kind,
And let thy thoughts and actions be,
Such as will bless you in eternity.

May Heaven grant you in this life,
The richest blessings, free from strife,—
Strength with every ill to bare,—
Is thy brother's fervent prayer.

March, 1852. BAND OF CRISPIN.

PHYSIOLOGICAL FACTS.

The following physiological facts are from the scientific journal:—The average height of man and woman, at birth, is generally 19 inches. In each of the twelve years after birth, one twelfth is added to the stature each year—Between the ages of twelve and twenty, the growth of the body is slower; and it is still further diminished after this up to twenty-five, the period of a maximum growth. In old age the height of the body diminishes on an average of about 3 inches. The height of woman varies less than that of man in the different countries. The average weight of a male infant is about 7 pounds; of a female about 6½ pounds. The weight of an infant decreases for a few days after its birth, and it does not sensibly commence gaining until it is a week old. At the end of the first year, the child is three times as heavy as when it was born. At the age of seven years, it is twice as heavy as when one year old. The average weight of both sexes at twelve is nearly the same; after that period, females will be found to weigh less than males. The weight of men is about 130 pounds, and of women 112 pounds. In the case of individuals of both sexes under 4 feet 4 inches, females are somewhat heavier than men, and vice versa. Men attain their maximum weight about forty, and women at or near fifty. At sixty, both persons usually commence losing weight, so that the average weight of old persons, men or women is nearly the same as at nineteen.

THE EYES.

Mothers should impress upon their families the importance of a judicious care and use of the eyes.

The room in which evening occupations are going forward should be well lighted, with an equally distributed illumination—entirely avoiding those thick lamp shades, so much in use, by which concentrating the light on one object, of peculiar attention, produce those painful changes, whenever the eyes are lifted to other parts of the chamber. The injurious habit of reading by a side light we should most strongly deprecate, as by it one eye is exposed to the admission of a greater degree of light than it should receive consistently with its sympathy with its fellow. Much use of the eyes immediately after a full meal is injurious, every feeling of the system showing that nature requires rest from all exertion at this time.

The morning hours are the most favorable for exercise of the eyes; but let all extremes be avoided, on no consideration should reading in bed be permitted—the recumbent position, at all times a bad one when the eyes are in use, is especially so when the individual is only arousing himself from a state of perfect repose, and the eyes are just recovering from weakness experienced on the first awaking.—Dr. Reynolds.

PHYSICAL BENEFIT OF THE SABBATH.—The Sabbath is God's special present to the working-man, and one of its chief objects is to prolong his life, and preserve efficient his working tone. In the vital system it acts like a compensation pond; it replenishes the spirits, the elasticity, and vigor, which the last six days have drained away, and supplies the force which is to fill the six days succeeding; and in the economy of existence, it answers the same purposes as, in the economy of income, is answered by a savings' bank. The frugal man who puts away a pound to-day and another pound next month, and who in a quiet way is putting by his stated pound from time to time, when he grows old and frail, gets not only the same pound back again but a good many pounds beside. And the conscientious man husbands one day of existence every week who, instead of allowing the Sabbath to be trampled and torn in the hurry and scramble of life, treasures it devoutly up—the Lord of the Sabbath keeps it for him, and in the length of days the pale old age gives it back with usury. The savings' bank of human existence are sprigs who talk of "the old man," who don't know they're out.

We have also heard these same characters speak of their mothers as "the old woman." True, it is no heinous offence, yet it shows as plainly as any other swagger, what company they have kept, and the estimates they place upon their parents' love and care for so many years.

IT In our attempt to deceive the world, those are most likely to detect us who are sailing on the same tack.

IT Physic for the most part is but a substitute for exercise or temperance.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

But the law of love to our neighbor, and its corresponding "golden rule," are far indeed from being restricted, as to their object, to the poor and distressed among men. They teach us to fulfil our Christian duties towards the king upon his throne; towards "magistrates sent by him;" towards all who have a just authority over us; towards our equals and associates; towards those who are placed under our care, or are engaged in our service—in fact through the whole train of our relations in life. Under the blessed influence of love, it is the office of justice, to "render unto all their dues," and to refrain from injuring any man in word, thought, or deed; and it is that of charity, to impart to others as much happiness as it is in our power to bestow. Bitterness, wrath, envy and destruction, must all disappear under the melting ray of the law of love; and in their place must spring up kindness, universal good will, tenderness of spirit, forbearance, the willing preference of others, and Christian courtesy. Divine love alone will render us good citizens of this evil world, and polish us into true gentlemen. "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, (of love) it profiteth me nothing. Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envith not; charity vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things; endureth all things..... And now abideth faith, hope, charity; these three; but the greatest of these is charity.—J. J. Gurney.

COMMON SENSE VS. NONSENSE.

In an address, recently delivered by Dr. F. Tuthill before one of the New York Agricultural Societies, he touched upon "the false shame of labor," in the following manner:—

The day has already come in our cities, that if a man, stout as Milo of old, has a load of wood brought to his door, and he really aches for the pleasure of handling it yet he must hire a man to pitch it into his cellar, while he stands idly by, nor so much as touches a stick of it, on pain of losing caste. If a stout and vigorous citizen, whose muscles swell with the excess of strength, has a load of wood lying on the sidewalk, he may as well hang himself at once as be foolish enough to save a dollar and saw it himself; yet if the man has pitched it in, and the gate is drawn so that he shall not be seen, and we are not sure but he may saw on till doomsday, and no one esteem him less a man and a gentleman.

MR. SLOW OFF SOUNDINGS.—"The airt is round, my son," said Mr. Slow impressively, taking an apple from Abimelech's hand, and holding it up between his thumb and finger, "like a nipple it revives on its own axis-tree around the sun, just as regular as any machine you ever see. The airt is made up o. land and water and rocks, besides vegetation and trees, and things growing. The mountings upon the service of the earth, are very high—more'n half a mile, I should think; some of 'em are called white mountings, because they ain't black. The ocean is very deep, and some folks think it hasn't got no bottom;—this is all gammon; everything has got a bottom, my son. The reason they can't find it is 'cause the world is round. They throw their ship overboard, and it goes right through one side, like this"—(thrusting his knife through the apple)—"and hangs down underneath, jest so—of course they can't find a bottom." Mr. Slow gave his boy the apple and turned round much satisfied with himself.—Carpet Bag.

HOW TO CORRECTLY ASCERTAIN THE AGE OF A LADY.—I first ask the Lady accused her own age. "I then enquire of her dearest friends." I next ascertain the difference between the two accounts (which frequently varies from five years to forty,) and dividing that difference by 2, I add that quotient to the lady's representation, and the result is the lady's age as near as a lady's age can be ascertained.

Example:—Mrs. Wellington Seymour gives herself out to be 28. Her friends, Mrs. McCabe, Mrs. Alfred Stevens, Madame Cornichon, and Miss Jenkins, indignantly declare that they will eat their respective heads off if she is a day younger than 46. Now the disputed account stands thus:—

Years, Mrs. Seymour's age, as represented by her friends, 46
Mrs. Seymour's age, as represented by herself, 28
Difference between the two accounts, 18

That difference has to be divided by 2, which I believe, will give 9. If that is added to Mrs. Seymour's own statement, the result obtained will be the answer required. Accordingly Mrs. Wellington Seymour's age is 37—a fact which, upon consulting the family Bible, I find to be perfectly correct—and I only hope that Mrs. S. will some day, forgive me for publishing it.—Punch.

HAM TO BROIL.—Cut the slices very thin, take off their skin, put them on a gridiron, and over a hot fire, turn them in one minute; two minutes will cook them sufficiently; no seasoning is necessary; serve with piccilli.

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1852.

The people's course of lectures for this season was brought to a close on Tuesday evening last, by Rev. F. H. Chapin, of this city. The Rev. gentleman chose for his subject—“John Hampden, or the progress of Popular Liberty,” and most ably did he treat it. He gave a Biographical sketch of Hampden and, in doing which, stated a fact which is not, perhaps, generally known that Hampden was a cousin to Oliver Cromwell and near relative to Wm. Penn. In the course of his remarks, the speaker administered some severe thrusts at the “great Nicholas,” and the “little Napoleon” with his coup d'etat, and closed with a peroration which, in manner of delivery, in brilliancy and tone of sentiment, has seldom been surpassed. This course of lectures has been fully attended and in a high degree successful one. The tickets have been sold at a low price, so as to enable all classes to attend the lectures, and great credit is due to the committee who originated, and who have had the management of them. The lectures have been some of the best speakers and thinkers in the country, and so great has been the satisfaction felt in this experiment, that it was resolved at the last meeting that another course must be had next year.

The Courts are now in full operation, and many engaged in them think there is more truth than poetry in the “glorious uncertainty of the law.” J. L. O. Sullivan is on trial in the U. S. District Court, for being engaged in the alleged Cuban expedition. John Van Buren acted as his council, and summed up the case in a masterly manner. He strongly urged the jury to acquit Mr. S., and thought that when they took into consideration the struggles for freedom, now going on in Europe, they would be willing “to pardon something to the spirit of liberty.”

Miss Devendorf, Charlotte Cushman, and Kate Hayes were in town a day or two since, and suppose this vicinity will soon hear from them. Mr. Forrest has nearly completed his engagements at the Broadway Theatre, having performed fifty nights with the greatest success. I have lately had an opportunity of seeing Mr. F. act “Macbeth” and “Hamlet,” and was happily disappointed at the result. We do not profess to be a “theatre-going” person, in the general sense of that term, but must say that when an actor like Mr. Forrest represents some of the grandest productions of Shakespeare, if we say, it is a weakness to have a desire to see these, then we are “guilty of that weakness.”

I have read with pain and even sorrow the account of the recent great fire in Boston. And, thou, Tremont Temple, art fallen! As I read of thy conflagration, I could but think of the pleasant hours passed within your walls, in listening to the productions of some of the most distinguished sons of our country. I notice that our mutual friend Mr. B.—, in common with others, has sustained a heavy loss, by this calamitous event. Most sincerely do I sympathize with him, but I feel assured that the same calm and tranquil spirit which has ever characterized him upon all occasions, will attend him in this hour of his temporal trial. Life is like an April day, “sun-shine and shade.” Let us rightly improve it.

I trust I shall be pardoned for alluding to a matter merely personal: the thought suggested itself to me and I have given it utterance.

What is the difficulty between some of the Boston people and the “Countless of Lansford?” To use a current phrase here—“What's the fuss all about.” By the papers, we perceive that it has arisen on account of Lola's visiting several of the schools, and is there any great crime in this? It is said that Lola is a great republican, and if this be so, it is but natural that she should desire to visit the free schools, those “supporting pillars of the republic” as they have been well termed. In reading the proceedings in this matter, we were most forcibly reminded of a remark which that learned and able lawyer, Jeremiah Mason, once made to an opposing counsel who had violently attacked the character of one of Mr. Mason's witnesses. “You had better,” said Mr. M., “bus yourself in establishing the innocence of your client, than in attacking the credibility of my witness.” If the cause of education and morals receive no greater shock than that occasioned by the visit of a stranger to free schools, then we think they must prosper. There Mr. Editor, “them's my sentiments,” frankly and fearlessly expressed.

I rejoice to see the friends of temperance in the Legislature of your State, coming up so nobly to the support of the act for the “suppression of intemperance.” Doubtless, there are some objectionable features in this bill to almost every individual. But what of that, if it is only right in the main? You will remember that the wise old Franklin said in the convention which framed our glorious constitution, that there were some objectionable provisions in this great charter, yet he believed it the very best that could be had under the existing circumstances. So of this bill. Let us try it at least.

We are having rough and stormy weather, and coughs and colds reign supreme. Oh, settled weather, come and thou shalt have a cordial welcome! In my last communication your compositor misrepresented me in several instances; but my chirography is so abominable that all apology would come with a better grace from me than from him.

A friend has informed me that he has just consulted with the “Union Safety Committee” of this city and they unanimously report that—“The country is not only safe, but in a prosperous condition.”

Truly Yours, D.

THE WEATHER.

Thursday, April 8.—Clear during the forenoon. In the afternoon hazy, but again clear in the evening; wind light from W. and N. W.; thermometer at 64° 30'; 2 P. M., 50° 10 P. M., 32°. The snow dissolving very fast and travelling most shocking.

Friday, April 9.—Cloudy through the day, a little rain and sleet from 5 to 6 P. M.; wind N. and N. E.; thermometer at 64° 32'; 6 P. M., 34°; 10 P. M., 36°.

Saturday, April 10.—Mild and pleasant, and generally clear; wind gentle from N. W.; but few remains of the late great snow storm; thermometer at sunrise 36°; 2 P. M., 50°; 10 P. M., 36°.

Sunday, April 11.—Very clear and spring like through the day; wind N. W. partly until evening, then East; thermometer at 64° A. M., 32°; 2 P. M., 31°; 10 P. M., 36°.

Monday, April 12.—Cloudy, with a chilly N. E. wind; fine rain commenced falling dark; thermometer at sunrise 36°; 2 P. M., 40°; 10 P. M., 34°.

Tuesday, April 13.—The storm gathered strength in the night and discharged rain, hail and snow. The latter predominated in the morning, and continued to fall very fast until 5 P. M., when it became nearly clear. The quantity of snow fallen is about eight inches. Had it been light and free from moisture there is but little doubt that it would have attained a greater depth than at any time during the winter, probably twelve or fifteen inches. In Boston it only accumulated three or four inches; but in the western part of the State it is said to have fallen to the depth of two feet. So many and severe storms of snow, so late in the season, as have befallen us within the last two or three weeks, are almost unprecedented, and may be considered decidedly unreasonable.—

The almanac makers and Agricultural Journals will have to entirely re-arrange the “farm work for April,” and put in some items about “shoveling paths to the barn,” “allowing the cattle to browse,” &c. The wind during the storm was brisk from N. E.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 30°; 2 P. M., 30°; 10 P. M., 32°.

Wednesday, April 14.—Very clear and fine until 10 o'clock after which partially cloudy until evening when the sky became wholly obscured; wind until 9 o'clock W. and N. W. after which from E. to N. E.; thermometer at sunrise 30°; 10 P. M., 33°. There was something of a contest for mastery this morning between runners and wheels, but the latter had entirely the best of it before night.

FRANKLIN.

Written for the Journal

HOME.

I've wandered in climes more genial than ours, Where the skies were more bright, and fairer the flowers When the cloud-capped mountains in majesty rise, Higher than ours, and nearer the skies;

There was beauty in these, but my heart all the while Would cling to my home, my own native isle.

I've been on the ocean when the storm lashed its breast, And Gull would have lulled my wretched feelings to rest, But my heart will keep time to its rough melody.

I have gazed, and my soul bows down in deep awe, To the wisdom of God, His goodness and power.

I've looked on proud cities, seen the lovely and gay, But, oh! I have friends that are fairer than they; I've mingled with crowds, when my sick heart would droop.

Would fly through the distance, and nestle at home; Where the loved ones are, oh! would I were there;

This was my constant, heart-felt prayer.

Charlestown, April 152. H. A. K.

Written for the Journal

EXAMPLES OF REFINEMENT.

A lady wearing thin muslin sleeves, carrying a parasol in mid-winter, with the thermometer at zero.

A gentleman wearing a boat so genteel that he is unable to draw it on alone, who employs a coach doctor by the year.

A lady flirting a splendid fan at a lecture or a concert, while shivering with the cold.

A gentleman with a huge moustache, eating peas soup with a silver fork.

A lady wearing delicate cloth shoes, while going to the apothecaries on a wet morning, for a bottle of “Cough Syrup.”

A mother carrying a dirty puddle dog about the streets, while her own child is left to the care of a stupid servant.

Boston, April, 1852. PHILIP.

Written for the Journal

A CHARADE.

In summer I am seldom seen, And I am not a winter green;

I neither eat, nor walk, nor run,

I want no soil, nor dew, nor sun,

Air I must have, but not for breath,

And water, (though it is death)

Unlike a plant, as shrub or tree,

My head is downward as you see,

And thus, without a limb or joint,

The centre of the globe I point;

My life is brief, an hour, a day,

Then guess me ere I pass away.

CLAUDE MELONETTE

Pleasant Resort, March 22, 1852.

Written for the Journal

AN ENIGMA.

I am composed of 19 letters,

My 13, 14, 15, is a kind of weight,

12, 10, 11, is a kind of drink.

4, 5, 2, is a kind of grain.

17, 18, 19, is a kind of animal.

8, 7, 16, is an intoxicating drink.

1, 2, 3, is a domestic animal,

6, 9, 7, 2, is a color.

My whole is my brother's name and residence.

LOUISA.

Burlington, April 5th, 1852.

THE fairest wreath to deck a Victor's brow, is that which Mercy twines.

WM. WINN, JR. Auctioneer.

april 17 1 m.

POPCORN, in any quantity, for sale at the Hardware Store of L. THOMPSON, JR.

mar 6 if

Written for the Journal

DIGNITY IN WALKING.

A poor Irish laborer, seeing one of our fashionable dandies strutting through Hanover Street Boston, went modestly up to him and said, “I beg yer honors pardon, sur, but would ye be after telling me the rint of this house? I want to know sur, for a raison I have.”

“Get away fellow,” said the dandy, “how should I know the rent, I know nothing about the house.”

“I beg yer honor's pardon sur,” said the Irishman, “but be the manner you walk, myself thought the whole street belonged to ye, aye faith and the next street to for the master of that, by my soul and conscience I did sur.”

E. A. L.

Woburn, March 1852.

Did you ever?—Did you ever know a great man that was not a dull boy?

Did you ever see a person satisfied with his position? If he finds a dollar does he not grumble that it was not two?

Did you ever see a handsome woman that had to be told of her beauty before she was aware of it herself?

Did you ever see a plain Miss that forty thousand dollars would not make decidedly handsome?

BOARDING.

MRS. MARIA NORMICK having removed to the pleasant-looking house in Pleasant Street, owned by Mr. F. Rogers, and can accommodate a few more permanent boarders.

Woburn, April 10th, 1852.

REMOVAL IN CONSEQUENCE OF FIRE.

D. CLOUGH has taken rooms, during the rebuilding of Tremont Temple, in the next house north of his former office on Tremont Street opposite the Tremont House.

april 16 if

MASSACHUSETTS MEDICAL SOCIETY.

TEACHER OF THE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, ORGAN, AND ALL KINDS OF JUVENILE SINGING CLASSES, LESSONS given at his Room, 81st Tremont Street, Boston, at his residence in Winchester, near the Depot, and at the houses of the pupils.

Having received, in the outset, a thorough Musical Education, in his country and in Europe, and having taught the Organ and Organ, more than three hundred; and in Singing, some thousands of Pupils, from most of whom he has received the most encouraging testimonies of success, he feels justified in promising to all those who will profitably follow his example, that he will give a rapid and easy method of learning to play the Organ, and to sing, a portion of the music taught in his organ, in the vicinity of Winchester, Mr. J. will be happy to see those who wish his services, at home, in the morning and evening, in the Cars, or during the day at 8th Tremont St., in his Room, in connection with A. D. Johnson's Music Store.

* On account of the late fire, I have removed from my Rooms for a few weeks.

STRAW MATTINGS.—White and Plaid Straw Mattings, all widths for sale at W. WOODBURY'S.

CARDINETS.—Woolen, Cotton and Woollen, and Cotton Carpets for sale cheap at W. WOODBURY'S.

april 17 if

OLD Books re-bound, and periodicals bound to order in any style, at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

FOR SALE IN WOBURN.

A first rate HOUSE, and a half acre of the best land, situated on Salem street, near the Station on the Boston & Lowell Railroad, and the Franklin Street, and just joining to the barn; the barn has a cellar under it. The land is filled with fruit trees of all kinds, such as Quince, Apple, Pear, Peach, Plum, Cherry, Current Bushes and Grapes, and a large orchard of Baldwin Apples in a year.

ALSO THE BEST APPLE ORCHARD in Woburn or vicinity, containing five acres, more or less, and a rich soil, and good fruit, and a fine building, and a fine fence, and three to four hundred barrels of apples this year.

Enquire of WILLIAM FLANDERS on the premises.

Woburn, March 3, 1852.

FOR SALE, A GOOD FAMILY HORSE, suitable for a farmer, being sound, kind, &c., would be willing to exchange for a good Cow, and some hay, or other produce.

Apply at the Woburn Bookstore. mar 27 if

PHALANX ATTENTION.

The members of the Phalanx are requested to meet at the Armory this Saturday Evening, at 6 o'clock. A punctual attendance is requested, as business of great importance will come before them.

Per order of the Commandant.

E. A. THOMPSON, Clerk.

MUSIC.

MISS SULLIVAN would respectfully inform the citizens of Woburn that she will give instruction on the PIANO AT HER RESIDENCE ON PARK STREET.

april 10 if

STORY TO LET IN WINCHESTER.

THE SUBSCRIBER will let the store now occupied by himself, for one or more years, at a reasonable rate.

For further particulars please apply at the premises.

JAMES BRIDGE.

april 14 1 m.

PHALANX ATTENTION.

THE SUBSCRIBER pleases to inform the

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1852.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

OUR PRETTY TOWN.

The praises of Woburn now I sing,
Truth shall pervade my song, Sir;
Of North Woburn we have read,
I'll sing about as long, Sir.
Woburn is a pretty place,
As every body knows, Sir;
The place of very pretty folks,
And a few pretty beauts, Sir.

Pretty houses and fine streets,
Meet you at every turn, Sir;
And then you see the pretty girls,
That makes your hearts all burn, Sir.
We have the prettiest neighbors,
Bound in friendship's bond, Sir;
And the prettiest place you'll find,
Is our lovely Horn Pond, Sir.

And many fine stores we have,
Where lots of goods are found, Sir;
And pretty men to tend them, too,
Who'll always treat you kind, Sir.
Our auctioneers they always sell,
Their goods at the highest bids Sir;
And if you want variety cheap,
Just call at Thompson and Tidd's, Sir.

We've many pretty churches,
And eloquent men to preach, Sir;
And many pretty school houses,
With pretty folks to teach, Sir.
We have a grand good Library,
And lot's of magic lore, Sir;
The pretty Woburn Journal, too,
Sold at Fowle's book store, Sir.

We've many kinds of music,
Better than tinkling cymbals, Sir;
And among the finest singers,
Are the band of Brother's Kimball, Sir.
But the prettiest thing is now to come,
Believe me, I don't mock, Sir;

When up there on the meeting-house,
We see the pretty Town Clock, Sir.

Woburn, 1852.

W. F. T.

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the Plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

FARM WORK FOR APRIL.

A careful review of the whole farm becomes necessary this month. The trees, shrubs, and plants of every kind should be examined to see what effect winter has had upon them. Young nursery trees may have been thrown out by the frost; if so, they should be carefully reset as soon as the earth is sufficiently dry. Clean up currant and gooseberry bushes, and cut out the old wood. Do the same to the raspberries, and if it was not done last fall, trim and tie them up to a stake in the hills, or to horizontal bars.

DRAINS.—Look to the drains, and set them flowing if the spring floods have choked them; or if they have gullied the mowing, planting or pasture lands, improve the earliest moment to level them up and scatter a little grass seed where it is needed.

FENCES.—Leave no rod of these unnoticed; mend up the wall gaps thrown down by frost; and add a new rail and post at weak points. If your cattle once go through, it will require double the strength to resist them afterwards. They understand a weak spot in a fence, and a man too, sometimes, quite well. Lay up that bit of stone wall which you have been intending to do for some years. Thistles and foul weeds are taking possession of the ground among the loose stones, and will scatter their seeds over your fields.

GRASS LANDS.—Cattle should not be allowed to run upon the mowing fields in the spring. They poach it badly, making it inconvenient to mow and rake, and they get a taste of green grass, which makes them daintier of dry food afterwards, and probably will militate more young trees than you will have patience to look at after the mischief is done.

THE HOT-BED.—This may be one of the most simple contrivances; it may be made without hammer or nail, if you desire it, by driving four stakes by the sides of four boards to keep them on their edges, and sloping the whole to the south. This may be filled with fine loam and rotten manure, and your delicate seeds will come up just as well as in a gilded frame. But a substantial hot-bed would be cheaper in the end. Start lettuce, tomatoes, radishes, peppergrass, or anything else that may fancy, early, and by a little attention you will get a supply of excellent and wholesome vegetables, far better for the system in the spring than a principal beef and veal diet.

PLOWING.—By the time the review of the farm has been gone through with, the fences repaired and garden cleaned up, the wind will have swept away the redundant vapors, and the earth become drained of its surplus waters, and ready for the plow. But this important operation should not be done when the soil is so moist as to leave the furrow in a wet, heavy clod. If stubble ground, it should be so dry as to fall to pieces upon leaving the mould board, or if inverted sod, dry enough to come into a fine tilth upon being harrowed. Make experiments; where you have plowed but six inches, try nine, on portion of your land, or, where you have plowed nine, go down twelve inches this year, if you can.

GRAIN.—Get in barley, oats, &c., as soon as the soil will permit, and where laying down to grass, be generous with the seed. Our practice has been to sow one bushel of red top, one peck of herd's grass, and six pounds of clover seed to the acre, but are satisfied that the herd's grass should be increased to twelve quarts, unless it is exceedingly inconvenient, roll the land well after the seed has been har-

rowed in. Level banks, fill up holes, and give the field a neat and finished appearance; the facility and comfort in mowing, raking, and getting the hay will more than repay the cost.

TREES.—As soon as the soil is dry enough to fall into fine particles upon being stirred, young trees and shrubs may be transplanted. Be careful not to delay this work too long. Dig holes six feet wide by eighteen inches deep; return the top soil to the bottom of the hole; mingle a little well-rotted compost with this, and set the tree level with the surrounding soil. Take up the trees from the nursery with great care; do not pull them up; this breaks the fine sponges upon which the tree will be dependent for its existence; if any roots get bruised or broken, trim them with a sharp knife; spread the roots, and sift the fine soil among them.

GRAFTING.—Your scions were probably cut in February or March, and have been kept moist and fresh. As soon as the weather will allow you to work the wax, begin to set them, so that you may accomplish all work in its appropriate season.

APRIL.—Now is the time for action. While your physical powers have become stronger by a season of comparative repose, your minds are enriched by many a useful lesson from the experience of others, and stored with hints from the books, which you can observe and decide upon as you pursue the spring and summer culture of your fields. All is in order out of doors, while love, affection and gratitude are the duties which cluster about the family board. Let one impulse, one aim impel you all, and charity and good-will grow in your hearts as you tend your growing crops.—N. E. Farmer.

PARSNIPS FOR SWINE.—In the Isle of Guernsey, the raising of parsnips for swine is a leading branch of farming. The root is almost exclusively used for pork making. A gentleman who once resided there, noticing the peculiar fine flavor of the pork, inquired the reason of it, and was informed that it was owing to the hogs being fattened on raw parsnips. The pork, he says, was beautifully white, sweet, juicy and firm.

SPRING DE LAINES.—JUST RECEIVED, a large lot of New Styles Spring De Laines, at FLAGG'S Dry Goods Store, mar 13

EARLY SEED POTATOES, for sale by JESSE C. BOWLES, mar 20 ff

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

ALFRED A. CHILDS,
19 TREMONT ROW,...OPPOSITE MUSEUM,
BOSTON.

MANTLE, Pier and Oval
LOOKING-GLASS MANUFACTORY,
HOUSE AND SHIP ORNAMENTS,
of antique and unique patterns and styles, furnished from his Manufactury at short notice.

Portrait and Picture Frames Ready Made.

HAS A FINE GALLERY OF
OIL PAINTINGS,
ON SALE.

OLD FRAMES RE-GILT AND VARNISHED.
Oil Paintings and Prints Restored.

DAVID YOUNGMAN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Lyceum Building,
WINCHESTER, MASS.

JOHN HAMMOND,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
No. 15 CONGRESS STREET,
oct 18 ff

TO LET,

A HOUSE in the west part of Woburn, containing seven rooms, and sheds, with a good well of water, and stable, and garden if desired.

S. R. DUREN,
oct 20

WOBURN AND BOSTON RAILROAD
EXPRESS.

The subscribers continue to attend to the

EXPRESS business in all its branches, between Woburn and Boston. Orders received at No. 10 Court Square, Boston, and at the Depot in Woburn.

W. E. YOUNG,
C. S. CONVERSE

W. E. YOUNG,
C. S. CONVERSE

T. A. & H. G. CHAPMAN,
DEALERS IN

EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN DRY GOODS,
6 HANOVER STREET,

3 DOORS NORTH OF COURT STREET,...BOSTON.

N. WYMAN, JR.,
—DEALER IN—

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

No. 5 WADE'S BUILDINGS,

WOBURN.

JOHN THOMPSON, JR.

COUGH SYRUP, prepared and sold by D. YOUNG

MAN, at his Apothecary store in Woburn.

COUGH FLOWER SEEDS—the growth of 1851—in

any quantity, for sale at H. FLAGG'S.

POWDER CORN, in any quantity, for sale at the Hardware Store of L. THOMPSON, JR.

W. COOLEN YARN—a large assortment, at W. WOOD BERRY'S.

NOV 22 ff

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT THE OFFICE
OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE, BY

FOWLE & BROTHER,
GEORGE W. FOWLE, JOHN A. FOWLE.

TERMS--\$1.50 per year, payable always
in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to
the Editor, at Woburn, or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.

Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighbor-
ing towns, solicited.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

TEMPERANCE STANZAS.

BY MRS. M. W. W.

Hark hear ye that sound? 'tis the cry of the wretched,
Whose sighs as they float on the zephyrs at eve;
Speak words to my soul which arouses my life-blood,
For I know how in silence those sad hearts do grieve.

I see at the home of that heart-broken mother,
A sight that's too sad for my heart to endure,
With amazement I stand, and think what can the man
be;

'That could pass over this let his cursed gold allure.

I see those poor children, both naked and hungry,
Their pitiful cries fill my soul with despair;
I gaze, until sick of such wrong—I claim,
How long righteous God e're thou answerest my prayer.

How long shall vile man triumph over his brothers,
And rob him of all that is dearer than life?
How long shall he steal the bread and tie clothing
From those famishing children and heart-broken wife?

Oh, soon may the sound go over our land,
The tyrant cannot sever the family hand;
The Rumseller's day, with its misery is o'er;
He can deal out his death to his neighbor—no more.

Then sorrow shall vanish like the dew of the morn,
And virtue, and love, in its place shall be born;
And man shall rejoice; though he's tasted the rod,
He can stand up again, proud image of God.

North Woburn, 1852.

GROVE HALL:
OR 'LIVING LIKE OTHER PEOPLE:' A SKETCH
FROM REAL LIFE.

Mr. Boardman was originally from the country. There he married. With no other capital than industry, frugality, and enterprise, he commenced business in one of our largest cities. His trade gradually expanded, till he was ranked as one of the first importers of the city. He was noted for his industrious habits, while prudence and coolness marked his mercantile career. His lady, with the frugal notions brought from her parental home, rendered her dwelling the abode of comfort without ostentation, and plenty without luxury.

Years rolled on, and they reared a large family—four daughters and six sons. The children, as they grew up, mingled in the routes and rounds of city life. The circumstances of the family naturally introduced them into the gay circles of the elite; and, of course, Helen and Josephine were at the great fete of the season, given by the Churchills. It was nearly twelve, on the following morning, when they arranged their toilet, and appeared at the breakfast-table.

"Good morning, my dears," said the doting and indulgent mother: "how did you enjoy yourselves last evening?"

"Delightfully, ma!" said Josephine; "I wish you had been there. The mansion at the Oaklands is so elegant, and they have room for a jam. The great hall overlooks the romantic lake, where there are two beautiful swans; and the sylvan bower sent forth the sweetest strains, musing the spirits dance in all the delights of a fairy scene. Oh, ma! we must have a country-house. I am determined to coax pa. We must live like other people."

"Yes, dearest mother," added Helen, "we must retire to the country. Your health requires a pure atmosphere. We shall build a country-seat—just like the Churchills'. They are honored by every body."

The good father left his counting-house, and came home to dine. The daughters, full of their determination, talked of nothing but a country-house. And from that time until Grove Hall was commenced, the indulgent parent heard little else save the delights, healthfulness, and elegance of a country-seat. The city residence was entirely re-modelled, to keep pace with elegance of "Grove Hall," and the Boardmans were honored with the presence of the *ton*, at their magnificent retreat in the summer, and at the town-mansion in the winter.

The sons, meantime, had been disposed of as became the inheritors of fortunes made to their hands. William was for the ministry, notwithstanding his drawing largely on the preparatory funds, and his being now and then put on the *minus* list as leader of *sprees*. There was room to hope for reformation before he "received a call." Thomas would "read law;" John was "inclined to physic;" while Harry was to be of the "life mercantile." They all went to college, as a matter of course; but, like thousands of others, they went through, received their diplomas, and the college-fund, at the counting-house, showed a suffering of over fifteen thousand dollars, including the "wild oats" paid for by the indulgent father. All save Harry took ship for Europe and the continent, to finish their education. Harry was received into the house of his father, as a partner, at one third the profits. Few young men ever started life with such brilliant prospects; and beside, he was considered what the world terms a smart young man; held his head high, talked largely of stocks, and had a finger in the prevalent speculations. But for all these, a dissolution took place in about a year, Harry averring that he must remove to a larger theatre for enterprise and business. He accordingly planted himself in the great commercial metropolis, where he could unfold the giant powers of his mercantile mind, and, by a few Hercu-

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1852.

NO. 27.

JOB PRINTING

OF ALL THE VARIOUS KINDS AND POSSIBLE DESCRIPTION
COMPRISED IN PART

Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, Blanks, Catalogues, Pamphlets, Shop Bills, Shoe Bills, Notices, &c.,

PROMPTLY AND TASTEFULY EXECUTED AT THE
JOURNAL PRINTING OFFICE

OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE.

The office has been furnished with new type through out, and we are prepared to execute all orders for Printing in the best manner and at short notice.

Printing in Gold, Silver and Bronze done in superior style, at reasonable rates.

WOBURN RECORDS.

MARRIAGES, COMMENCING 1641.

George Farly and Christian Births, m. 9th of 2d month.

1643.

James Parker and Elizabeth Long, m. 23d of 3d.

Thomas Fuller and Elizabeth Tedd, m. 13th of 4th.

Nicholas Davis and Elizabeth Isaac, m. 12th of 5th.

James Convers and Ann Long, m. 24th of 8th. Simon Tompson and Mary Convers, m. 19th of 10th.

William Simonds and Judith Haward, m. 18th of 11th.

James Thompson and Susannah Blodgett, m. 15th of 12th.

1644.

Abraham Parker and Rose Whittlock, m. 18th of 9th.

John Wyman and Sarah Nutt, m. 6th of 9th. Frances Kendall, alias Miles and Mary Tedd, m. 24th of 10th.

Frances Wyman and Judith Pierce, m. 30th of 11th.

1645.

John Russell and Elizabeth Baker, m. 18th of 3d.

1646.

sace Larned and Mary Sternes, m. 9th of 6th.

1647.

Henry Jeffs and Anna Stowars, m. 13th of 7th.

1648.

Moses Cleveland and Ann Winn, m. 26th of 7th.

1649.

Henry Jeffs and Hannah Births, m. 21st of 3d. George Polly and Elizabeth Winn, m. 21st of 3d.

Edward Winn and Sarah Beall, m. 10th of 6th. John Brooks and Eunice Mousall, m. 1st of 9th.

Henry Baldwin and Phebe Richardsou, m. 1st of 9th.

Edward Johnson, jr., and Kathorne Baker, m. 10th of 11th.

Richard Post and Susannah Sutten, m. 27th of 12th.

1650.

John Ames and Martha Johnson, m. 18th of 1st.

John Todd and Rebeckah Wood, m. 14th of 2d.

Thomas Marin and Alice Ellett, m. 1st of 4th. Francis Wyman and Abigail Read, m. 2d of 8th.

John Nutting and Sarah Egletum, m. 28th of 6th.

John Mousall and Sarah Brooks, m. 13th of 3d.

John Cuttier and Olive Thompson, m. 3d of 7th.

1651.

Josyah Convers and Esther Champney, m. 26th of 1st.

Richard Gardner and Ann Blanchard, m. 18th of 8th.

1652.

George Read and Elizabeth Ginnings, m. 4th of 8th.

1654.

John Baker and Susannah Martaine, m. 28th of 3d.

Theophilus Richardson and Mary Champney, m. 2d of 3d.

Henry Tottingham and Alice Alger (or Eager), m. 13th of 5th.

1655.

William Lock and Mary Clark, m. 27th of 9th. Jonathan Tompson and Susannah Blodgett, m. 28th of 9th.

Samuel Blodgett and Ruth Egleton, m. 13th of 10th.

Michell Bacon and Mary Richardson, m. 26th of 8th.

William Johnson and Esther Wiswall, m. 16th of 3d.

1656.

Matthew Johnson and Hannah Palfrey, m. 12th of 9th.

1657.

Micheal Knight and Mary Bullard, m. 20th of 8th.

John Johnson and Bethyah Reed, m. 28th of 2d.

1658.

Isaac Coall and Jane Brettan, m. 1st of 12th.

John Richardson and Elizabeth Bacon, m. 22d of 8th.

1659.

George Brush and Elizabeth Clarke, m. 20th of 10th.

Timothy Brooks and Mary Russell, m. 2d of 10th.

1660.

Michell Bacon, Jr., and Sarah Richardson, m. 22d of 1st.

John Burbene and Sary Goold, m. 16th of 2d.

Samuel Convers and Judith Carter, m. 8th of 4th.

Henry Summers, senr. and ell Read, m. 21st of 9th.

1661.

Henry Marow and Jane Walles, m. 19th of 10th.

John Russell, Jr., and Sary Champney, m. 31st of 8th.

John Craggen and Sarah Daws, m. 4th of 9th.

Josyah Wright and Elizabeth Haswell, m. 1st of 9th.

1662.

Richard Post and Mary Tiler, m. 18th of 9th.

arms of her mother, and refused to see "the duke" ever after.

Well did she say, "The world will talk." The explosion, although the pride of the family sought its secrecy, went upon the wings of gossip. "The Duke and the Duchess" were upon all tongues, a theme of sarcastic merriment to all parties. The duke was forbidden Grove Hall, and warned to flee, as a vile imposter. It soon appeared, however, that he had made the most of his borrowed honors, having, like other great dignitaries, "lived like a gentleman while in." Now that he was only a tailor's son, a swarm of tradesmen, of almost every description, became clamorous for their dues; and the splendid mansion, and the superb furniture, given Josephine as a bridal present, went under the hammer to satisfy the duke's debts of honor, (gambling liabilities) and small matters in proportion.

That man was a philosopher, who said, "Misfortunes never come singly." So he pened it to the Boardmans.

The other sons returned home, having expended immense sums in their European tour; but they had imbibed the notions of gentlemen abroad, and had no inclination for the dry details of a profession. For several years afterward, they pursued the genteel life of idleness. Thomas finally married Annette Anderson, an heiress with a West India plantation, with slaves accordingly. John, too, took to wife, a maiden descendant of the Stuarts, and they both occupied splendid mansions in the most fashionable quarter of the city, given them by their kind father. Their establishments were kept up with a splendor worthy of the distinguished brides of their household. The lady of John brought not wealth, but greatness, in her descent: and to live in a style worthy of her great ancestry, the coffers of the elder Boardman, (John still being a gentleman, without profession,) were subject to constant and enormous drafts. The "West India plantation and the negroes to match," turned out, like many other great fortunes of imported heiresses, a mortgaged estate, which the broken fortunes of her father had secretly involved, previous to his demise, for nearly as much as it was worth; and Thomas, too, forsooth, must draw upon "the counting-house, for supplies to support himself and heiress.

The shock given to the established house of the elder Boardman, by the failure of Harry, began to be whispered on 'Change. It was known that the establishment was under heavy responsibilities, and that its factory business had brought losses upon the concern. The banks began to be wary. They finally refused his paper; and for the first time during his mercantile career, the head of the firm was driven into the market to buy money at premium.

He passed restless nights and anxious days, determined, as he was, at every hazard, to support the credit of his establishment, and maintain the position in which the labor was performed. No written contract is necessary, under the old law. The language of the act is:—

MECHANICS' LIEN LAW.

There are probably many mechanics and laborers in this State, who are not aware that a law is now on our statute book, which is intended to secure their payment for labor, by giving them lien on the real estate upon which the labor was performed. No written contract is necessary, under the old law.

A MAN WHO SHALL ACTUALLY PERFORM LABOR, IN ERECTING, ALTERING, OR REPAIRING ANY BUILDING, BY VIRTUE OF ANY CONTRACT WITH THE OWNER THEREOF, OR OTHER PERSON WHO HAS CONTRACTED WITH SUCH OWNER FOR ERECTING, ALTERING, OR REPAIRING SUCH BUILDING, OR FOR THE PURCHASE OF THE LAND, FOR THE PURPOSE OF ERECTING AND BUILDING THEREON, SHALL HAVE A LIEN, TO SECURE THE PAYMENT OF THE WAGES DUE OR OWING HIM, FOR SUCH LABOR, BY HIM PERSONALLY SO PERFORMED UPON SUCH BUILDING, AND THE LOT OF LAND ON WHICH THE SAME STANDS, AND UPON THE RIGHT OF REDEEMING THE SAME WHEN UNDER MORTGAGE."

To make this lien available, it is necessary, within thirty days after the work is performed, to file a certificate in the office of the Registry of Deeds for the county where the land lies, containing a true account of the demand, and a description of the property to which the lien is intended to apply, with the name of the owner or contractor, or both, if known, which must be subscribed and sworn to by the workman, or some credible person in his behalf.

The suit to enforce this lien must be commenced within seventy days after the time when the labor was performed.

A SISTER'S VALUE.

Have you a sister? Then love and cherish her with all that pure and holy friendship, which renders a brother so worthy and noble. Learn to appreciate her sweet influence as portrayed in the following words:—

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

JOHN A. FOWLE,.....Editor.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1852.

The proprietors of the "Woburn Journal" propose, at the close of Volume First, to submit the original pieces contributed for this paper to a committee; and in accordance with their decision, they will distribute to the successful authors two or three PRIZES, each of consist of one or more of our most costly ANNUALS.

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—Messrs. Nichols, Winn & Co. are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lycen Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

STONEHAM.—Mr. G. W. DIXE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

BOSTON.—Messrs. S. M. PETTENOGL & Co., Statestreet, are agents for this paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Punker Hill"—Thank you for your valuable communication; hope to hear from you often.

"E. F."—We allow you fair play in answering critic, although we have no room to spare.

"Clara Clifton"—We are pleased to receive your communications, and when we can will insert them. Your "Heavens' Visitant" is entirely too long; we have not room—we may select a part. It is our wish to encourage all our fair contributors; we have a large stock yet on hand, which must come in rotation.

"Criti"—Your communication is a fair one, and we shall be pleased to hear from you often; remember, "beauty is the soul of wit." Your advice is received in perfect friendship. We are well aware of the imperfections you speak of, and we also know that encouragement to new beginners is a stimulus for improvement; and it is our wish to encourage all our correspondents; and although some of their productions would not stand the test of criticism, yet we shall give them a place when, in our judgment they deserve it; our ideas of merit may not be exactly up to the standard, by which others judge from, but we remember that many beautiful flowers would be cast aside, if we disheartened the gardener from cultivating them.

"Claude Melnotte"—We are certainly under obligations to you, for keeping us posted up, in enigmas, problems, &c.; we are puzzled to keep track with them. Your answers we use, also an enigma.

"J. A. C. R."—Your answer to the enigmas and charades are same as above.

"A. B."—Your answer is right.

"G. H. C."—Ditto.

"Schoolboy"—Your charade we shall use. Your answer to the epitaph has been published.

"Theron"—Your enigma looks very well; we shall publish it. We have many enigmas, problems, and charades, which we shall use when we can find room. Our friend must have patience with us.

"G."—Your communication is a valuable one, and we hope it will give a start to Agricultural communications; let us hear from you often.

"Laura L."—Your poetry is quite interesting, we shall use it. You must have patience; we have quite a pile on hand.

"S."—Your communication on "School Houses and Schools" is full of good feeling, and in aid of a noble cause, and your suggestions find a willing response from us, and it is our aim to make the "Journal" a strong advocate for education; and we mean to contribute our "mite" to sustain it; we hope to hear from you often.

"Printer"—We are always pleased to publish the proceedings of our Fire Companies; they are the guardians of our lives and property, and we recently had personal knowledge of their faithful service. The allusions to the "Maine Law" we suppose a kind of fireman's joke.

"Pegleg"—Your communications received too late for this week. The subject you mention, is highly important for parents. We shall publish it next week, and trust it will receive attention from all our readers.

"Bilby Bunker," "Jedediah," "Frank"—too late for this week.

NATURE'S LESSONS.

There is much to be learned from nature, and we are often astonished, and have our thinking faculties taxed to their utmost to solve facts in nature, which to our finite understandings seem beyond their reach. The man who never goes abroad, and never stretches his mind beyond the limits of his own native home, never finds many of these subjects to attract his attention; every thing around him is so familiar, that they excite no feeling for enquiry, and consequently such a man lives and dies without knowing how and for what he lived for. The man who is abroad on life's great field of action—who mingles in the busy throng of men, finds each day that his mind expands—new scenes appear before him—new enquiries arise, and a longing for something beyond, which he has not yet reached. If he starts with a right mind, and lays his foundation sure, he can build on it with safety; the world is wide and full of attractions, and every step he takes presents to his mind something in advance of yesterday, and what a volume for study is nature! As the pebble thrown in the still water creates the circle of extended waves: so a man who enters life prepared for action, may spread from a small beginning to an expansive wave, which may encompass all that we can ask or wish for, to make us happy here. Education is the great standard by which our minds are formed; without it, we lose the richest part of life on earth, we cannot enjoy the scenes of daily occurrences in which we act our part, without we can feel and estimate the value. And the man who has never advanced beyond his alphabet, is not much of a scholar to study nature, or the value of an enlightened and progressive life. Could he enter the Mammoth Cave, and find pleasure in threading its winding paths, and with torch in hand, survey nature's great works there, and feel that they convey a lesson for him to learn. Could he dive for coral in the ocean, and know its history and value, except in dollars. Can he climb the Alps, and view the scenery there, and feel what a mighty and glorious principle waters and sustains every tree and shrub beneath his views; or could he stand beside the Niagara, and view the great elements that surround and cover the vast steppes, and fathom the depths which compose it,

Is there no pleasure or satisfaction derived from a knowledge of these great wonders? As the Spanish proverb says—"He who would bring home the wealth of the Indies, must carry the wealth of the Indies with him." So it is in travelling: a man must carry knowledge with him, if he would bring home knowledge.

Thought—thought—is the mighty lever which opens the mind and lets in the light of progressive knowledge. Education is the power which only can bring out the thought, which once started from its dormant state, brings with it new aspirations for another; and a thought once uttered, spreads like an electric spark,—never ceases, but is engraven on the tablet of time, and lives forever—

"The Education forms the youthful mind,
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

"We learn that our fellow townsman, E. R. Hinckley, has received the appointment of Vice President of the Atlas Insurance Company, in New York City, with a very liberal salary, such as few, if any, of his years have ever engaged in. Mr. H. has been favorably known in this town and in the city of Boston, for several years past, as an insurance agent; his talents and experience in that department of business seem to have been appreciated by the Atlas Company in New York, and we are confident they have made a good selection of an agent for the active business of the office. We understand Mr. H. has accepted the appointment, and will shortly remove from amongst us, we can but congratulate him upon his appointment to this lucrative office.

SPRING TRADE.—Now is the time for merchants to advertise new goods, everybody with their families will be in Woburn the first clear and dry weather, and as they all read the Journal, they will expect to find the new goods advertised, if they should not find them, it is our opinion, they may go to Boston thinking there was nothing new here. How important to advertise—there is nothing which helps the building of a town more than advertisements, it is the life of trade and people will patronize a store which advertises, it looks like life and enterprise, and would bring many a good customer to Woburn. Try it and see.

EXCHANGES.

QUINCY PATRIOT.—A good weekly, bearing a motto of valuable subjects. We extend the hand of fellowship to its new Editor, and hope we shall find many passing events of interest to us both. The "Valadictory" is quite modest, and the sentiments liberal. Our best wishes for a fruitful harvest.

CLINTON SATURDAY COURANT.—We always read the Courant with pleasure; there is genuine wit and good sense in it; the editorials are often funny—a vein of good humour runs through the remarks, and we are often induced to "toss the glove," but a second thought reminds us that, "discretion is the better part of valor."

THE BAY STATE.—This large sheet almost covers us up. We consider the Bay State one of our best exchanges; it is rank in its politics—is ably conducted, and we can always set aside the political remarks, and find plenty of merited articles to peruse. The good town of Lynn is full of genuine soles, and the Editor of the Bay State can always get a gentle tap when he gets down at the heel.

GIBBS' NEW EATING HOUSE.—Mr. John B. Gibbs, formerly proprietor of the Gibbs' Hotel, and Court Square Eating House, has recently opened a large, elegant, and convenient Eating House in Brattle, near Court street. Although it has been open but a few days, we are pleased to know that it has met with the most unexampled success. Mr. Gibbs is extremely well calculated for the business, being of easy, agreeable, popular manners, and having a perfect and practical acquaintance with every department. Our Temperance friends should call upon him, as his place is strictly in accordance with their principles. Persons from the country, will find it one of the very best places in the city to dine.

SIDE WALKS.—We wish something could be done to improve the side walks, they are very bad in wet weather, a few loads of good gravel would have a wonderful effect on boots, shoes and ladies dresses, it is easily done and we hope to see our citizens go in for this improvement to keep up with the "Ornamental Tree Society."

EIGHT O'CLOCK TRAIN.—We have heard some complaint made at the early hours in which the cars start for Boston. The 7.10 o'clock is too early for many, and the 9.5 too late; an 8 o'clock train is much wanted, and is just the hour for business men to arrive in Boston. We hope it will receive attention.

"The anniversary meetings of the several societies which have formerly been held in the Tremont Temple will this year be held at the Lowell Institute, formerly Marlboro' Chapel, commencing on Monday, 24th of May.

A QUICK MOVEMENT.—Our correspondent at New York received a despatch direct from which he witnessed, containing thirty words, giving the effect of the Africa's news on the market. The time occupied was two minutes—distance 2300 miles. It came by the Morse line.—Transcript.

Rev. George F. Simmons will preach in the Unitarian Church tomorrow

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

We have postponed our remarks about sunshine and green spots, as we think there is a better spell of weather coming.—

The President of France has again sworn to the Constitution, and says he don't want to be Emperor;—doubtful.—There are 329 manufacturers of Beet Root Sugar in France.—

There are 649 persons in Deer Island Hospital—Rev. Henry E. Hempstead, of the Methodist Church, in Charlestown, has been appointed Chaplain of the State Prison.—

There are 6000 children in California, and 28 Counties, 11 of which have no schools. The Mercantile Library Association of Boston, has 2500 Members, and a surplus fund of \$10,000.—

There has been a great freshet at Albany, water over the quay.—Thirty thousand lawless children roam about the streets of London, and every year about 16,000 persons are turned loose from prison, without resources or character; what a fearful account of crime.—

The Duke of Wellington is about to resign the command of the British Army.—Queen Victoria's dress on a public occasion is described as very rich, with plenty of diamonds.—The Queen Dowager of Denmark, is dead, aged 85 years.—An attempt was made last Thursday week to set fire to the Depot at Taylor's Ledge, in Somerville.—

Samuel Sampson, Jr., has been held to bail in \$500 for setting fire to his father's house in Petersham.—The bill granting a portion of the flats in Mystic River, has been signed by the Governor.—\$215,000 has been exacted from the Suffolk Bank by Rand and Brewer, two clerks.—Two blind ladies are giving musical concerts in New Orleans, with much success.—The American Anti-Slavery Anniversary Meeting will be held at Rochester, N. Y., on Tuesday, May 11th, and continue three days.—A day's work in shooting, by a hunter in Cincinnati, 94 snipes, 1 woodcock, and 12 pigeons.—Six hundred fugitive slaves have arrived in Canada during the last 2 years.—A new town has been set off from North Chelsea, and called Waltham.—Rev. Mr. Pike's church, in Dorchester, was forcibly entered last Saturday night, and the Rev. gentleman's silk gown stolen.—The fruit in Ohio and Indiana has nearly all been destroyed by recent frost; the loss is said to be \$50,000. The new Railroad on the Isthmus of Panama, is said to be in fine order.—The last arrivals from Panama left but few passengers on the Isthmus; rates had become low on account of competition.—61 deaths in Boston last week.—A Frenchman in New York has invented a flying machine; he says he will fly the first fair day.—The Federal Street Theatre, in Boston, has been offered for sale at auction, and withdrawn; price offered, too low.—The French Spoliation Bill has passed the Senate. The managers of the political parties are moving in the matter of the next President; the political cauldron seems to be filled with a strange medley,—when it begins to boil we shall see some scalding.—The Penobscot river is not yet open.—The New York Legislature have adjourned.—No election of Mayor of Lynn, on Saturday.—The New York Legislature have passed a law against non-residents selling goods by sample in that State; \$300 fine.—Railroad accidents are too numerous to mention.—A young man in Philadelphia, in a fit of somnambulism, walked out of a window and was killed.—The Australasian gold diggers are said to yield equal to eight millions sterling per year; California cannot beat this.—Snow fell on a level to the depth of two feet, last Thursday, at Gorham, N. H.—The Battle of Lexington was celebrated in New York on Monday last.

Mexico appears to be in a very unsettled state.—State Street is the money Maelstrom; many a shipwrecked speculator is drawn to "toss the glove," but a second thought reminds us that, "discretion is the better part of valor."

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—In our own vicinity we have no items to report,—the weather has prevented all outdoor improvements; when we do have spring, our town will be full of life and improvement.

Written for the Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—Having had the pleasure of attending an Oyster Supper, given by the Fountain Engine Company, Ex 1, at the vestry of the Unitarian Church, on Tuesday evening last, and one which reflects great credit on the conductors of the affair, as well as the gentlemen present, for their kind, courteous, and gentlemanly conduct, I have thought proper to give to your readers a short sketch of the proceedings of the evening. After the members and their invited guest had partaken of a very nice Oyster Soup, got up by Mr. Sawtell, (who, by the way, always does the thing that is right,) the meeting was called to order by the foreman, when a gentleman stated that any remarks, sentiments, &c., would then be listened to with pleasure. The following sentiments were then given:—

By S. W. K.,—*Fountain Boys*.—Although they were not able to carry their Engine up Academy Hill on their backs after the nut was taken off, will, nevertheless, be just as able to do so, when all the strength of the other firemen is taken away by the passage of the Maine Liquor Law.

By J. W. T.,—*Washington Company*, No. 3.—Though prompt and ready to do their duty, not always able, may the liquor law never extinguish their zeal.

By C. T.,—*The Fountain Boys*.—May the wind freshen to a severe gale which lasted until daylight. In Boston thunder was heard but I believe it was not observed here. Rain fell easily and gently all day ceasing about dark; wind from E. S. E. to S. E. and quite brisk though lulling down towards evening; thermometer at 6 A. M., 44; 2 P. M., 42; 10 P. M., 29. The thermometer has indicated great uniformity of temperature since the first of the present month. For the last fortnight it has not fallen below the freezing point, 32, and has on two or three days only reached as high as 50. During several of the last days until this morning the variation has been scarcely 5 degrees. At no time this month has the thermometer attained an altitude of 60, whereas last year at the same period it had gone above that point six or eight times.

FRANKLIN.

Written for the Journal.

DIARY AND RANDOM THOUGHTS OF A COSMOPOLITE.

NUMBER THREE.

Mr. EDITOR:—I proposed in my last to give you some thoughts upon a journey down East, made to get rid of hot weather and dull care, and I now fulfil my promise with pleasure, for it affords me an opportunity to moralize upon a subject that is too little thought of by the majority of people.

I meet in going through the world a great many persons who seem to be entire strangers to that desirable trait of character termed "sociability," they live within and to themselves, and seem to be caged in that it is impossible to approach them in any way, they have such an exterior of *icy* matter, that it is really freezing to a warm hearted individual to get near them.

Now I am one that believe in sociability under all circumstances. I care not whether it be in the drawing-room, the stage-coach, the rail-car, or the steamer, I like to see how beings appear as though they had souls, and not as though they were too good to mix with *common* men, for I believe that the human frame that conta's a livin' sou' not disgraced, is entitled to civility, no matter under what *guise* it is found, and one great reason why there is so little enjoyment to be found in company, or in travelling, is because we find so many of these ice-bound self-important persons on every hand.

It seems to me, Mr. Editor, that it would materially add to the delight of this life in most all respects, if persons would lay it down as a rule of action, that they would always be sociable, always be ready to speak a kind word to those with whom they meet, and in travelling, what matters it if we do fall into the company of those who are rougher looking than ourselves, may we not be able to gain some information by being sociable with them?

May we not at any rate shorten our journey by entering into lively conversation with those around us.

I have found sir, in trav'ling thousands of miles, that there were but few men to be met with, who were not easily influenced by a kindly smile, and I was much struck by the journey I made down East some time since with this fact. I well recollect of leaving for Portland, one fine summer, morning in July, and being seated by the side of a lady stranger, entered into conversation with her, and soon found she was a Maine lady. After excusing myself for the impropriety—if there was any—I told her I thought that usually there was too much cold reserve among travellers, to which remark she most heartily assented; she expressed herself as delighted to think she could meet a person who was willing to aid in wearing off the tediousness of a long journey by conversation.

We found after a journey of one-hundred miles that each had aided in making the hours appear quite short, and we felt glad that fortune had thrown us into each others company and we came to the conclusion that there was not near as much impropriety in the act of strangers speaking, as many imagined; when we parted at our journeys end, it was with mutual thanks to think that each had aided the other in breaking the ice, and being *sociable*.

Thus I spent two weeks travelling in the wild state of Maine, and found the people wherever I went, perfectly sociable and hospitable, I found none of that disagreeable aristocracy, which is inflate to importance, with ignorance and nothingness, and which is to be found so plentiful in many parts of our Country, and I was more thoroughly convinced than ever before of the importance of sociability, both on account

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1852.

py, and by being *sociable* they will be sure and attain this desired end. But I find my room is about used up, and will defer further moralizing till some future day.

COSMOPOLITE.

MR. EDITOR:—I obtained the following information from Mr. Bowditch, and it being on an important subject to your readers, send it to you, hoping you will insert the same.

HINTS FOR TRANSPLANTING.

1. Many persons plant a tree as they would a post! The novice in planting must consider that a tree is a living, nicely organized production, as certainly affected by good treatment as an animal. Many an orchard of trees, rudely thrust into the ground, struggles half a dozen years against the adverse condition before it recovers.

II. In planting an orchard, let the ground be made mellow by repeated ploughing. For a tree of moderate size the hole should be dug a three feet in diameter, and twelve to twenty inches deep. Turn over the soil several times and, if not rich, mix thoroughly with it some compost, or well rotted manure. In every instance, the hole must be large enough to admit all the roots easily, with it bending.—Shorten and pare smoothly with a knife, any bruised or broken roots. Hold the tree upright, while another person, making the earth fine, gradually distributes it among the roots. Shake the tree gently while this filling is going on. The main secret lies in carefully filling in the mould, so that every root and even the smallest fibre may meet the soil; and to secure this let the operator with his hand spread out the small roots, and fill in the earth nicely around every one. Ninetenths of the deaths by transplanting arise from the hollows left among the roots of trees by a rapid and careless mode of shovelling the earth among the roots.

III. When the hole is two thirds filled, pour in a pail or two of water. This will settle the soil and fill up any little vacuities that may remain. Wait until the water has sunk away and then fill up the hole, pressing the earth moderately around the trees with the foot. The most earth, being covered by the loose surface soil, will retain its humidity for a long time. Indeed, we rarely find it necessary to water again after planting in this way, and a little muck or litter around the tree, upon the newly-moved soil, will render it quite unnecessary. Frequent surface-watering is highly injurious, as it causes the top of the soil to bake so hard as to prevent the access of air and light, both of which, in a certain degree, are absolutely necessary.

IV. Avoid the prevalent error (so common and so fatal in this country) of planting your trees too deep. They should not be planted more than an inch deeper than they stood before. If they are likely to be thrown out by the frost the first winter, heap a little mound about the stem, to be removed again in the spring.

V. If your soil is positively bad, remove it from the holes, and substitute a cartload or two of good garden-mould. Do not forget that plants must have food. Five times the common growth may be realized by preparing holes six feet in diameter and twice the usual depth, enriching and improving the soil by the plentiful addition of good compost. Young trees cannot be expected to thrive well in *sod land*. When a young orchard must be kept in grass, a circle should be kept dig around each tree. But cultivation of the land will cause the trees to advance more rapidly in five years than they will in ten, when it is allowed to remain in grass.

R. U. P.

Written for the Journal.

NAPOLEON.

I propose to write upon a theme on which pens of all calibres have heretofore been exercised. Pens of power and pens of weakness; pens of antipathy and pens of admiration; but as yet, few, very few, pens of *fairness*.

The American people obtain most of their ideas of the character of Napoleon, from the writings of English authors; from the Life of Napoleon, by Scott, and the History of Europe, by Allison. Neither of these books gives anything approaching a correct view of the character, designs or motives of the general, the consul or the emperor. The scholar, if he be nothing else than a scholar, obtains his ideas from the writings of French authors, prejudiced men, though less so than the English writers, who reverence Napoleon as the greatest of Frenchmen, and even as the greatest of men. It is very easily seen that information derived from either of these sources must be defective. But at last light is breaking upon the subject, and the next generation will be able to judge more correctly of the character of the great warrior, legislator, and statesman, than were his own contemporaries.

The works of Headley, and the Memoirs of Napoleon, now in course of publication in the new monthly Magazine of the Harpers, by J. S. C. Abbott, are what has long been needed in Literature—American books, on the subject of Napoleon and his wars. They are all full of American, Republican spirit; they are free from the Monarchical prejudices of the English works; they are written in a style of literary excellence seldom surpassed. They are graphic in description, and mostly just in reasoning. These books should be read, and they are read by tens of thousands of the American people; they will do them good. I do not purpose, in the present article, to say much of Napoleon. I intend making some suggestions as to what has been well said by others at a future time, if such is the desire, I will let my own mind speak.

Scott wrote his life of Napoleon in that bewitching style, so wholly his own, and notwithstanding the length of the work, it has been read by "everybody." Scott obtained his Bonapety, it is said, as a reward for writing this work. It is the most partial, prejudiced book ever penned. It is full of misrepresentation and gratuitous calumny! There is hardly a great event in the wonderful history of the mighty Corsican correctly represented! These assertions are not made in the mere spirit of invective, they are true! and in some future article I will prove them. Yet this book is quoted as authority concerning the history of Napoleon. It is read and believed by Americans who, hence, are apt to consider Napoleon a friend in human form, or as a sort of personified simoniac which blew over Christendom, and left nothing but devastation and mourning in its track.

Scott loved royalty and its attendants; he had no sympathy for any other government than a monarchical one. He considered the American Republic as a mere experiment, the failure of which was certain. He considered Napoleon a political heretic, one who was void of reverence for the old established forms, and hence worthy of contumely and death. Scott revered crowns, not particularly those who wore them, for a man of his intellectual character could not reverence such consummate boobies as those who, under the name of George, occupied the English throne. Napoleon had no reverence for kings, only for men; he considered the Bourbons as weak men, and he despised them. Napoleon hated novels, Scott wrote them. Napoleon was as well fitted to write the memoirs of Scott, as Scott was to write those of Napoleon. Neither could understand the other, or appreciate his motives.

I did intend to speak of several other well-known books, but my article is already too lengthy. I will speak of them in future. The true, just history of Napoleon, is yet to be written. A history which shall do justice to his lofty genius. A history which shall do justice to the influence of the Democratic principles, in applying the axe to the trunk of the poisonous old tree of feudalism. It clearly shows well and truly, that every charge of the Imperial Guard gave an impulse to the cause of humanity, and that each terrible shock of its iron column caused the thrones of Europe to tremble,—and these thrones have not yet ceased from their trembling; and when they fall at last, as fall they must, wise men will say, Napoleon and the armies of France first loosened their foundations.

Written for the Journal.
CONUNDRUMS.

Why will the Orthodox Church look like an ancient relic?

Why will our public Square resemble a clean shad?

Why is a man's uncle like the Republic of France?

TOMIN.

ANECDOTE—An Irishman on board ship, bound for Boston, not long since, (his curiosity being excited respecting the country for which he was bound,) said to one of the sailors,—"Is America a large town, just? and can yes be after telling me it's not near the salt water?"

L Two young bloods, apprehended for theft, being left to cogitate in the lock-up with rather uncomfortable appendages about their wrists, Jim exclaims "Oh! heavens I'm undone! I'm undone!" "If you are undone just come and undo me," was the cool reply of his confederate.

WOMAN—Woman always want something to lean upon. Like a grapevine, they are nothing without a support. What a stick is to sweet peas, so is the masculine gender to the female human.

Poverty and pride are inconvenient companions; but when illness unites with them, the depth of wretchedness is attained.

L He who sedulously listens, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say to the point, is the fittest for business, and is sure to succeed.

MARRIAGES.

In this town 17th, inst by Joshua P. Converse Esq. Mr. Baxter P. Goodell to Miss Lydia M. Bingham, both of South Reading.

In Charlestown 15th, by Rev. W. Budington, J. C. Nourse, M. D., to Miss Abby Tufts, daughter of Dr. Tufts, Esq. of Charlestown.

DEATHS.

In Somerville April 19th, Florence d. of Mortimer and Comfort Saxton, aged 3 y. 3 m.

In Woburn April 20, Susannah Davis, aged 33 y. 3 m. 19 days.

Road-makers Attend!!

WILL be let at Public Auction, on Thursday, May 6th, at the Hotel-Palace, P. O., the corner of State and Washington Streets, in WINCHESTER, the Contract to WIDEN AND GRADE said Street, commencing at Washington Street, near the house of CALVIN RICHARDSON, and running in a westerly direction, so that it meets the Water-line at or near the cross street, and ends at the River-Bridge.

ALSO—Will be received by the Selectmen, until the 5th of May next, Sealed Proposals to grade and complete Pond Street, commencing near the house of EDWARD PARKER, and running in an easterly direction till it intersects with the new piece. Higher recently made about sixteen hundred feet. The whole to be graded a d finished in manner as described above.

Plans and specifications of these roads, by the County Commissioners, may be seen at the office of the Town Clerk.

For further particulars see handbills.

By Order of the Selectmen of Winchester. D. YOUNGMAN, Town Clerk.

Winchester, April 20, 1852.

TO LET.

A GOOD TENEMENT on Pleasant Street, Woburn, containing 3 lower rooms, 4 sleeping chambers, wood-house, &c. Possession given on or about the first of May next.

LUTHER WRIGHT.

Woburn, April 19th, 1852.

Gibb's Eating House,

NO. 13, BRATTLE STREET,

NEAR THE STATE HOUSE.

J. GIBB, proprietor of Gibb's Hotel, Court Square, well known to the temperance public, would invite all of his old friends and the public generally, to give him a call. Brothers of the Sons of Temperance, and other temperance organizations, are particularly invited to favor him with their patronage.

Meals served at all hours of the day in the best manner.

April 24 3m

FOR SALE.

A GOOD VARIETY OF YOUNG APPLE TREES, 4 years from the bud. Price 25cts.

THOS. RICHARDSON.

Woburn, April 24th, 1852. 4w

MUSIC.

MISS SULLIVAN would respectfully inform the citizens of Woburn, that she will give instruction on the PIANO at her residence on Park Street.

April 10th

Guess my whole. CLAUDE MELNOTTE.

North Woburn, April 1852.

Farming Tools.

ATENT Steel Sharpening Yankee Feed Cutters.

These Cutters are superior to others now in use, for strength, durability, and simplicity of construction.

Also Steel Shovels, Hoes, Scarey Forks,

Saw-blades, Pick, Tree Scrapers and Pruning Saws.

For sale at the Hardware Store of L. THOMPSON, Jr., April 17. ff

REMOVAL IN CONSEQUENCE OF FIRE,

IN WINCHESTER.

A NEW AND DESIRABLE HOUSE, well built, with

all modern conveniences, pleasantly situated, within five

minutes walk of the Depot, in hourly communication

with Boston, and in close proximity to Churches and

shops, together with an excellent grocery store.

The removal of the house will be the place of

the most desirable in the vicinity of Boston.

Possession given immediately. For further information inquire of the Depot Master or Jas. BRIDGE, near the premises.

April 17 1m

HOUSE FOR SALE OR TO LET,

IN WINCHESTER.

A NEW AND DESIRABLE HOUSE, well built, with

all modern conveniences, pleasantly situated, within five

minutes walk of the Depot, in hourly communication

with Boston, and in close proximity to Churches and

shops, together with an excellent grocery store.

Woburn, April 10th, 1852.

BOARDING.

MRS. MARIA CORMICK having removed to the

pleasantly situated house in Pleasant Street, owned

by Mr. Flint, solicits and can accommodate a few more

gentlemen boarders.

Woburn, April 10th, 1852.

DAGUERREOTYPES.

J. A. WHIPPLE.

NO. 96 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

M. WHIPPLE would inform those who have

paid the last fee to the study and practice of Daguerreotyping, and that he possesses every facility for producing

the very best Portraits the art is capable of, and will spare

no pains in making Miniatures that are equal to his

parental portraits. His skill in this branch of art was complimented by the judges of the last Mechanics' Fair with the highest premium for "decidedly the best group."

PARTICULAR ATTENTION is given to taking

Daguerreotypes of young children and family groups.

The room is kept delightfully cool by a STEAM FAN, kept

in constant motion. At the rooms may be seen a large

collection of Daguerreotypes of our most distinguished

citizens.

April 17 1m

MASSACHUSETTS MEDICAL SOCIETY.

THE CENSUS of the MASSACHUSETTS DISTRICT

of the Medical Society will be made available

residing within the District and wishing to be

follows of the Parent Society, at the house of Dr. J. D. Mansfield in South Reading, on Thursday, May 13th, at 2 o'clock P. M.

With the highest premium for "decidedly the best group."

W. WOODBURY'S.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1852.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

"It is recorded of Henry the First, that after the death of his son Prince William, who perished in a shipwreck off the coast of Norway, he was never seen to smile."

HENRY THE FIRST.

To him the lovely things of Earth,
Were but a vain and gilded show;
Alas, for him! for joy and mirth,
His saddest heart might never show.

Around him were young, lovely forms,
The beautiful—the proud—the brave;
But what were these? his only son,
Had perished in the ocean wave.

Fled were his hopes for future years,
His heart was desolate and lone;
From that disastrous fatal hour,
His happiness was all o'erthrown.

He heard a low and mournful dirge,
Above the harp and minstrels song;
The requiem of all he loved,
Borne slowly by the breeze along.

Magnificence around him shone,
Wealth, splendor, followed in his train;
He ruled a nation from his throne,
But, o'er it never smiled again.

Charlestown, Mass. M.

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the Plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

Written for the Journal.

GRAFTING.

As the present time is the season for grafting, a few suggestions on that important art may not be inappropriate, though we must acknowledge that we are not competent to bestow on it that importance which it deserves. When or by whom the art of grafting was discovered, we are unable to define, but suffice it to say, that it is of primary importance, and there is due to the originator an indebtedness that will ever remain in the hearts of a grateful people. Had this science remained dormant to the present time, what a heterogeneous or inferior exhibition of fruit would be given; and above all, at this enlightened age and reform; what profitable disposition could be made of them? But progress would have doubtless defined this art ere so late a period.

Scions should be selected early, and if it is not convenient to set them as soon as taken, they may be preserved a number of weeks, by placing them in layers, in an excavation in the ground, covering the cut ends of each layer with the substance taken from the cavity; and after securing all that is desirable, cover them over, which will prevent the evaporation of moisture. This is a simple method, and is probably generally known. Scions should be set invariably as soon as taken from the tree. We purchased a year ago of the N. E. Farmer Office, some scions of the Graveston apple, which Mr. Cole recommended as one of the finest and most beautiful apples cultivated; these scions were preserved in moss, some of them we rejected, they being withered it was useless to set them; those that we used did better than we expected, though some died. In selected scions, none but the choicest kinds should be obtained, as there is quite a variety of new and choice fruit now carried into market the time is not far distant when no other will be in demand.

Clay or cement are necessary in grafting, the former was originally used and still is used by many, though cement has taken its place in some instances on account of its not being so cumbersome and more convenient. We still hold to using clay, notwithstanding the severity of some winters who have wielded their pen in opposition to us. We think if persons would notice the effects of these two ingredients, and compare them the second year after using, they would see a plain difference; the clay stocks will be healed over much more than the cemented ones, the scions thrifter and larger. Clay in its natural state is generally too strong, therefore it is better to mix it with loam, which makes it more flexible and nutritious. We employed a number of years since, a person to do our grafting, as our business was so pressing we could not well attend to it, and such a pomeaceous mess or variety of apples as there is in some of the trees we never saw before, nor do we wish to see again; we have since done our own grafting, and our advice is for every farmer to do the same.

Winchester, April 9th, 1852. J.

WASTE OF MANURE.

Little or no pains is taken usually to save the liquid manure of animals; no earth or saw dust is placed in or beneath the stable to absorb it, and the barn-yard is often so situated that all the liquids that would collect in it, run off to the road, or are conducted to the adjoining field, where they are so little spread about, as to injure the crop by producing an immoderate luxuriance. Liquid manure is exceedingly valuable, and the yards and stables of the farmer should be so constructed, that it may all be saved. There should be no outlet to the barn-yard, where the fluids collected in it can run off. They should either be taken in and applied directly to the land, or poured upon the compost heaps in and around the barn-yard. The turf about his fences and stone walls or the mud and muck from his swamps, should be collected in heaps or spread around his yards in order to absorb the fertilizing liquids collected there.

"The poor worm we tread upon, in corporeal substance, feels as great a pang as when a giant dies."

Written for the Journal CANKER WORMS.

"MIDDLESEX"—in your last Journal, asks that some of your readers will suggest a better remedy than tar for the destruction of canker worms. I have within about twenty-five years, had three periods of about five years each, during which, I tared my apple trees with great care and diligence before I overcome the enemy, having around me neighbors who were more neglectful, or wholly so, of their trees. Although I took great care and pains to protect the trees from the bad effects of tar, even putting wide double bands of thick duck, with a thick coat of clay mortar between; the tar would penetrate through and injure the bark, and the dripping of tar on the roots, was in some cases very injurious; it was necessary to reduce the bandages every year, especially on growing trees. Taring to be effectual must be repeated often as dry weather hardens it, and rains have the effect to make it smooth and glossy, so that the bugs run up in the autumn as in the spring. I conclude that farmers generally are not aware of the fact, from the circumstance that apparently but few tar their trees till Spring. I have seen the bugs run in January, during a long warm spell of weather, but this is a rare case. I have now adopted a mode which was recommended by a gentleman who had tried it in Cambridge, and which proves very effectual. I have lead troughs put up around the trees, suspended by strips of tin which are nailed to the trees; the back side of the trough next the tree is higher than the front side and arches over it, forming a roof to keep out the rain. The lead is not fitted close to the tree, but room is left for the growth of the tree, and the vacancy filled with cotton batting, the trough is filled with oil, and no bug can pass over it, for to touch the oil is certain death. Very little attention is required after the leads are filled; sometimes a very heavy storm will waste the oil, but the renewing is very quickly and easily done, and the leads need not be renewed for years. I have found a great advantage from having them on the trees all the summer, on account of caterpillars; when they are about, it often may happen, that in destroying a nest, many fall to the ground, or in windy weather some drop from the trees and cannot return over the leads. Mr. Levi Hawkes, Tin Plate worker and Plumber, of Cambridgeport, is the only person, so far as I know, who makes and puts them up.

I am satisfied that when time, labor, improvement in quality and quantity of fruit, without injury to trees are considered, the leads are cheaper than tar. There are a few trees protected in this manner, in the garden of house No. 22 Cordis street, Charlestown, where any person desirous of seeing them may call.

BUNKER HILL.
Charlestown, April, 1852.

SMALL FRUITS.—A few more raspberry, thimble-berry, currant and gooseberry bushes may be set, if you decide upon a place for them now. They are a profitable article for the market, and will ten times repay the cost, in affording a cooling and palatable dessert when the appetite is dull during the hot weather. They are more wholesome than meat at that season, having a bewitching charm for visitors and children, and cause the latter to remember the old homestead with feelings of peculiar delight in after years.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EFFECT OF MUSIC ON A MANIAC.

An intimate acquaintance waited on Madame Camporese one evening to make a request. In the hospital for the insane, a man was confined, literally music mad; he had lost his senses on the failure of an opera, in which the labor of the composer was greater than the excellence of his music. This unfortunate had heard of Camporese, whose fame had filled the city of Milan, and conceived a strong desire to hear her. For a while his representations passed unheeded; he grew ungovernable, and had to be fastened to his bed. In this state Camporese's friend had beheld him. She was dressed for an evening party when this representation was made to her. She paused a moment on hearing it; then, throwing a cloak over her shoulders, said, "come, then." "Whither?" "To the hospital." "But why? there is no occasion to go now; to-morrow or the next day." "To-morrow! no, indeed; if I can do this poor man good, let me go instantly!" They went. Being shown into a room separated from that of a maniac only by a thin wall, Camporese began to sing one of Haydn's melodies. The attendants in the next room observed their patient suddenly less violent, at least he burst into tears. The singer now entered. She sat down and sang again. When she had concluded, the poor composer took from under his bed a torn sheet of paper, scored with an air of his own composition, and handed it to her. There were no words, and nothing in the music; but Camporese, running it over, sang it to some words of Messtasio, with such sweetness, that the music seemed excellent. "Sing it once more," said the maniac. She did so, and departed, accompanied by his prayers, and the tears of the spectators.—*Am. Musical Review.*

HAM TO FRY.—Cut the slices very thin, take off their skin, put them into a hot spider, and turn them frequently, until a little crisped; be careful not to burn the slices; three minutes will fry them well; serve in a hot dish.

The number of land-holders—that is presons owning farms—in this country is about a million and a half, out of twenty millions of white population; whereas in great Britain, the number of landholders is only thirty thousand; out of a population of twenty seven millions.

The chord of Freedom passes through the breast of all mankind, and whoever touches it elicits a sound of harmony—the harmony is in the chord, and not in him who touches it; there is no skill in the breeze which sweeps through the aeolian harp, and still a sweet harmony burst forth from its vibrations. —*Kosuth.*

RUM'S DINGS.—A three dollar bill was shown to us to-day, which contained the following endorsement:

"New York, Sept. 14, 1851.—This is the last left me from a fortune of \$8000, bequeathed me by a beloved uncle. Oh Rum! thou art the cause of all this. Beware, young man, of the wine glass; it has been the ruin of me. Oh Rum! sure at last thou 'bitest like an adder.' —*New York Journal of Commerce,* 25th.

FIRST NEWSPAPER IN VIRGINIA.—The first newspaper tolerated in Virginia was in 1780; the subscription price was \$50 per annum for one copy; advertisements of moderate length were inserted for \$10 the first week, and \$7 for each week succeeding.

There is not a single quality required in the composition of a true Christian, which is not equally requisite in the character of a well-bred man.

The social feelings have not been unaptly compared to a dark heap of embers, which, when separated, soon languish, darken, and expire; but placed together, they glow with a ruddy and intense heat.

"John," said a schoolmaster, "you will soon be a man, and will have to do business—what do you suppose you will do when you have to write letters, unless you learn to spell better?" "Oh, sir, I shall put easy words in them."

HONEY-MOON.—It was the custom of the higher orders of Teutons, an ancient people who inhabited the northern parts of Germany, to drink mead or meetheglin, a beverage made with honey, for thirty days after every wedding day. From this custom comes the expression 'to spend the honey-moon.'

Go, scatter the seeds of pestilence, light up the flames of our cities, perpetrate what stupendous wickedness you will, but leave us the virtues of our youth uncorrupted.

Noses.—I have great satisfaction in a parade of citizen soldiers, for two reasons; first, because I delight to watch the expression of each heroic countenance, endeavoring to look as they did not think that all the world was looking at it; and secondly, because of the sense which it forces upon the mind of the infinite variety of human noses. Just take a favorable position on such an occasion, and observe the line of noses as each platoon passes in review before you (the uniformity of dress and cap rendering these facial phenomena the more marked and observable), and you will return home with your mind impressed with the wonder-working power of nature in varying her works, as it never was before.—*A. S. Standard.*

Teach self-denial, and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.

An exchange paper says that a lad of fifteen who saunters about rum shop, smokes cigars, chews tobacco, drinks wine, or falls in love with a lady much older than himself, is rotten before ripe!

The following is from the life of Walter Scott, in his schooldays at the Edinburgh School. "There was a boy in my class at school, who stood always at the top, nor could I with all my efforts supplant him. Day came after day, and still he kept his place, do what I would, till at length I observed that when a question was asked him, he always fumbled with his fingers at a particular button in the lower part of waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes; and in an evil moment it was removed with a knife. Great was my anxiety to know the success of my measure, and it succeeded too well. When the boy was again questioned his fingers sought again for the button, but it was not to be found. In his distress he looked down for it, it was to be seen no more than felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place, nor did he ever recover it, or ever, I believe, suspect who was the author of his wrong. Often in after life has the sight of him smote me as I passed him, and often have I resolved to make him some reparation; but it ended in good resolutions. Tho' I never renewed the acquaintance with him, I often saw him, for he filled some inferior office in one of the courts of law at Edinburgh. Poor fellow! I believe he is dead, he took early to drinking,"

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HAM TO FRY.—Cut the slices very thin, take off their skin, put them into a hot spider, and turn them frequently, until a little crisped; be careful not to burn the slices; three minutes will fry them well; serve in a hot dish.

Fancy rules over two-thirds of the universe, the past and the future, while reality is confined to the present.

Rough diamonds are sometimes mistaken for pebbles.

A true man will never rust out. As long as he can thrive and breathe, he will be doing something for himself, his neighbors, or his posterity.

"Nothing was so much dreaded in our school-boy days, as to be punished by sitting between two girls. Ah! the force of education. In after years we learned to submit to such things without a tear.

NEW BOOKS.

FOR SALE at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE, Smith's Travels in Egypt, Bancroft's 4th vol. History of the United States, Memoirs of Margaret Fuller, by G. W. FOWLE.

FOR SALE, SHIRTS of the best quality, and common shirts from 45 cents upwards, by P. TEARE, Tailor, mar 27 ff

N. B. COAT MAKERS WANTED: G. W. FOWLE.

FLOWER SEEDS.

A LARGE and choice variety, for sale at the Woburn Bookstore, and at Dr. Youngman's Drug Store. Price four cents per paper. mar 27

\$300 Reward.

THE reward given will be paid for the detection and conviction of the person or persons who removed the nail from the axle of Fire Engine, No. 1.

STEPHEN NICHOLS, Jr., Selectmen HORACE CONN., Selectmen HORACE COLLAMORE, of Woburn, March 23rd, 1852.

\$50 Reward.

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STEPHEN NICHOLS, Jr., Selectmen HORACE CON

WOBURN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT THE OFFICE
OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE, BY
FOWLE & BROTHER,
GEORGE W. FOWLE,.....JOHN A. FOWLE.
TERMS,--\$1.50 per year, payable always
in advance.

* ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to
the Editor, at Woburn, or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.

Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighbor-
ing towns, solicited.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

TO MY HUSBAND ON THE ANNIVERSA- RY OF OUR MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. M. W. W.

Two years this day, since we were joined in holy wed-
lock's life,
Two years this day, since first I heard the endearing
name of wife;
Alas, how have I wept to think I've not fulfilled my part,
I fear I've caused full many a pang to wound thy ten-
der heart.

Two years this day, how many more on earth for us to
live,

Alas its not in mortal's power the answer for to give;
But be they may, be they few, may who resolute above,
Fill up our few remaining days in peace and holy love.

Two years this day, and oh! how quick, how quick the
time has sped;

And with it how many breasts, how many hopes have
fled;

The flowers we prized so much at morn, at noon their
fragrance shed,

But e're the sun had sunk to rest, were withered, cold
and dead.

Two years have fled, yet more I prize the love thou hast
for me,

Oh, would that I had never been ungrateful Charles to
thee;

Yet I can now recall the past, and weep to think a cloud
had once hung o'er our happy home so like a fearful
shroud.

Two years this day to thee I now devote my all, my life
How much of happiness I feel to hear thee say my wife
Oh, may I then prove to thee all that a wife should be,
I ask no more of thee dear Charles than thou hast been to
me.

Two years it is to-day dear Charles, and in those days
now past,

I've shared your love your kindnesses oh even to the last;
And if I've been ungrateful I know you will forgive,
And may God keep us from all that's wrong together
while we live.

Ye world of fleeting shadows your joys are like the wind,
No sooner pass they by us then leave a void behind,
But there's a world of glory, at the judgment day,
To enter into life we to God most humbly pray.

North Woburn Dec. 8 1851.

TALES AND SKETCHES.

A HOTEL DINNER.

FROM NOTES IN PENCIL, ON THE BACK OF A
BILL OF FARE.

How startling is the sound of the dinner-
gong! The tympanum suddenly recoils be-
neath the swell of the brazen instrument, and
echoes the alarm to its fellow member of the
lower house, of which appetite is the speaker.
In a large hotel, the effect is magical. What
a rush from all quarters of the house to the
dining-room! Chambers, offices, and closets
are hastily deserted by their occupants, that
the elements of an unspeakable hurly-burly
may mingle at the *table-d'hôte*. Loungers in
the street catch the sound with wonderful
acute ness, and hasten homeward to the hotel.
The boarder under the barber's hands frets at
the practitioners' slowness, gets cut while ut-
tering a violent oath, starts up, looking dag-
gers, and wiping the soap hastily from his half-
shaved chin, seizes his hat and rushes to the
place of feed.

In one dense crowd, they pour in at the
door; pushing and squeezing, jostling and
swearing, as if life itself depended upon the
celerity of their entrance. Dignity is nothing,
decency is nothing. A choice seat at the table
is everything.

The twenty or thirty individuals who are
already seated at the head of the board, and
in the immediate vicinity of the choicest eat-
ables, are "old heads;" they have "cut their
eye teeth;" they are "up to snuff;" or, to
cut the classics, and descend to homely Eng-
lish; they know how to live in an American
hotel; an accomplishment by no means to be
lightly regarded. Every day, about half an
hour before the dinner-hour, they station
themselves near the door of the dining-room,
and with a patience worthy of Job await its
opening. Barely does John, the waiter, have
time to sound the gong, the notes of which I
have said are so magical, before they dart by
him, and the last vibration of the brazen
monitor finds the men of brass seated at the
table. Some unsophisticated persons may
think this a contemptible subserviency to the
waiter; if so, they do the worthies much
injustice. Their motives are of a high order;
an honor to themselves and a great light to
the world. Example is everything. Punc-
tuality is a jewel. Washington said so, and
he was a man of veracity. The hour to dine,
as specified in the rules posted up in the office,
was three. Not one minute before nor after
three, but three precisely. Some inconsiderate
man may think that a minute or two out of
the way could make no material difference.
Don't trust such an one with the conveyance
of your wife and five small children to a steam-
boat pier! Ten chances to one he misses the
boat. "Time is money," and two minutes
lost daily, is seven hundred and forty minutes
per annum. At this rate, supposing a man to
live seventy years—a fair computation, when
we consider the cautious ease of Joice Heth—
thirty-five days, eleven hours, and four six-
tieths, are wasted in a life time, by being two
minutes behind at dinner! Shades of Wash-
ington, Franklin, and Dr. Alcott!—what a
dissipation of money! It was of this that
the men at the door ruminated. They wished,
like Washington, to set a good example, in
being punctual. If in virtuously striving to
sort of an apology.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. I. WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1852.

NO. 28.

JOB PRINTING

OF ALL THE VARIOUS KINDS AND POSSIBLE DESCRIPTIONS
COMBINING IN PART

Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, Blanks, Cat-
alogues, Pamphlets, Shop Bills,
Shoe Bills, Notices, &c.,

PROMPTLY AND TASTEFULLY EXECUTED AT THE
JOURNAL PRINTING OFFICE

OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE.

The office has been furnished with new type through-
out, and we are prepared to execute all orders for Print-
ing in Gold, Silver and Bronze done in supers-

tiny, at reasonable rates.

Washington grasped his hand, in convul-
sive emotion, in both of his. All discipline
was now at an end. The officers could not
restrain the men as they rushed forward to
take Washington by the hand, and the sobs
and tears of the soldiers told how deeply en-
graved upon their affections was the love of
their commander.

At length Washington reached the barge
at Whitehall, and entered it. At the first
stroke of the oars he rose, and turning to the
companions of his glory, by waving his hat
bade them a silent adieu. Their answer was
only in tears; and officers and men, with gla-
zing eyes, watched the receding boat till the
form of their noble commander was lost in the
distance.

Contest the farewell address of Washington
to his army at Whitehall, in 1783, and the
advice of Napoleon to his army at Fontainbleau,
in 1814! The one had accomplished every
wish of his heart. His noble exertions had
achieved the independence of his country, and
he longed to retire to the bosom of his home.
His ambition was satisfied. He fought for no
crown or sceptre, but for equality and the
mutual happiness of his fellow beings. No
taint of tyranny, no breath of slander, no
whisper of duplicity, marred the fair propor-
tions of his public or private life; but

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
We never shall look upon his like again."

The other great soldier was the disciple of
selfish ambition. He raised the iron weapon
of war to crush, only that he might rule.—
What to him were the cries of the widows
and orphans? He passed to a throne by
making the dead bodies of their protectors his
stepping stones. Ambition, self, were the
gods of his idolatry, and to them he sacrificed
the comforts of his fellow-men for the aggran-
dizement of personal glory. Enthusiasm
points with fearful wonder to the name of Na-
poleon, whilst justice, benevolence, freedom,
and all the concomitants which constitute the
true happiness of man, shed almost a divine
halo round the name and character of Wash-
ington.

WOBURN RECORDS.

MARRIAGES, COMMENCING 1641.

1662.

Edward Converse and Joanna Sprague m. 9th
of 7th.

Mathew Johnson and Rebeckah Wiswell, m.
23d of 8th.

Samuell Walker Jr. and Sarah Read, m. 10th
of 7th.

1663.

Jonathan Knight and Ruth Wright, m. 31st of
5th.

1665.

Isaac Brooks and Merriam Daniels, m. 10th of
11th.

1666.

Inreas Winn and Hannah Satall, m. 13th of
5th.

1667.

Joseph Richardson and Hannah Greene, m.
5th of 9th.

Thomas Whittemore and Elizabeth Peirce, m.
9th of 9th.

1668.

Isaac Richardson and Deborah Fuller, m. 19th
of 4th.

Zachary Convers and Hannah Bateman, m.
12th of 4th.

1669.

Gershom Flagg and Hannah Lepenwell m.
15th of 2d.

James Converse Jr. and Hannah Carter, m. 1st
of Jan.

1670.

Michell Bacon and Mary Noyce, m. 28 of 9th.

Ephraim Buck and Sarah Brooks, m. 1st of
Jan.

Hopetill Foster and Elizabeth Whittemore,
m. 15th of 8th.

1671.

Abraham Jequeth and Mary Adford, m. 13th
of 1st.

John Greene and Sarah Bateman, m. 3d of 5th

1672.

John Walker and Mary Pearce, m. 14th of
8th.

1673.

Thomas Kenloll.

James Thompson and Hannah Walker, m.
27th of 11th.

John Richardson and Mary Peirson, m. (at
Cambridge) 28th of 8th.

1674.

John Smith and Abigail Carter, m. 7th of
May.

Samuel Richardson and Hannah Kingsby,
m. 30th of 7th.

Stephen Richardson and Abigail Wyman, m.
(at Billerica) 2d of 11th.

1675.

Nathaniell Davis and Mary Convers, m. 31st
of 1st.

Thomas Lepinwell and Sarah Knight, m.
11th of 3d.

Aaron Cleavland and Dercas Willson, m. 23th
of 7th.

1676.

Moses Cleavland and Ruth Norton, m. 4th
of 8th.

Nathaniel Bachelder and Mary Wyman m.
31st of 8th.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

JOHN A. FOWLE,.....Editor.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1852.

The proprietors of the "Woburn Journal" propose, at the close of Volume First, to submit the original pieces contributed for this paper to a committee; and in accordance with their decision, they will distribute to the successful authors two or three PRIZES, each to consist of one or more of our most costly ANNUALS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"D. K."—Your communication we approve. It shall have an early insertion, and trust it will receive due attention from our readers; we have only one objection—its length—and hope the next will not be subject to this objection.

"Lydia."—We find some merit in your dream, and give it a place. Your critic we shall read again; we don't exactly like it, because it may lead to something personal.

"May Ritchie."—We are pleased to hear from you. Your communication on slander is full of meaning; the tale is a sad one, and many a lovely being has withered and died, by the foul tongue of slander. We insert it in a conspicuous place, that it may be read and remembered.

"Mrs. PHIPP'S CONCERT."

Our citizens will be glad to learn that the anticipated Concert to be given by this lady, will come off at the Town Hall, on Tuesday evening next. In addition to the attraction of her own pleasing and melodious voice, she is to be assisted by Miss Francis, the brilliant pianist; Mr. L. Marshall, the popular tenor of the Handel and Hayden Society; Mr. James K. Kendall, the celebrated player on the Clarionette, and Mr. H. N. St. ne, teacher of the Piano Forte, who will preside at that instrument. The programme offered for the occasion comprises a choice variety of songs, duets, and instrumental pieces, which cannot fail to be gratifying to every lover of sweet sounds.

If anything else were needed to turn out our whole population, and give the worthy lady a crowded house, it will be found in the remembrance of her voluntary and most acceptable aid, rendered in our recent Town Clock enterprise, and on other benevolent occasions.

With an open heart and ready voice, she is always willing to give her efficient and agreeable support to any worthy object. As we are so deeply indebted to her for so many pleasant entertainments. Let us greet her with a full house, and thus show that we not only appreciate her great merit as a vocalist, but acknowledge her claims upon our regard as a public benefactor.

"J. B."—We cannot publish your article; there is no point or meaning in it, and it being written on both sides of the sheet, makes it most impossible to read it. We wish our correspondents would remember not to write on both sides of a sheet.

"Lines on the death of B. L. Cutler."—The article is long, but its merits entitles it to a place in the Journal; it will be read with interest.

"Ellen."—The new clock is the town talk; it looks beautiful. We hope none will be induced to follow in its footsteps, and go upon tick. Your article we use.

"S."—Your article on flowers we receive with pleasure.

"Hermite."—We bid you welcome, you are always interesting; we intend to pay you a visit when your feathered choir is in order. No room this week.

"J. K. D."—"Schoolboy,"—"C. L. C."—"J. R. D."—all relating to Enigmas, are received, and will receive attention.

TOWN CLOCK.

Who now regrets having taken any trouble to get a "Town Clock," or who regrets having given their mite towards the cause; if there are any such we will be glad to see them at our office, and will commence a subscription list for their benefit immediately. We suppose all our readers in town, have noticed with pleasure and satisfaction the pretty face of our new Clock, for it seems to awaken many delightful thoughts connected with the benefits we are to derive from it, as well as the manner of getting it.

Before our next issue its pealing notes will note the moments as they fly, not only telling us a pleasant tale, but reading us an hourly sermon on the flight and value of time; and long may the Clock occupy its present position, and long may our readers live to enjoy the sight, and hear its sounds.

TREE SOCIETY.

The Tree Society has perfected all their arrangements, and are now prepared to supply all the calls for ornamental trees that may be made on them; they have received several hundred trees of the first quality, and have been so fortunate as to secure them at a low rate, and will be enabled to set them out at a cost not exceeding 40 cts. each, which is a low rate for such trees, well set out.

The season being fairly opened, and it being just the time for setting out trees, we will take this opportunity to urge upon all our citizens to take advantage of the present favorable opportunity, and procure all their trees of the Society without delay; they will thus enable our Society to extend its usefulness, and be themselves the gainers. We were about to use some argument in relation to setting out trees, but shall not have time to-day, and will refer our readers to what our correspondent "Elm" has to say on the subject.

We are glad to know that the "Woburn Ornamental Tree Society," is in a flourishing condition; they have already set out a number of trees, have orders for many more, and yet not one half of our citizens have joined the Society, but we are in hopes that during the coming week, many new members will be added to its list, and that it will receive orders for all the trees now on hand.

Before inserting in our last week's paper the toasts given at the Supper of Engine Company, No. 1, we objected to some of the sentiments contained therein, and not till after being assured that they were a sort of Fireman's joke, were we willing to allow them a place in our columns, as we never wish to have any objectionable reflections appear in our paper. We are inclined to think that no ill feeling was contained in, or meant by the resolutions or toasts offered; at any rate we are well aware that no town in the Commonwealth is better provided with good and effective companies than Woburn, and we know from actual experience and observation at the fire on Academy Hill, that a more orderly or smarter Company than Washington Company of this town, never drew a tub, and there should certainly exist nothing but "love and good will" between our Firemen.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

This is happy May day. Who amongst our fair readers will be "May Queen?" Spring is fairly with us—the farmer rises with the early morn, to till in his favorite fields—Joy be with him, and a full harvest crown his labors.—A bill is reported in Congress, making owners of steamboats liable for all injuries to persons and property, occurring by carelessness.—Springfield has become a city, with 12,000 inhabitants.—There are 11 cities in this State.—The National Theatre in Boston was destroyed by fire last week, with a large amount of property, belonging to the actors.—A disease has broken out amongst the poultry in Worcester County, and is somewhat destructive.—The great freshet in Maryland has damaged the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal nearly a million dollars.—Pennsylvania has abolished hanging.—On the 29th March Louis Napoleon opened the French Chambers in person, and was well received; he advocated peace with the world.—The Prime Minister of Austria is dead.—The

WOBURN PHALANX.—At the grand military display, on the reception of Kossoth, we saw the Phalanx out in all their strength; we counted over sixty able-bodied men in their ranks, and noticed with pleasure the perfect manner in which they sustained their, already, well deserved reputation. We heard the remark made in State street several times, that no company made a better appearance than the "Woburn Phalanx;" and while there might not be quite as much show on their part in dress, as with the Boston companies, yet they fully deserve as much credit in every other particular.

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1852.

Written for the Journal.

MUSIC.

'Twas evening, and the stars,—
'The forget-me-nots of the angels—'
Like golden drops, hung from the blue vault
Of Heaven, while midst their countless forms,
The moon, all silently pursued her
Journey onward, shedding light, soft rays,
Upon the earth beneath; hill and
Valley, rock and tree, were bathed in its
Silvery light. Old ocean's waves rolled
Up their heads, with murmurings of
Welcome, to kiss its sparkling rays.—The
Herbage, e'en in sleep, turn toward its
Brightness, and flowers of every hue
And form, are wafting fragrance o'er the
Moonlight scene. But, hark! I hear sweet
sounds—

The air is filled with melody,
'Tis soft and low, full of harmony,
Breathing enchantment o'er my spirit,
Staying my breath, that not a note be lost.
Oh, music! thou enslaver of our
Every thought, thou, that enchains the soul
In wild delirium of joy,—that
Causeth the heart to bound within its
Prison, until it ceases for very
Weariness, that overflows the eyes with
Pearly drops, that brings such feelings
Within our nature nigh to pain. I
Would have thee ever near me, that when
The heart is low, to raise it up—the
Spirits low, to cheer them—when sickness
Visits me, cause forgetfulness;
And when languor steals upon my form,
To woe, with the soft, low, fairylike
Melody, sweet slumbers for me. Dark
Indeed would be the world, without thee—
Thou fillest every corner of it.
In the roaring of the cataract—
In the ocean at play with the pebbly
Shore, there art thou.—I hear thee when the
Forest trees bow low their heads, and with
Out-stretched arms call on another, in
The rain low patterning 'gainst my window,
In all sweet sounds thou art. Music, be
With me ever, make my soul thy home.—
For well I love thee.

Charlestown, April, 1852. H. A. K.

AN INTERESTING STORY.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days, will return to thee;" this is a Scripture truth, which, like all truth, has been verified a thousand times. The following story may serve to illustrate the verity of this text. Allow me to promise that my story is a true one in all particulars:

Some thirty years since, a lad of one of our Eastern States, about ten years of age, was sent by his employer to carry a basket heavily laden with wares, to a purchaser. While staggering under its weight up a somewhat steep hill, a gentleman of about thirty years, roffered his assistance, and beguiled the timorousness of the way by pleasant anecdotes, good advice, and kind words. They parted fifteen years passed away—the senior of these two, nearly fifty years of age, sat in study with melancholy countenance and heavy heart. His door opened, and his young and fascinating daughter, just blooming into manhood, entered to announce that a gentleman desired to see her father. "Shew him, my darling daughter, and do you, my child, ave us to ourselves." She obeyed. The old gentleman entered. "Well, sir," was the salutation, "I have, and have determined, happen what may, I will not force or sway, by my act of mine, the will of my child. She shall be left to her own free choice." "Then, to-morrow by three o'clock, your property go into the hands of the sheriff, unless you find some friend to pay the twenty thousand dollars." This he said with a sneer, and bowing, left the house. The poor man's heart was racked. I am a beggar—daughter is homeless—I have no friend to assist me in this hour of my severest ill.

In the midst of these bitter reflections, again daughter entered, introducing a gentleman some twenty-eight years of age, a stranger, whom I in the presence of Mr. G.?" was his opening remark; which being affirmatively answered, he continued by saying that he was a successful merchant of New York, had heard of the misfortunes of Mr. G., and had come on purpose to ask the amount of his liabilities, that he might loan the necessary funds to relieve his wants. Nor was he shocked at mention of the large amount of twenty thousand dollars. He handed him his check, which was duly honored—the father was once a happy man—his daughter was not less—he had found some friend to pay, spite the sneer of his hard-hearted creditor, "but, pray, sir," said the agitated father, "to am I indebted for this unusual, this moment kindness, from an entire stranger?" "Perhaps you have forgotten," was the reply at some eighteen years since, you aided a helpless boy of ten years of age to carry a loaded basket up a hill—that you gave advice and kindly words? I am that I followed your advice—I have lived—myself—I have gained wealth—and now, many years, I have come to return to you, sir, the bread which you cast freely upon water."

is said gentle reader, that our young caught a glimpse of a beautiful girl of whom he passed through the entry; and he called again, and won at last the heart old man's daughter. I say this is said.

We have a large pile of communications and, and we intend to make our next partly original, and what we think will be reading.

Selected for the Journal.

HOW TO PICK A SPREE.—"I say," said an urchin to another in the street the other day, "you're the fellow what stole my marble."

"No I ain't." "Then I'm a liar am I?" and without out more ado he commenced a violent battery on the person of the unoffending lad.

Some city poet has worked out the following elegant specimen of literature and rhyme.

O Sally 'tis my chie deelite
To gain upon your eyeses bright,
My luy for you, by gosh ciprises
The luy file for rum and 'lasses.

A little unbreeched fellow the idol of his mother and plague of his father, went to the post office and inquired if there was a letter for his drampas? "For whom?" inquired the postmaster. "For drampas," answered the little fellow. Well what is your grandpa's name? "Why drammama calls him Josh." "Well, what does your grandfather call her?" "He says oh thunder Betta do keep your clack still for once!" The postmaster baffled by the urchins simplicity dismissed him with the request that he would return home and ask his drammama hernane.

Written for the Journal.

AN ENIGMA.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 5, 18, 4, is an insect.
13, 7, 17, is the name of a cape.
5, 4, 13, 10, is a plant.
12, 18, 13, 8, is a kind of beverage.
2, 3, 12, 4, is what we all should love.
11, 3, 1, 15, 4, 17, is the name of a town.
My whole is what has caused excitement among the ladies of this town. CAROLINE.

Written for the Journal.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 1, 5, 15, 7, 12, 24, 13, 3, 5, 16, is a town in Massachusetts.
4, 9, 25, 12, 1, 17, 20, 14, is a town in Massachusetts.
6, 5, 18, 15, 21, 20, 17, 8, is a town in Massachusetts.
19, 10, 5, 14, 3, 18, 23, 7, is a town in Massachusetts.
23, 4, 5, 23, 21, 22, 11, 24, 5, is a town in Massachusetts.
9, 27, 8, 21, 2, 10, 14, 18, 26, 25, is a town in Massachusetts.

Whole is the authors name and place of residence.
Woburn, April 1852. THERON.

Written for the Journal.

AN ENIGMA.

I am composed of 8 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 2, is a familiar name.
5, 6, 7, 3, is desired by many persons.
7, 2, 3, 8, is used in making pies.
3, 2, 1, has horns.

8, 6, 5, is the name of a domestic animal.
7, 6, 5, is used in making rafas.
1, 2, 4, 7, is very useful.
6, 4, 7, is used for the light it gives.
7, 4, 2, 3, is a name which most people dislike to have applied to them.

My whole is the name of a garden flower.
J. R. D.—.

Written for the Journal.

A PROBLEM.

How high will one million dollars reach, each being one eighth of an inch thick?

CLAUDE MELNOTTE.

North Woburn, April 28th. 1852.

Woburn Journal Printing Office.
JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS,
**DONE AT THIS OFFICE, WITH PROMPT-
NESS, AND AT LOW RATES.**

THE office is supplied with New Types of all descriptions, and the Proprietors will spare no pains to give the most perfect satisfaction in doing work entrusted to them.

MARRIAGES.

In this town, April 19th, by Revd. Mr. Stockbridge, Mr. Parker Eaton to Miss Martha Cummings, both of this town.

DEATHS.

In Winchester, April 21st, Mr. Isaac Shattuck, aged 74. In Charlestown, April 23rd, Mrs Anne, wife of Mr. Henry Children, aged 52.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

MIDDLESEX, Woburn, April 24th, 1852. TAKEN on Execution, and will be sold on Public Auction, on MONDAY the SEVENTH DAY of JUNE next, at 10 o'clock, in the County, all the right, title, and interest, which JOHN ANDREWS had on the ninth day of May, 1851—in the time when the same was attacked by Moses Proctor, and the following attack by Moses Proctor, and the same was then held in the County of Middlesex, and executed by DEPUTY SHERIFF, and recorded in the County Register of Deeds Book, page 550. Also, at the same time and place, all the right, title, and interest, that John Andrews had on the 14th of May last, at 5 1/2 o'clock, A. M., or now, or in and after the 14th of May, 1851, in the County of Middlesex, and recorded in the County Register of Deeds Book, page 550. Also, at the same time and place, all the right, title, and interest, which John Andrews had on the 10th day of September last, at 10 o'clock, A. 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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1852.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

Lies respectfully inscribed to the friends of Don Tidd, who died in North Woburn, Feb., 1852.

Weep not, that he left you in youth's early bloom,
To moulder away in the cold, silent tomb,
For he has esp'd all earth's sorrow and care,
And the pure joys of Heaven, his spirit it doth share.

Not long with keen anguish, his body was rent,
For the angel of death to release him was sent,

His spirit to free from its bondage of clay,
And bear it to mansions of glory away.

No more in your circle, with you will he meet,
His place is now empty, and vacant his seat;
His course is now finished, his short life is over,
And the place that once knew him shall know him no more.

Yet weep not, no sorrow now cloudeth his brow.

No bitter heart-aching disquiets him now;
Methinks could his spirit but whisper to thee,
It would say 'mourning friends weep no longer
for me.'

Weep not, but remember the time will soon come;

When you will be summoned to follow him home;

And when that dread summons to you shall be given,

At last, may you be re-united in Heaven.

ELSIE, THE PEASANT GIRL.
North Woburn, March, 1852.

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either toil or drive."

TRANSPLANTING, BUDDING AND GRAFTING.

In the agricultural department of the Patent Office Report for 1852-51, is a large amount of practical agricultural information. Gershon Wilborn, of Essex County, Mass., communicates the following upon Transplanting, Budding and Grafting:

Transplanting.—Land to be set with fruit trees should be plowed in the fall, or very early in the spring; it should be ploughed very deep or subsoiled. When the ground is quite ready, get your trees, and set them the same day if you can; never buy trees that have been dug over winter, and "lain by the heel," nor plant so late in the season as when the leaves have started; trees of this kind may live, but you lose the growth of them the first season, whereas, by the right kind of management, transplanting will hardly put them back at all. I have often planted trees which grew four feet the first year. Holes should be dug of sufficient width and depth to extend the roots to their original capacity. When the trees are placed in the holes, spread out the lower roots and cover them with fine earth, as also all the rest in like manner; get the soil into the earth so that they will stand interspersed, in regular system, with the soil, as the roots of a growing tree always do. The practice of thrusting the roots of a tree all in a heap, then piling on lard earth, manure, &c., and stamping it down hard, is sometimes successful, but no scientific cultivator would recommend it. After trees are set, the ground should be stirred around them while the heat of the season last, as often as once in two or three weeks; and if great drought should prevail, they should be occasionally watered; this should be done by making holes with a stick among the roots, and then pour on a pail of water.

Budding.—Apple trees, and all others except plums and cherries, should be budded in the latter part of July or the first of August; they should be put in so late that they will not grow the same season. The plan of operation is to select a shoot of the present season, with good buds, and cut off each leaf within half an inch of the leaf-stalk; then hold the shoot in the left hand, and the knife in the right; the lower part of the blade is placed on the shoot about half an inch above the bud—the thumb of the right hand rests on the shoot at the lower extremity of the bark to be removed with the bud; the knife is then drawn towards you, parallel with the shoot, smooth and level, so that the bark and a portion of the wood will be taken off. The stock to be budded, should be of the present years growth—a shoot should be made in the bark with the knife, and the bark raised with some convenient instrument; the bud is then inserted, and the bark is brought back and tied over the bud, letting the leaf-stalk project out over the stem in the bark.

Grafting.—Grafting is performed in the spring. The last of March is the proper time for plums and cherries; and April for all others. In grafting, thrifty young stocks should be preferred. The operation is simple, and consists in cutting off the stock at the point where we wish to insert the scion, and splitting the stock down the centre; the scion is cut at its lower end, in the form of a wedge, and inserted in the split in the stalk; the outside bark of the scion should fit nicely the bark on the stalk. A salve made of 1 pound beeswax, 6 ozs. of rosin, melted with 1 pint linseed oil, is then used to cover the seams made in the operation, so as to render the whole air tight; the salve should be looked to occasionally, so it remains smooth and tight on the seams, for it sometimes gets open and lets in the air, which will destroy the scion. Scions should be of the

last year's growth, and have upon each two or three buds.

POULTRY.—Keep two or three kinds of grain before them, cob-meal mix with hot water, once a day, occasionally meat, scraps, or lard mixed with meal, plenty of pounded bones, oyster-shells, mortar, and a warm sunny place, and they will not only pay you for the outlay, but a handsome profit. During the severely cold weather of the three months just past we have had a most abundant supply of eggs for family use, and some sixty dozen for market from 30 hens.

The above are but a few hints—the systematic farmer will have all things "squared away" for spring business, as the good seaman has his ship for action. Starting a little ahead of his work in the spring he will drive it before him all the busy season; finding time to attend to each crop at the moment when it most needs his attention. Thus he will have a ready hand, and cheerful heart, with plenty of opportunities for intellectual enjoyment and for adding his portion to the amenities of life.

How to Judge Cattle.—In domestic animals, the skin, or hide, forms one of the best means by which to estimate their fattening properties. In the handling of oxen, if the hide be found soft and silky to the touch, it affords a proof of tendency to take meat. A beast having a perfect touch, will have a thick loose skin, floating, as it were on a layer of soft fat, yielding to the slightest pressure and springing back towards the finger like a piece of leather. Such a skin will be usually covered with an abundance of soft, glossy hair, feeling like a bed of moss—and hence is ever termed a mossy skin. But a thick-set, hard, short hair, always handles hard, and indicates a hard-feeder.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Moreau's Mistake.—When Gen. Moreau, who forsook the colors of Napoleon, and was afterwards killed fighting against his former commander in Germany, was in the city of Boston, he was much courted and sought after as a lion of the first quality. On one occasion he was invited to attend the commencement exercises. In the course of the day a musical society of undergraduates sang a then very popular ode, the chorus of which was—"To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow." Moreau, who was imperfectly acquainted with our language, fancied they were complimenting him, and at every occurrence of the burden, which he interpreted—"To Moreau, to Moreau, to Moreau," he rose and bowed gracefully to the singers gallery, pressing his lace cap to his heart. We can easily imagine the amusement of the spectators who were in the secret, the mortification of the Frenchman, when he discovered his mistake.

A Bit of Sublimity.—During the French Revolution, Jean Bon St. Andre, the Vendean revolutionist, remarked to a peasant: "I will have every one of your steeples pulled down, that you may no longer have any objects by which you may be reminded of your old superstitions."

"You cannot help leaving the stars," replied the humble peasant, "we see them further off than our steeples."

The Past.—The Past is not simply important to us because it fought our battles, cleared the ground for us, and left us the heritage of its accumulated experience; but still more, because it reveals to us, in imperfect glimpses, that humanity of whose life we partake; that vast chain of existence, which encompasses us all and men, past, present, and to come, in one real, vital brotherhood; a life which moves slowly, surely onwards, to grand predestined ends, without crushing or cramping the free will and energetic responsibility of each individual unit.—*British Quarterly Review.*

Begin Soon.—Instruct your son well, or others will instruct him ill. No child goes altogether untaught. Send him to the school of wisdom, or he will go of himself to a rival academy, kept by the lady with the cap and bells. There is always teaching going on in some kind, just as in fields—vegetation is never idle.

Oliver Cromwell.—Oliver Cromwell was a staunch Puritan and could not brook the least approach to Popery. "What are these?" he once inquired, as he saw a dozen silver statues in the niches of the Chapel. "The twelve apostles," replied the trembling dean. "Take them down," said Cromwell, "and coin them into money, so that like their Master, they may go about doing good."

A True Lawyer.—Alexander Hamilton was once applied to, as counsel by a man having the guardianship of several orphans, who would, on coming of age, succeed to a large and valuable estate, of which there was a material defect in the title-deeds known only to the guardian, who wanted to have the estate vested in himself. Hamilton noted down the faithless executor's statement, and then said to him, "settle with these unhappy infants honorably to the cent, or I will hunt you from your skin like a hare." The advice was strictly followed, and the man who gave it, was an ornament to the bar, and the age he lived in.

A Certain Cure for Bots in Horses.—Take one pint of strong sage tea, and sweeten well with molasses; if not effectual, repeat the dose every five minutes. I have never known the first dose to fail.

The Old Saying is, "To make a man a drunkard, give him a wife who will scold him every time he comes home."

last year's growth, and have upon each two or three buds.

A Little Girl Went to the Study of a Philosopher for Fire.—"But you have nothing to carry it in," said he. The girl took some cold ashes in her hand, and placed the live coals upon it. The philosopher threw down his books, exclaiming—"With all my learning I never should even have thought of so simple an expedient!" And thus it is ever. The most learned, the most talented, as if heaven would save them from undue exaltation and pride of superiority, have only to come in contact with the comparatively ignorant and depressed in the scale of intellect to acquire information of the highest practical use.

Never Hesitate to Engage in a Noble Enterprise.—A little girl went to the study of a philosopher for fire. "But you have nothing to carry it in," said he. The girl took some cold ashes in her hand, and placed the live coals upon it. The philosopher threw down his books, exclaiming—"With all my learning I never should even have thought of so simple an expedient!" And thus it is ever. The most learned, the most talented, as if heaven would save them from undue exaltation and pride of superiority, have only to come in contact with the comparatively ignorant and depressed in the scale of intellect to acquire information of the highest practical use.

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WOBURN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT THE OFFICE
OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE, BY
FOWLE & BROTHER,
GEORGE W. FOWLE, JOHN A. FOWLE
TERMS, \$1.50 per year, payable always
in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.
COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to
the Editor, at Woburn, or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.
Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighbor-
ing towns, solicited.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

BROTHER, COME HOME.

Come home from o'er the dark blue ocean,
To the dear ones that love you true;
Haste home, dear brother, now, and gladden
The hearts that wait to welcome you.

Cold winter's chilling blasts have yielded,
To the bright, joyous Spring again;
And the soft, balmy breeze is blowing,
To us from o'er the Southern main.

The birds have left the orange bowers,
For bright New England's happy shore;
And now to us are sweetly singing,
Their rapturous songs of praise once more.

And soon upon the warm, green hill-side,
Where oft in childhood's years we played;
The bright wild-flowers again will bloom,
Haste home, dear brother, ere they fade.

A dear, fond mother's heart is yearning,
To see her darling boy once more;
That heart's as true and warm as ever,
Though age her head has silvered o'er.

A kind, tender father is waiting,
And brothers and sisters most dear;
With the warm old friends of our childhood,
To give you a welcome sincere.

Then hasten, oh hasten, dear brother,
Back o'er the dark ocean's wild foam,
Here with your presence to gladden,
The hearts that are waiting at home.
Winchester, March, 1852.

VOL. I.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1852.

NO. 29.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

JOB PRINTING

OF ALL THE VARIOUS KINDS AND POSSIBLE DESCRIPTION
COMPRISING IN PART
Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, Blanks, Catalogues, Pamphlets, Shop Bills, Shoe Bills, Notices, &c.,
PROBABLY AND TASTFULLY EXECUTED AT THE
JOURNAL PRINTING OFFICE
OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE.

The office has been furnished with new type through
out, and we are prepared to execute all orders for print-
ing in the best manner and at short notice.
Printing in Gold, Silver and Bronze done in superb
style, at reasonable rates.

WOBURN RECORDS.

MARRIAGES, COMMENCING 1641.

(Continued.)

Samwell Richardson and Phebe Baldwin, m.
7th of 9th.

Daniel Mackinnes and Rose Neall, m. 10th
of Feb.

1677.

Thomas Hensher and Hannah Cleavland, m.
24th of 7th.

Caleb Simonds and Sarah Bacon, m. 25th of
7th.

George Polly and Mary Knight, m. 24th of
8th.

John Seers and Hester Mason, m. 20th of
9th.

Nathaniell Peirce and Hannah Convers, m.
27th of 10th.

David Fox and Lydia Jequeth, m. 10th of
11th.

1678.

John Ladd and Elizabeth Fyfield, m. 12th of
4th.

John Carter and Ruth Burnham, m. 20th of
4th.

David Roberts and Joannah Brooks, m. 2d of
8th.

1679.

Nathaniell Peirce and Elizabeth Foster, m.
23d of 1st.

Thomas Peirce and Rachell Bacon, m. 24th of
1st.

Samwell Richardson and Sarah Howard, m.
8th of 7th.

John Seers and Ann Farer, m. 2d of 9th.

Robert Dayle and Joanna Farer, m. 30th of
9th.

Samwell Peirce and Lidiah Bacon, 9th of
10th.

John Richardson Jr. and Susanah Fisk, m.
22d of 8th.

Timothy Carter and Anna Fisk, m. 3d of
May.

1680.

Samwell Peirce and Elizabeth Foster, m.
23d of 1st.

Thomas Peirce and Rachell Bacon, m. 24th of
1st.

Samwell Richardson and Sarah Howard, m.
8th of 7th.

John Seers and Ann Farer, m. 2d of 9th.

Robert Dayle and Joanna Farer, m. 30th of
9th.

Samwell Peirce and Lidiah Bacon, 9th of
10th.

John Richardson Jr. and Susanah Fisk, m.
22d of 8th.

Timothy Carter and Anna Fisk, m. 3d of
May.

1681.

Samuel Wilson and Elizabeth Peirce, m.
24th of 12th.

John Knight and Abigail Craggen, m. 2d of
1st.

John Kendall and Elizabeth Comy, m. 29th
of 1st.

Joseph Pierce and Mary Richardson, m. 24th
of 4th.

John Battan and Abigail Richardson, m. 30th
of Juno.

Benony Macrest and Lydia Fyfield, m. 12th
of 7th.

1682.

John Cuttler and Susanna Baker, m. 22d of
May.

John Brown of Bellrica, and Elizabeth Polly,
m. 22d of 2d.

Henry Brooks and Ames Jequeth, m. 12th of
5th.

The seed hath sprung into a tree,
The flower hath burst its bud—the immortal
soul is free.

Oh! death is full of life! Nought dies

But that which should. Earth takes its own,

That the ethereal may arise,

And dwell by the eternal throne.

Death is the full outshining light,

Of that unending morn, that knows no night.

Gaze on that form. Nay, lift thine eye

* And gaze above—he is not here;

He hath arisen to worlds on high,

And dwelleth in a purer sphere.

This frame of dust, we hope he hath laid down,

To gain a robe of light and a celestial crown.

The veil has dropped—his inward eye

Hath seen the mysteries of God!

And onward through the star-paved sky,

* Mid heaven's bright glory he has trod.

Angels are guiding him along,

While his full voice unites in their triumphant
song.

HOW THE MOST INFECTIOUS DISEASES ARE
PROPAGATED.—The Cincinnati Inquirer noticing
the statement of Dr. Buckler of Balti-

more, that small-pox is often communicated by
means of small notes, says:—"The teller of
one of the Banks of Columbus, an estimable
young man, contracted the disease by handling
a batch of bills which had been transmitted
from this city, where the small-pox was then
quite prevalent, and in a malignant form. The
young man died, and by such a seemingly
harmless channel of communication, was the
harmless pestilence the cause of a family los-
ing their main stay in life."

TIME TO STOP.—A close-fisted old codger
had a 'likely daughter,' whose opening charms
attracted the attention of a certain nice young
man. After some little maneuvering, he ven-
tured to open a courtship. On the first night
of his appearance in the parlor, the old man
after dozing in his chair until 9 o'clock, arose,
and after putting a log of wood on the fire, said,
as he left the room—"There, Nancy, when that
log burns out, it's time to stop!"

* * * He has most friends who is most inde-
pendent of them.

* * * Punch recommends as a sure preventive
of railway collision, that each train have one
of the directors securely fastened in a neat iron
chair, placed directly in front of the locomotive.

JOSEPH BROADBENT and Sarah Osburne, m. 6th
of 2d.

Josyiah Converse and Ruth Marshall, m. 8th
of 8th.

Thomas Blodgett and Rebeckah Tidd, m. 11th
of 9th.

John Wyman and Hannah Farer, m. 14th of
10th.

Seth Wyman and Esther Johnson, m. 17th
of 10th.

JOSEPH COVEWELL and Ales Palmer, m. 27th of
12th.

EDWARD CONVERSE and Sarah Stone, m. 5th of
Nov.

1683.

JOSEPH COVEWELL and Sarah Stone, m. 5th of
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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

JOHN A. FOWLE, Editor.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1852.

The proprietors of the "Woburn Journal" propose, at the close of Volume First, to submit the original pieces contributed to this paper to a committee; and in accordance with their decision, they will distribute to the successful authors two or three PRIZES, each to consist of one or more of our most costly ANNUALS.

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—Messrs. Nichols, Winn & Co. are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

STONEHAM.—Mr. G. W. DURE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

BOSTON.—MESSRS. S. M. PRITCHARD & CO., Statestreet, are agents for this paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The author of "Sea Life" is informed that we had the price printed, and could not make the alteration; his suggestions are very correct and we of course are ready to receive and heed advice.

"Eliza the Peasant Girl"—is at hand, and in prose we find her quite at home.

We welcome "Mr. Alexander Sniggs" to our columns; and shall be happy to publish the articles promised, and doubt not the legacy will prove to our readers a rich one we receive besides your letter No. 1 and 2.

"E. W."—The reason your piece written some time since did not appear was, because it was not *eligible* to the printer, and certainly the fault was not ours; we have had under contemplation some such arrangements for the Juveniles as you suggest.

"C. F. F."—Your subject is well selected, but we should advise a revision before publishing, as we think you would be hardly satisfied with it in print.

"Friendship" by "H. A. K." is received; we like your style of expressing sentiment, and think you should keep on.

Enigmas, &c. come in from "Schoolboy," "Eugene," "E. A. L." and others.

"P. D."—will find the work referred to in the Boston Atheneum; we have seen the work there.

"Mr. Pumpkins"—was received a week since, and overlooked; we shall give him a hearing soon.

Two pins from the Hay scale bower are preserved.

"The Deaf gentleman"—We insert your communication, and hope it will bring out further ideas on the subject of what you write. We are decided against tobacco and cigars, and think the morals of youth are corrupted by their use; your advice about books is good.

"E. A. L."—your enigma is received and will appear in its turn.

"Music," and "Chrochet," are at hand; we fully sympathize with each, in the opinions expressed and hope they will not cease to try and teach the backward.

MRS. PHIPPS' CONCERT.

The Vocal and Instrumental Concert, given in the Town Hall last Tuesday evening, by Mrs. Phipps, was the best arranged one we have had in town for years; and with Miss Francis, Messrs. Kendall and Marshall, and other attractions, was really an attractive affair. When in connection with all this, we remembered the peculiar obligation that our town was under to Mrs. Phipps, combined with her superior qualities as a singer, we fully expected to see a crowded house to greet her.

Judge of the disappointment to all who attended, when they found the Hall only about one third full. We confess that we were not prepared for such treatment to a lady, who during the present year has taken pains to come out, and sing three times gratuitously, for the interest of the public, neither can we account for such a failure in any reasonable way, unless we attribute it to either a lack of musical taste on the part of our citizens or a forgetfulness that such a concert was to be given.

We do hope this matter will be set right in some way, either by getting up a complimentary concert for Mrs. Phipps, or by making suitable public expression to her, of our sincere regret that such an attractive concert should be so thinly attended on so fine an evening, and either course, would be nothing more than courtesy demands. We give place to the following communications received since writing the above:—

Mr. Enron:—I attended the Concert given by Mrs. Phipps on Tuesday evening last, and was much gratified with the excellence of the entertainment. But where were the people of Woburn that evening? Can it be that they were ignorant of the fact that a Concert had been announced; it was fully advertised in the Journal, and a very handsome notice given in the editorial columns, and bills were freely circulated in all the places of public resort,—and yet the hall was but one quarter or one third filled. For one, I felt that the lady was treated with marked disrespect. Is it possible that our citizens are so utterly insensible to the claims of Mrs. P. to our patronage and regard? Has she not voluntarily and cheerfully rendered her aid in promoting objects for the public good? And now, at the solicitations of several persons, and in accordance with her own desires to further please those who have manifested great warmth in praising her exquisite singing, having proposed a Concert and provided eminent assistance at a very considerable expense, she is met with a cold shoulder, because, forsooth, as I must certainly think, she did not tender it gratuitously! If ingratitude is the darkest of sins, then it appears to me our townspeople should be much concerned to relieve themselves of the stain that this transaction brought upon their hitherto fair name.

CROCHET.

Woburn, May, 1852.

Mr. Enron:—I feel ashamed for the Town of Woburn, that a lady artiste of the merits of Mrs. Phipps, and also a lady to whom we as a Town owe a debt of gratitude, (if nothing more,) should come out here after unjust solicitations, bringing with her other attractive talent, and give a Concert of the first order to

an audience of about one hundred persons!—Really this is too bad, and entirely behind the times; and if this is a sample of the way our citizens act, and intend to take an interest in all public matters, I do not wonder we are called by our neighbors *behind the times*.

I should not have felt this particular case as much, if it had not been that Mrs. Phipps was out twice at our clock levees, and kindly gave her valuable services on those occasions, and it did seem to me that on this occasion we should feel called upon to give her a "Bumper"; but no, for either a quarter of a dollar looked too large to our people's eyes, or else they do not care to hear good music; either way I pronounce it a disgrace to the Town.

The fact is Mr. Editor, we are an old fashioned people, and I verily believe we do not take half the interest in all such public matters; but I was in hopes that your Journal would start up new enterprise in our midst, and I think you have done so to a certain extent, but still there is much room for improvements; and need much of the sort of urging that you gave us in regard to the *Clock* affair, the *Tree Society*, &c., and then perhaps our town will wake up to its true interests.

Woburn, May 6th, 1852. Music.

When we say "Dodge" is coming, it is enough, but we heartily help adding that since he was here, he has newly arranged his attractions, and gives a Concert with all the various *fixings* in the right shape. On Tuesday evening the "Ossian's Bards" will be at the Town Hall, and we refer our readers to the advertisement in another column for the bill of fare."

Warm weather is fairly upon us, and we hope friend Cooper "over the way," will see to it, that its sparkling fountain of cool Soda Water is in readiness, for fond resolution will go back to the last year, to the time of hot weather, when he was always ready to slack the thirst of the weary and thirsty traveler.

We have heard the question asked, "are there any stores in Stoneham?" Not seeing any advertisements in the *Journal*, they conclude it is a small place, without stores! Now this is just what we have said about advertisements. Stoneham is a beautiful town and if its merchants would advertise, people would know there were stores there without inquiring. The *Journal* has many patrons in Stoneham, and room for more.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

The weather is becoming warm and pleasant; seed time is at hand, and nature will soon dress in her gayest attire perfuming the air with her beautiful flowers. We wish our readers many happy hours in sowing them—Many sudden deaths have occurred lately, of old citizens, in Boston and neighborhood.—Green peas and tomatoes were in the Boston market last week.—V. Murphy, of Arnsville, N. Y., was killed by lightning on Monday, 26th ult.; in the field where he had been ploughing.—In Deer Island Hospital there are 588 inmates.—At a fire in New Orleans, J. Sigel, wife and two children, were burned to death, the husband setting the house on fire while drunk.—The Duke of Wellington is 83 years old, and enjoys perfect health.—The Emperor of Austria is only 22 years of age; Queen Victoria 31; Queen of Spain 21; the President of France is old enough to bequeath better.—The amount of taxes raised in Boston for the year, is one million one hundred and seventy thousand dollars.—Chelsea has a population of 8000 inhabitants, the assessed valuation in 1851, was four millions; the town is rapidly improving.—A shock of an earthquake was felt in Washington, Baltimore, and New York last week.—By a late decision in New Orleans, hotel keepers are liable for property stolen from strangers and travellers sojourning at the Inns.—The number of passengers arriving at ports in Massachusetts in the year 1851, is 25,997; in New York 294,440.—A fugitive slave was shot dead at Columbus, Penn., by an officer from Baltimore, who attempted to arrest him.—There are 12,664 Schools in Ohio, and nearly \$300,000 was paid by that State for Common Schools in 1851; this is noble, and a sure way to lessen pauperism.—The resolves concerning the Ursuline Convent have been rejected.—The bill further to secure mechanics and laborers on real estate, was lost in the House.—The National Theatre, recently burned in Boston, is to be rebuilt.—Arrivals from California bring large amounts of gold, and many passengers; the news from the mines are generally good.—Business at the Sandwich Islands was dull; the whaling vessels have generally done well.—A lumber wharf was set on fire in Cambridgeport last Sunday night, and destroyed a large amount of lumber.—Another failure to choose a Mayor in Lynn last Saturday.—The Auction duty has been abolished.—The Boston Wharf bill has become a law, against Boutwell's *et al.*—Losses by fire in Boston in April, \$29,325.—The Common Council in Boston have licensed a large number of persons to sell liquor for one year; this is said to be done on supposition that the Maine Law, if passed, cannot reach them.—A large lot of liquors have been seized at Bath, Maine, landed from the steamer *Ocean*, from Boston.—Mr. Clay is fast failing; his friends have given up all hope of his recovery, 54 citizens of New York have associated for erecting an equestrian statue of Washington in that city; it will be of bronze, and 14 feet high.—The snow is yet deep at the head waters of the Merrimac river, and another

freshet is feared.—On the 16th April 5000 persons sailed from Bremen for the United States.—52 sailing vessels were wrecked in the ice during the last storm at Newfoundland; many lives lost.—The steamer *Crescent City* at New York from California, has over two millions in gold dust.—During the recent fire in Olio, a cradle with a living infant, was picked up on the river near Whelling.—The yellow fever is raging fearfully at Rio Janeiro; 23 crews of Swedish vessels have been swept away.—Congress is waking up—a large amount of business was done last week, but nothing of importance for this section.—The French Speculation Bill is before the House, Russell W. Benjamin has been arrested in Boston, and held to bail, for robbing the Mail.—\$855 have been received for marriage certificates in Boston the last year.—The Maine Liquor Law has passed both Houses, as agreed by the committee of reference.—Daniel Webster arrived in Boston on Tuesday, and met with a cordial welcome from his fellow citizens.—Hon. Charles Andrews, member of Congress from Maine, died last week at Paris, Maine; both houses adjourned, after passing very appropriate resolutions.—A destructive storm at the West nearly destroyed the town of Leavenworth, Indiana; 40 houses were blown down, and two or three persons killed.—The Virginia Legislature have reported against the Maine Law.—All the places which have been licensed to sell Liquor in Boston were closed on Sunday, many of the unlicensed ones kept open; why not execute the law.—Henry Gray fell from a tree in South Reading on Monday afternoon, and was instantly killed.—The snow at the Catskill Mountains was 3 feet deep on 28th April.—There is ice yet on Lake Erie.—The papers are full with accounts of Kossuth's reception in New England; they are too long for our columns.—Many Railroad accidents the last week; some lives lost.—Steamboat disasters on the Western waters seem to be an every day occurrence.—A bill is reported in the Senate to incorporate the Boston Theatre.—The Stockholders of the Vermont Central Railroad are having a strong meeting at Northfield; there appears to be much trouble in this Company.—There is Dutch shipwreck at Norfolk, the officers of which receive marked attention.—The Stock markets for the last week have been lively.—Railroad shares and bonds are in good request; money is abundant, with large receipts of gold from California.—In our own vicinity, we have nothing of moment to note,—everybody is now being busy; the weather is favorable, and we all feel more cheerful after immersing from such a long winter.

WROTHAM TOWN CLOCK.

TUNE.—"Auld Lang Syne."

Shall Woburn Town Clock be forgot,

And never brought to mind;

Shall Woburn Town Clock be forgot—

The good old Woburn Time!

CHORUS.

The good old Woburn time my friends,

The good old Woburn time;

We'll sing a joyful song to you

Of good old Woburn time.

As long as meadow, field and hill

With plenty's crown shall shine,

Our sons shall have right good will

Thy face old Woburn time.

Wide o'er our hills in golden light

Thy joyful face shall shine,

And thousand voices shall unite

In praise of Woburn time.

Though faint and few thy enemies

When ranged in battle line,

Their hearts shall kindle with our zeal

With thoughts of Woburn time.

Then never be this Clock forgot

A shout of nine times nine,

Ring with the last and loudest song

To good old Woburn time.

Woburn, 1852.

IDA.

Written for the Journal.

HERMIT.

Mr. Enron:—Since I last wrote you, my rural cottage has been well shaken by the howling winds, and I thought, at one time, I should have to leave it. I have never known such storms in April; many a forest tree around me has yielded to the violence of the storm, and lie prostrate on the ground.—How the old trees bowed their heads to the raging elements, and how the snow and rain beat across the clearing! It was a majestic sight, and forcibly recalled to my mind the incidents of a storm on Lake Erie. Those who have never been on the ocean, have but a faint idea of a storm at sea. They never experience the sensations we feel, while rolling on the boisterous waves, while the strong wind whisks through the rigging, like the steam-warnings from the Iron horse, and every renewed effort of the gale striking the noble vessel, as she rides on the waves, causing her to tremble for the moment like the vibrations of an earthquake. None but he who has been on the ocean, can truly feel the sensations experienced in a gale at sea. I never witness a storm, without thinking and feeling for those who are at sea. In my young days, I was a resident of a town, about 60 miles from Buffalo, on Lake Erie. It was in the early settlement of that country, and during the time of the great emigration to Ohio, many incidents of which you may yet receive from me. My uncle was a good man, and modest with, and undoubtedly would burst his coffin lid, if he knew it was my intention to publish his favorite thoughts. They were left me, his favorite nephew, because he had nothing else to leave me; he was a bachelor, and I was called after him. He promised that I should be the fortunate possessor of his property, which had been mortgaged for more than its value some time before I was born; but no

had made them. Buffalo was a small spot; the entrance to the harbor was the natural mouth of Buffalo creek; with only two Warehouses, on what was then called the "flats."

I owned a vessel of about 30 tons—a large vessel for that age—which was employed in freighting Pearl Ashes to Buffalo, and Salt, with Merchandise, in return. I had in my employ an old seaman, who was one of the crew belonging to a yacht of Queen Charlotte of England, while she resided at a port in the Mediterranean, before her celebrated trial with her husband, George IV. This old salt was every inch a sailor. It happened on this voyage that the Captain was taken sick, and I took his place for the trip. It was in the month of December—always cold and boisterous on the lakes. We arrived safe at Buffalo, and after discharging cargo, took on board 10 tons of iron, with Salt and Merchandise, and set sail with a fair land breeze, at about dark. Our crew consisted of myself as captain, old Ned, the sailor, a boy as cook, and a green hand to work his passage. We had proceeded about 20 miles up the lake, when the wind suddenly shifted and blew a gale, and we were driven back to Buffalo creek. We made three attempts, before we got above point Albino. The last time, we started about dark, with a fine land breeze, and a fair prospect of a quick trip home. About 12 o'clock at night, the wind suddenly shifted down the lake, and such another wind I never experienced before nor since. We had a deck load of salt, in barrels, and our boat, which was made of four pine boards, with a flat bottom; a square boxed pump, even with the deck, the handle fitted like an auger, and drawn up by main strength. The storm raged like a tornado. I kept the helm, while the crew watched the vessel. About 3 o'clock in the morning, I perceived the vessel seemed to lay like a log; instead of riding the waves, she seemed to pass through them. At this moment, old Ned had gone down to the cabin, where he found the water knee deep on the floor. I heard his cry, amidst the fierce raging of the wind, and I shall never forget it—"My God; we are sinking!" They all flew to the pump; the leak gained fast on us, and there was no prospect of ever reaching shore. I was cool and collected; I had a feeling which I could never describe. But I did not lose my presence of mind. I stood at my post, and directed what was to be done, but fought hold of the crew. One got hold of the frail boat, another commenced throwing over the salt, while old Ned was running fore and aft in search of the leak. At this moment, all seemed lost. The poor boy gave up, and knelt down at the mast and prayed. I could hear him pray for his mother. My feelings were intense. I saw there was only one hope left, and I called them to the pump. I could find only that poor boy, and was obliged to take a rope and threaten him with an end. I told him he must go to the pump, and after we were safe he might pray in earnest. I never forgot that mournful cry, as he arose and took to the pump. The poor fellow worked till he lost his breath. It was near daylight, and the vessel lay like a log in the water, and we should have sunk in a very short time, for I had given up all hopes as lost, when I heard the loud voice of Ned "I have found the leak!" Can I ever forget that sound. I never read the account of shipwrecks, or a storm at sea, but what I think of my voyage in the schooner Liberty on Lake Erie. Old Ned was a noble hearted sailor; he would never leave me; he said he owed his life to me; but he has long since gone to his long home, where no storms and shipwrecks will ever reach him. I frequently meet with that poor boy. He always remembered that rope's end, and commanded me for my service to him, as the only means of safety in such danger. The passenger remained a long time in our village, and would often visit me and talk over the incidents of that voyage. Years have passed, and what was then the "western country," has almost become the centre of our growing States. In those early years, I held a prominent office, and was familiar with men and the times. Now I am secluded from the world, waiting patiently for the going down of the sun in the West. And, in the mass of human beings which have come upon the stage of action for the last half century, there are few, a very few, who will remember the

HERMIT.

Mr. Enron:—I have taken the following extract from a letter recently received from a relative in California, and have selected for your use its local intelligence, thinking its sentiments may amuse and interest some of your readers.

Winchester, 1852.

SACRAMENTO CITY, March 12, 1852.

Kind Friend:—Yours of the 22d inst., was duly received; it was pleasing to peruse its interesting pages, filled with the first intelligence that I have received since my departure from New England. When I last wrote you, we were apparently enjoying the clear and pleasant sun of balmy spring, but a great change has recently occurred in this city. It is a wet season here, no mistake; our streets are nearly all navigable, two feet of water in our cabin and wells, all of no account. Every person is carried to his door, and not scarcely anything to do but to eat, drink, and be merry. Business is entirely *afoot*, and everything to a stand, except a few persons who are engaged in securing whatever they can find. Our neighbor, who is a Methodist minister, has a large quantity of lumber which he found, laid safely away in his church. We have high living now, it is "in the garret," sure enough.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1852.

city would be flooded, and we soon found it to be a fact; the water continued to rise, so that on Monday there was three feet of water at our door. Our travelling facilities in general were all frustrated; even boats are scarce, and about the only thing here that did not leak was a well. We commenced making a boat, but some laughed at us, and said they did not think there would be much of a shower, but we went on, and found good use for it; it has been my only source of amusement and employment; for a week I have been riding about the city, carrying persons from one street to another, receiving for my trouble a dollar, and sometimes more, for merely crossing the street; so you see my boat is "some pumpkins" any how. In some respects, I think, California has not been misrepresented; they wash gold from the dirt in the streets, and say it pays well. The specimens of California lucid I send you, I picked up on the side walk, washed out by the flood.

Not only are we overflowed by the abundance of water from the recent heavy rains which caused the levy to break away, but we are overflowed by a still greater flood of emigrants from the States. I frequently hear it remarked that all they want is to raise funds to carry them back. Yours, with respect. **

Our advertisements have crowded out much matter we had in type for this week.

Written for the Journal

Mr. Editor.—The answer to "Theron's" enigma is "Luther M. Harris North Woburn, Mass.," and to "J. K. D.—s," Marigold, and I think that the answer to "Claude Melnotte's problem is "1 mile 7 furlongs 31 rods 8 inches."

SCHOOLBOY.

We are pleased to see the improvements in Winchester. There are many first class houses in that enterprising town, and it is coming up close to old Woburn. We must put on our working garments, and keep a good look out for the improvements of our town, or Winchester will go ahead of us. We like competition in these matters; it is a great stimulus for progress. Advertising has a great effect in drawing the attention of parties looking for good locations.

We have before hinted about the condition of Summer Street, but as our domicile is in that street, it may be thought we are partial, but we assure our Town Fathers that we are *pro bono publico*; but at the same time should not like to step off in that gutter in a dark night, as our life is not insured; this is only a hint.

Written for the Journal.

Mr. Editor.—I send you the following answers to the conundrums in your last Journal, as I make them.

"Why will the Orthodox Church look like an ancient relic?" Because it bears the striking marks of time.

"Why will our public square resemble a clean shad?" Because our town Fathers have taken off the scales.

"Why is a man's uncle like the republic of France?" Because it has a *Bony-part*.

W.

Written for the Journal.

CHARADE.

I am a town in Massachusetts and am composed of 6 letters. My 3 first is a tree, and my 3 last are one kind of meat.

SCHOOLBOY.

Written for the Journal.

QUESTION.

Add to my age one hundred forty-four, Then double that amount;

Then find the square root of the same,

And you'll have my age no doubt.

CLAUDE MELNOTTE.

North Woburn, May 8th, 1852.

Written for the Journal.

A PROBLEM.

If 1-10 of 40 is 7, what will 1-20 of 100 be in the same proportion.

RICHARD.

Written for the Journal.

A PUZZLE.

I am composed of letters three, Add two, and fewer will there be.

CLAUDE MELNOTTE.

Written for the Journal.

AN ENIGMA.

I am composed of 28 letters. My 11, 9, 7, 9, 10, 20, 12, 13, is the name of a town in Mass.

C. L. C.

DEATHS.

In Woburn 30th ult. Flora Louisa, only child of Amos and M. Frances Fawsett, aged 3 months and 11 days.

We saw these at life early dawn; Then wove a frail, a tender flower; Alas! ere rose the dew of morn Death plucked them from the household bower.

GEORGE HOOD.

Having had a good opportunity to examine the subject of electricity, and to perform a variety of experiments on the subject, I have made myself prepared to bear my testimony in the service of the Patent Insulated Conductor, manufactured by Messrs. Otis & Streeter of this city, over all others which I have examined, in its philosophical principles, its mechanical execution and its economy; and I have accordingly obtained one for the security of my own business.

A. R. BAKER.

In Charlestown May 2d, by Rev. N. Gunnison, Mr. Isaac Clark to Miss Mary Ann Fairworth, both of C. Lowell, April 25, by Rev. Mr. Moulton, Mr. Horace Knight to Miss Phileena W. Foster, both of L. Lynn, 1852.

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT!

MR. OSSIAN E. DODGE, takes pleasure in stating, that he has formed a new band, to consist of one hundred and six members, a club of singers who have NEVER BEEN EQUALLED IN AMERICA, either in purity of tone or distinctness of articulation; and that he will, in connection with his brilliant company, numbering five, which will be known under the name of OSSIAN'S BARDS.

GIVE ONE OF HIS
Chaste, Unique & Fashionable
ENTERTAINMENTS!

AT THE TOWN HALL, WOBURN,
ON TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 11th, 1852. From

his remarkable success in the Concert Field, during the past twelve years, Mr. D. feels assured that the public are now fully satisfied that he would not associate himself at any time, day or night, with any singer that could be named SECONDARY, either in a

MORAL OR PROFESSIONAL LIGHT.

TICKETS, 25 CENTS, Children under 12 years of age, half price.

No postponement on account of weather, as the Bard will "do their best," if but one person attends the entertainment.

Dors open at 6 o'clock. Concert to commence at 7 o'clock.

May 8 1w.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale convenient dwellings in every part of the town. We have about twenty-three thousand feet of land, situated at the corner of William Street, near the Centre of Woburn.

There is upon the premises a large variety of choice FRUIT-TREES in full bearing, consisting, of Apples, Pears, Peaches and Plums, Trees.

Said property is pleasantly situated near the centre of a flourishing village, and within ten minutes walk of several Churches, good Public Schools, the Post Office, and the County Courthouse, and is a safe and comfortable location for a gentleman doing business in Boston.

The above Real Estate will be subject to two Mortgages, amounting to about one thousand dollars.

The said real estate shall be sold before the 21st day of May, if not sold at that time, on the 22nd day of May, if not sold at that time, on the 23rd day of May, if not sold at that time, on the 24th day of May, if not sold to subject to said mortgages.

JOHN FLANDERS, Surviving Assignee of the estate of the late William Holden, Jr.

Woburn, April 30th, 1852.

ROOTS AND SHOES.

THE Subscriber, having taken a store on Pleasant Street, opposite the Town Hall, offers for sale very low for cash, Men's and Boys' Boots and Shoes of all kinds.—Also—Ladies' Children's Boys' and Girls' Shoes of various styles and of the best workmanship.

The attention of the public is respectfully invited.

DENNIS BUCKMAN.

April 31. If

Woburn Journal Printing Office.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS,
DONE AT THIS OFFICE, WITH PROMPT-
NESS, AND AT LOW RATES.

THE office is supplied with New Types of all descriptions, and the Proprietors will spare no pains to give the most perfect satisfaction in doing work entrusted to them.

WINCHESTER STEAM DY-EHOUSE.

THE Subscriber, having taken a store on Pleasant Street, opposite the Town Hall, offers for sale very low for cash, Men's and Boys' Boots and Shoes of all kinds.—Also—Ladies' Children's Boys' and Girls' Shoes of various styles and of the best workmanship.

The attention of the public is respectfully invited.

JOHN FLANDERS.

Surviving Assignee of the estate of William Holden, Jr.

Woburn, April 30th, 1852.

WOOD! WOOD!

25 CORDS good quality MAPLE WOOD, for sale by
J. S. ELLIS & CO.

April 31. If

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

A Two Story HOUSE, newly occupied by the Subscriber, containing 3 large size Rooms, good well lighted, airy, and well heated. Also a Kitchen, Parlor, Bed room, &c. The house is situated on a hill, commanding a fine view of the town, and is well located.

STILL—Cast Steel Stoves, Holes, Manrods, Forks, Spades, Hakes, Pick, Tree Scrapers and Pruning Saws.

For sale at the hardware store of L. THOMPSON, Jr.

april 29. If

FRUIT TREES.

THE Subscriber has for sale at his Nursery in the West of Woburn, a large lot of Fruit Trees of all the most popular varieties, including Apples, Pears, Peaches, Grapes, &c. Many of them are of large size and well warranted true to their names. Also, Currants, gooseberries, Raspberries and Strawberries, all of the best varieties.

J. CUMMINGS.

april 15. If

FARMING TOOLS.

PATENT Self Sharpening Yankee Feed Cutters.

These Cutters are superior to others now in use, for sharpness, durability, and simplicity of construction.

AT-50—Cast Steel Stoves, Holes, Manrods, Forks,

Spades, Hakes, Pick, Tree Scrapers and Pruning Saws.

For sale at the hardware store of L. THOMPSON, Jr.

april 29. If

TRUMAN, SLEATER & CO.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Porter's Wharf, BOSTON.

Baots, Shoes, Leather and Merchandise purchased and sold.

Orders left at Powle's Block, Woburn, will receive attention.

May 15. If

MENZIES & WHITE,

DEALERS IN—

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

371 Washington Street,

Next door to the "Adams House,"

H. W. WHITE.

One Price—All Representations Warranted.

Jan 24

CALVIN A. WYMAN,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Woburn, Mass.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.

Oct 18. If

M. A. STEVENS,

TEACHER OF THE PIANO AND VOICE,

No. 52 Merrile Street, BOSTON.

(Rooms at J. M. Randell's, Esq., Woburn.)

detached.

John M. Randell, Esq.,

april 31. If

SEED POTATOES.

J. S. ELLIS & CO. have on hand 5 bushels Prince Edward Island POTATOES, suitable for seed.

april 31. If

VERMONT OATS.

50 Bushels VERMONT OATS, suitable for seed.

For sale at J. S. ELLIS & CO.

april 31. If

SHIRT MAKERS.

JOHN C. BRACKET, formerly New York Patent Inventor and Manufacturer of shirts, now in Boston.

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JOHN C. BR

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1852.

POETRY.

MR. EDITOR:—I send you the following original matter, hoping it may be acceptable. For the infliction, you will please blame that cold stormy day we had last week. By the way, did you accept of the two pieces I sent you last November? If you did not, all right; but if you did, I was going to say that I hadn't seen them in print yet.

Truly yours,

S.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

A very fine young dandy,
In latest fashion dress'd;
Who'd stepped into the tavern,
To get a little rest;
Was lounging in the bar-room,
('Tis there he droves the "blues,")
When some one seated near him,
Thus heard the fellow muse:—

"Tis strange how many fellows
Keep toiling on for pelf,
And seem to care for no one
But all-important self;

Now I do love sincerely

A true and constant friend,
Who's always full of money
To give away or lend.

Heaven grant that all his vessels
May safely come to port;
And may the angry tempests,
With them ne'er rudely sport.
May good success attend him,
Alike on land and sea;

And thickly line his coffers,
With gold for him—and me.

I'll be to him a brother
Through good and ill report;
And never will another,
Like me his friendship court.
My love for him will ever,
Be constant warm and pure;

Till life shall end—unless some
Misfortune make him poor.

Let others who desire
To dig for golden ore,
Leave home and friends that love them,
For California's shore;
But as for me I'd rather
Stick to my friend so old,
And share his—sumptuous dinners,
And get, at last, his gold.

Infirmities are stealing
Upon my old friend now,
And soon to death's stern mandate
His weary head must bow;
But when from earth he's taken,
O, may I not repine;
For when he's safe in heaven,
His gold will all be mine!"

Winchester, March, 1852.

in the corner, love in a mist, the candytuft and Canterbury bell. Why, you resume your youth here—*Time* almost ceases to make his mark. Old scenes come thronging to the soul, such as when you sat on the rustic seat in the garden, and dissect flowers with her who is now the mother of these beautiful and happy daughters. Such are the influences of the flower garden. We need not go to the books for poetry, it is in nature every where, but especially in such a group as this,

"There's beauty all around our paths, if our watchful eyes,
Can trace it midst familiar things, and thro' their lowly guise."

We insist upon it, that there is time with all to be given to the ornamental; it will make you richer, better, happier, more cheerful, and to die easier, and will have the same influences upon your family, by creating something of the beautiful around you; and we aver that this is a portion of the proper and fitting farm work for the merry month of May.

FLOWERS.

NUMBER ONE.

The winter has been long and cold, and gladly we welcome the return of the sunny Spring. As night after night, when twilight's shadows fell, I removed my plants from the windows to the table—closed the blinds,—let fall the curtains, and adjusted shawls about the windows, as a barricade against the assaults of Boreas. My mother has said, "you will never get repaid for your labor, it is more than your plants are all worth." I told her, I should at least gain something by useful exercise, since the snow prevented walks abroad.

To be sure, during the first winter months I had few blossoms. The buds were slow to unfold their beauties where they would meet with so cold a reception. But when in the latter part of February, a townsman came the distance of four miles, in bad travelling, to procure some flowers to place around the clay-cold form of a beloved niece, I was extremely happy to furnish quite a bouquet of blossoms, from the petunias, verbenas, fuschia, geraniums, daises, mignonette, heliotrope, and mahonia. I felt, that I was then half repaid, if I had cultivated them for no other purpose.

But what a fresh, cheerful appearance do flowers or even green plants, give to a room in mid-winter, when all is dreary without.—

Though the goodness of our Maker is equally manifest, in furnishing a pure album covering for the protection of the vital root during the severe frosts of winter, as in causing that root under the genial warmth of the summer sun, to send forth shoots, leaves, buds and blossoms, yet in the latter case, are we not the more sensibly affected of his goodness?

As we in winter, watch our plants, and note each leaf unfolding—the buds expanding into beauteous blossoms, do not our hearts rise in gratitude and love to Him, who has spread so rich a feast for our senses? The culture of flowers must produce a love of the beautiful, since where can be found fairer specimens of beauty? To cultivate a taste for them in children, is I think, to give them a source of rich enjoyment through life. Flowers, like persons, are possessed of different attractions; for while some by their brilliant hues, or elegance of form excite our admiration, others (and I think these oftenest our favorites,) with less pretensions to visible beauty, enchain us by their sweet fragrance.

As my mother and myself set by the fireside, this winter, plying the needle, the mignonette, heliotrope and mahonia, from the window, have blended their perfumes, and wafting towards us, have furnished the delight of a most odorous nosegay, while each in turn has said, "how beautiful." The fragrant qualities of the mignonette and heliotrope are well known and justly prized; those of the mahonia glabra're, are, I think equally deserving of favor.

I purchased a small plant of it in bloom, for less than a shilling, in Boston, two years since, and when I took it, asked the cultivator, if I might put it in the ground in summer. He said, I had better keep it in the house. But relying upon my own experience, as it regarded the superior growth of other plants, from placing them in the ground I ventured to disregard his injunction and placed my mahonia there. It grew surprisingly, and I often called the attention of my friends to its luxuriance. But in the autumn, when I sought to remove it to the pot, I found that much as mother earth had nourished and strengthened it during the summer, she seemed disposed to quite forsake it now, and with roots all bare, I placed it in a pot and pressed moist earth about it; but it drooped, languished and died. I had however, taken the precaution to give a slip to a friend, and grown one myself in a pot, which this winter, during the month of February, exhibited more than hundred blossoms of such exquisite fragrance, as to cause every stranger who entered the room to exclaim, "what have you that smells so beautifully?" and it is again in bud. This plant has a graceful appearance, with slender, trailing branches, cuneolate leaves deeply indented,—blossom, yellow, less than half an inch in length, deep calyx, five cleft, corolla, five petalled, bell form of the fifth class and first order, according to Simeaus.

If you wish the eye to gaze upon dazzling colors, cultivate the cactus. It is thought by some, that they have a very ungainly, bristly appearance; but they have this advantage over some plants, that they never exhibit the scalded leaf, for which reason, I think their presence, even when not in blossom, upon a flower-stanch with other plants is quite desirable.

Small Fruits.—Set red and white raspberries, thimbleberries, black and white, also currants and gooseberries; they are cheap and wholesome food and as easily raised as potatoes. Any home will have charms for children where these are plentifully growing.

Ornamental.—Do not allow the lusty teams and the broad acres, the grass, the grain and the trees, to occupy all your time, but give a thought and an eye occasionally to the beautiful. Spread out a sunny space for the daughters, where the boys will cheerfully assist them with the spade. What a charming spot! Here, are the mixed balsams and carnations; the mignonette, mourning bride and columbine; there, love lies bleeding, and

Many complain that they cannot get them to blossom. I have had good access with

them in this respect. I place them in a shady place in the garden, during the summer, as too much sun scorches them when taken from the house; afterwards they will bear more. I have placed them in an arbor, for two years past, that is but partially covered.

Before the autumnal frost, I remove them to the house, and to my largest, the beautiful speciosissimus give a sunny situation and water sparingly, perhaps a half pint once in two or three weeks, during the winter. Such seulent plants require but little water. I believe the cactus is often prevented from blooming by too much water. The juices of the plant go to increase its growth, while they need to be concentrated to form flower buds; when the buds appear, I water rather more freely. I put several plants of smaller species under my stand till February, not watering at all; then I put them in the sun and watered; buds immediately shot forth, and are now almost in blossom. My speciosissimus has thirteen buds upon it, (the plant is not very large) and each of these when in bloom is as large as a coffee-saucer.

I was going to speak of the wall-flower and early spring flowers in the garden, but fear my sketch is already so lengthy as to weary my readers, especially, as I find upon review that the little word *I* occurs so frequently, and will defer the rest to another number. —S.

April 14th, 1852.

Grafting.—The earlier this is done in May the better. If you have old healthy trees they will yield you a return for working them over and cultivating them, much quicker than you can possibly get it from young trees. A large, sound, old apple tree, though producing nothing but crab-apples, is worth fifty dollars, if it stands near home and convenient for cultivation; some are worth twice that amount. Now is the time to act upon it. We have been seen a tree from which, we have repeatedly been informed, more than twenty barrels of marketable apples have been taken in a single year. It is a Baldwin, and bears more or less every year—but has every advantage which high cultivation affords. The modes of grafting are well understood—we will only add—that an apple tree needs cultivation just as much as a hill of corn and will not flourish well without it.

To be sure, during the first winter months I had few blossoms. The buds were slow to unfold their beauties where they would meet with so cold a reception. But when in the latter part of February, a townsman came the distance of four miles, in bad travelling, to procure some flowers to place around the clay-cold form of a beloved niece, I was extremely happy to furnish quite a bouquet of blossoms, from the petunias, verbenas, fuschia, geraniums, daises, mignonette, heliotrope, and mahonia. I felt, that I was then half repaid, if I had cultivated them for no other purpose.

But what a fresh, cheerful appearance do flowers or even green plants, give to a room in mid-winter, when all is dreary without.—

Though the goodness of our Maker is equally manifest, in furnishing a pure album covering for the protection of the vital root during the severe frosts of winter, as in causing that root under the genial warmth of the summer sun, to send forth shoots, leaves, buds and blossoms, yet in the latter case, are we not the more sensibly affected of his goodness?

As we in winter, watch our plants, and note each leaf unfolding—the buds expanding into beauteous blossoms, do not our hearts rise in gratitude and love to Him, who has spread so rich a feast for our senses? The culture of flowers must produce a love of the beautiful, since where can be found fairer specimens of beauty? To cultivate a taste for them in children, is I think, to give them a source of rich enjoyment through life. Flowers, like persons, are possessed of different attractions; for while some by their brilliant hues, or elegance of form excite our admiration, others (and I think these oftenest our favorites,) with less pretensions to visible beauty, enchain us by their sweet fragrance.

Cattle that are fed well, daily carded and kept clean, are seldom annoyed by vermin; still,

an examination should often be made about the roots of the horns, along the back and to the roots of the tail. If they have made a lodgment, a little melted lard applied to the parts mentioned, and thoroughly rubbed in, will destroy them. At any rate avoid all mercurial ointments.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A MEAN CHARACTER.

The character of the man who studies the dispositions and actions of his neighbors for the sole purpose of detecting foibles and little faults is mean and despicable. Every trifling sin is magnified a hundred fold, and every action however honorable and just in the eyes of the world, is set down by him to the score of wealth or honor. Nothing escapes his gaze and nothing is concealed that may in any degree carry out his malignant purposes.

Such characters are more common than any of us are aware of. They often sit by our side—enter apparently into our feelings and sympathize with us. But in heart they are our enemies. We should be more careful of such pretended friends. When once detected we should after all be on our guard; for any trifling remark we may make, will be wrongly construed when repeated, and injure us materially in the estimation of those who know but little about us. Of all men, he who is intimate with us for gain or malice, is the most despicable, and should receive the detestation of Christendom.

The Boston Journal tells of a new way to doctor dishonesty:—"At the South End a day or two since, a young lad applied to a lady for a few coppers in charity. She inquired of him as to his necessities, and for what purpose he wanted the money. Putting on a doleful face, he replied that he was sick and wanted to purchase a dose of castor oil. "Come in," said the lady, "and we will see about it." She proceeded up stairs to her medicine chest, and producing a bottle of the medicine, and a spoon, made the youngster take a liberal dose, though he protested strongly, and made a good many wry faces during the ceremony.

"My dear," said a smiling spouse to her other half, a morning or two since, "I'm going a-shopping; I want a little change." "Poh!" responded the un gallant man, "that would be no change at all; you go a-shopping every day."

If you put two persons to sleep in the same bed-room, one of whom has the tooth-ache, and the other is in love, you will find that the person who has the toothache will go to sleep first! Don't believe it.

Money is so scarce in the west that when two dollars meet, they are such strangers to each other that their owners have to introduce them.

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OUR Gold Pens are so well known to New England,

that a single word in their favor seems needless. We

would merely remind the public that we still continue to manufacture them, and that our stock of Gold Pens, Penknives, Penknives, boxes, boxes, and

Gold Boxes, Penkn

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the Editor, at Woburn or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.

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towns, solicited.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

Then art gone, then art lying low,
Mid coral rocks, and the ceaseless flow
Of the waves, that dashing loud and high,
Are the sad and mournful babbles,
That soothes thee at eve to rest.

'Tis a cold damp couch, that ocean floor—
All strown with pebbles and sand'd o'er—
And fearful shapes must be gilding there,
To frighten thee, m', befoyd and fair!
Blanching thy cheek with fear.

Come to me dearest! the live-long night,
I have called on thee while the moon was bright,
But thou wert sleeping, and didst not hear;
The stars have faded, and morn is near,
And now thou will come to me.

Thou lingerest still—dest then love me not?
Oh it is all so fair that hast forgot,
To think on the Mother wading near,
Now clate with Hope, now torn by Fear,
Lest thou art lost—gone forever?

Joy! joy! I hear thee! I come, I come!
The silvery tones that gladden my home,
Are calling my name in accents sweet,
And I must hasten my lov'd one to meet,
Far down in the deep blue sea.

And one wild ery through the forest rang,
As from that rocky cliff she sprang,
A white robe gleam, a glunge in the wave,
And the maniac sunk to an ocean grave,
With him she had lov'd so well.

M.
A TALE OF YESTERDAY : BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE
OLD TOWN PUMP."

There are certain people in this world who, let the wind blow which ever way it may, are forever grumbling. With this class everything goes wrong. Grateful for nothing, the more done for them, the more is expected. Half suppressed mutterings, if the bounty falls in the least short of their expectations, constitutes their staple of repayment. Of this class was Bob Morris, a native of Blueville, Rhode Island. Bob was a tanner by trade and could, if he had chosen, have amassed a good property by steady application to business. But his ambition was of quite another sort. He wanted money, it is true, but his aspiration was that it might come suddenly, and in one bulk. This he was well aware would one day happen; his mother before her death having dreamed, three nights running, that her son Bob would, before many years, ride in his carriage, the possessor of an immense fortune. To sum up all, Bob was idle, and envious of his neighbors' prosperity, little thinking that if he had spent the many years at his trade which he had lost in growing and grumbling, under the portico of the tavern, he might have been as well off as any around him, and have stood a good chance of belonging to the honorable body of selectmen of Blueville.

One bitter cold night, in December, 183—, Bob was seated over a scanty fire, in his miserable shanty, which a humane landlord had permitted him to occupy rent free. The winds whistled through the wide cracks in the sides of the hovel, and its inmates sat shivering with the cold, his thoughts, as usual, reverting to his own hard fate.

"Ugh! how cold it is!" muttered Bob, his teeth chattering; "I shan't sleep a wink tonight. 'Tis confounded strange, that some folks are born with silver spoons in their mouths, and others with chains and padlocks on their ankles. There is farmer Hodgson, while ploughing last week, to turn the frost out of the ground, stampeded upon a coal mine. His fortune's cut and dried for him, without his saying 'hoor!' And here am I, as good a man as my neighbors, no better off in the world, at thirty years of age, than I was when I started. Ugh! how very cold! The cracks in this hut are so wide, that the wind plays 'hide-and-seek' through 'em, and no danger of being caught. Landlords are dreadful close with their purses, now-a-days. To be sure, I don't pay him any rent, but then I think the least he could do would be to make the house comfortable, and keep it in repair. It's *internal* cold! If the old woman's prophecy don't turn up soon, I shall stand but little chance of being able to enjoy it. Money I must have; how can I get it? I'll go out upon the highway, and rob some one! No, I won't do that, neither; I might possibly swing for it, which would 'make it bad.' No, I'll—"

Here the cogitations of our hero were interrupted by a loud double rap against the board which served the purpose of a door.

"Knock away!" continued Bob, in the same muttering tone, but without stirring an inch; "some traveller, I suppose, who wants a direction to the tavern. Let him find it himself; I won't be his drudge!"

Again and again was the knocking repeated, until the "outside barbarian," despairing of obtaining admission by peaceful means, gave the door, or rather the board, a furious kick, which burst it in.

"Hallo!" exclaimed the intruder, a tall, stout man, wrapped to the throat in a shaggy

WOBURN JOURNAL.

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WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1852.

NO. 30.

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WOBURN RECORDS.

MARRIAGES, COMMENCING 1641.

(Continued.)

James Simonds and Susannah Bloggott, m.
29th of 10th.

1656.

John Moss and Dinh Knight, m. 5th of Mar.
William Read and Abigail Kendal, m. 24th of May.

1657.

Edward Johnson, s. of William, Sarah Walker
dr. of Samuel, m. by John Brown Esq. of Reading, Jan 12th.

1658.

Joseph Baker and Hannah Bank, of Chelmsford, m. by William Symmes Esq. Oct. 4th.

1659.

Eliezer Bateman and Elizabeth Wright m. by John Fox, Nov 2.

1660.

Samuel Snow and Sarah Parker of New Cambridge, m. by Jabez Fox Aug 9th.

1661.

Ezekiel Richardson and Elizabeth Swain of Cambridge, m. 27th of July.

1662.

Timothy Read and Martha Boyden, m. 27th of Dec.

1663.

James Fowle and Mary Richardson, m. 2d of Oct.

1664.

John Richardson, Son., and Margaret Welling, m. 25th of June.

1665.

Jonathon Peirce and Hannah Willson, m. 19th of Nov.

1666.

Jonathan Wyman and Abigail Poull, m. 29th of July.

1667.

Samwell Walker and Judith Howard, m. 1st of June.

1668.

William Peirce and Abigail Somers alias Warren, m. 8th of April.

1669.

John Jonathan Peirce and Hannah Fowl, m. 31st of July.

1670.

John Holden and Sarah Peirce, 10th of June.

1671.

John Walker and Ruth Kendall, m. 9th of Nov.

1672.

Seth Switsir and Sarah Clark, both of Charles-ton, m. Jan. 12th.

1673.

Capt John Carter and Elizabeth Grose, Thomas Lepinwell and Hannah Dunton, m. 15th of Jan.

1674.

Ebenezer Johnson and Sarah Winn, m. 13th of Apr.

1675.

Samuel Baker and Hannah Winn, m. 26th of Nov.

1676.

Joseph Wright of Charlestown and Elizabeth Bateman, m. by William Bond Esq. 10th of July.

1677.

Henry Brooks and Mary Graves of Sudbury, m. by William Bond Esq. 9th of Dec.

1678.

Ens Samuell Walker and Abigail Fowle, m. 18th of Apr.

1679.

John Goggin and Elizabeth Richardson, m. 12th of Apr.

1680.

Samuell Kendall and Mary Lock, m. 30th of March.

1681.

John Swan and Sarah Thompson, m. 11th of Apr.

1682.

Henry Baldwin and Abigail Fisk, m. 4th of May.

1683.

John Cutler and Elizabeth Read, m. 14th of Oct.

1684.

Nathaniel Wyman and Mary Winn, m. 28th of June.

1685.

Samuel Wyman and Rebeckah Johnson, m. 15th of Sept.

1686.

Thomas Pierce and Mary Wyman.

1687.

William Brush and Elizabeth Goodl, m. Rev. Chas Morton, 15th of March.

1688.

John Brush and Rose Wattle, m. 31st of Jan.

1689.

John Snow and Sarah Stephens, 13th of Feb.

1690.

Benjamin Pierce and Hannah Bowers of Chelmsford, m. by Rev. Jabez Fox, 3d of April.

1691.

John Walker and Ruth Kendall, m. 9th of Nov.

1692.

Seth Switsir and Sarah Clark, both of Charles-ton, m. Jan. 12th.

1693.

Capt John Carter and Elizabeth Grose, Thomas Lepinwell and Hannah Dunton, m. 15th of Jan.

1694.

John Goggin and Elizabeth Richardson, m. 12th of Dec.

1695.

James Thompson and Sarah Trask, m. 22d of Oct.

1696.

Stephen Richardson and Bridget Richardson, m. 21st of Nov.

1697.

Henry Green and Hannah Flagg, m. 9th of Jan.

1698.

Thomas Mead and Hannah Smith of Cam-bridge, m. 31st of Jan.

1699.

Thomas Kendall and Abigail Broughton, m. 30th of March.

1700.

Joseph Winn and Martha Bloggott, m. 7th of Apr.

1701.

it a man dressed in the extreme of fashion, who, after eying his establishment with evident satisfaction, turned to the house.

"Hallo, yourself!" replied Bob, scanning him with no welcome glance.

"Why the devil didn't you open the door?" said the new-comer.

"Because I didn't choose to. What's your business here?"

"Precious little to do with you," was the reply. "Look you here, I want to sleep here-to-night, and am willing to pay you for it. If you like it, well and good; if not, you can do the other thing; for over that step I don't budge this night. That's all."

So saying, the stranger pushed Bob out of his seat, and slipping into it himself, began very deliberately to poke the dying embers of the fire. Bob instantly determined to eject him by force from his premises, but a second look at his size and muscle, convinced him that he might come off second best in such an attempt. Swallowing his wrath, therefore, he growled a reluctant welcome.

"What's your name?" asked Bob.

"You may call me Joe Jenkins, if you choose; if not, you may let it alone," was the reply.

"Aint you—you *must* be—Bob Morris?"

"Robert Fitzmorris, Esquire, if you please. I am no longer plain Bob Morris; call me so again, and I'll throw you out of the window. I've made a fortune within six months; three hundred thousand dollars, all in Eastern lands, all sold; the purchasers paying cash upon the spot. So many deeds could not be made out at once; the town-crier, therefore, circulated notice far and near, that early on Monday morning the deeds would be ready for delivery, it was then Saturday. Things passed off quietly until Sunday afternoon, when Bob suddenly ordered his horses to be put in his carriage, and telling Boniface he was only going to drive a little distance into the country, jumped in and drove off, apparently for a ride. He kept on, until Blueville had long been lost in the distance, when he stopped by the side of a thick clump of trees, and giving a low whistle, many a man appeared whom we immediately recognised as Mr. Joe Jenkins.

"Aha!" exclaimed Jenkins, "how did you make out?"

"First rate!" replied Bob, producing several bags of dollars.

"The spoils were equally divided, each receiving seven hundred dollars in specie.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

JOHN A. FOWLE,.....Editor.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1852.

The proprietors of the "Woburn Journal" propose, at the close of Volume First, to submit the original pieces contributed for this paper to a committee; and in accordance with their decision, they will distribute to the successful authors two or three PRIZES, each to consist of one or more of our most costly ANNUALS.

AGENTS.

North Worcester.—Messrs. Nichols, Winn & Co. are agents for this paper.

Washington.—Dr. David Vose, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

Stonham.—Mr. G. W. Dow, will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

Boston.—Messrs. S. M. Pettengill & Co., State street, are agents for this paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Caroline!"—Your song of the Fairies is welcome, and shall have an early insertion, it gives evidence of talent.

"Cats"—Your poetry on "Niagara" is good and we accept it.

"J. E."—We are pleased to hear from you again; your letter is an interesting one, and we hope you will favor us with more sketches of the "sunny south."

"H. A. K."—We are again induced for your "Clouds and Sunshine,"—It does you credit; we cannot flatter it, but will speak for itself.

"Andison?"—Your article on "Natural History" will claim the attention of our readers; the subject is an interesting one and well treated; and if you infuse the spirit and talent belonging to your signature, in your articles, they will be valuable indeed.

"Shiner?"—We have your Washington letter; it is well written and appears impartial; we read it with interest, and are always pleased to receive communications from our friends, written with candor, when not subject to personalities, or leading to any angry discussions; we cannot be drawn into any such controversies.

"R. U. P."—We are pleased to receive your articles; your apothecary meets our views. The mistakes of the types, will sometimes occur to the very best of printers.

"Cyrus?"—Your enigma is received, and on file.

"W. L."—from London is received; the contents are interesting, and will appear soon.

"The Knowing Peep?"—is received. We shall let him tell his own story next week.

"Ann Eliza's enigma is at hand; we have many such on file, our fair correspondent must be patient.

"Oyer?"—Your "Charade" is on file; your answer we insert.

VARIETY.

"Variety is the spice of life," and seems to be desirable in all the positions of life in which we may be placed, in fact we believe the infinite variety found in the arrangements of nature, and of nature's laws, gives evidence of Heavenly wisdom far beyond human comprehensions. As things are now arranged, we find every thing adapted to some particular spot or position, or needed by the variety of wants that govern us, and whether we search the natural, moral, or Religious world, we find the same general features of variety in them all, that is, every thing adapted to its peculiar position.

We are creatures of change and variety, continually needing something new and different from the present, never satisfied with do-day, but looking forward to to-morrow for a variety of changes; and we find in this world very few persons who ever settle down in solitude, desiring no change or variety, for it is one of the strongest necessities of our nature to need some change, and were it not for this longing desire, we should indeed make miserable creatures.

In every sphere in life, we shall find it for our advantage, as well as that of others, to introduce into it as much variety as possible; for in this way we may throw off much "dull care," and lighten the sorrows, real and imaginary, of this life; add to our years and our joys, be better citizens and neighbors, and better fulfill our destiny and our duties.

Some one says what do you mean by "variety?" and we will say in as few words as possible, that we mean every one to take advantage of the many opportunities that continually present themselves, to change from one thought to another, and not keep brooding over one idea continually; for instance some men know nothing beyond money, this is their end and aim, to get possession of the "filthy lucre," no variety in life can please them, and they desire none.

We care not what calling an individual may be engaged in, we say he needs variety, and in illustration we will give you an example in our *Journal*. Now we think it will not do to have the articles we publish of a similar kind, for to please our readers, we must have variety, and thus we endeavor to please all our patrons; and while we may put in articles that may not please the *sobor*, we hope to please the *leoty*, and so it is *viva versa*. Then let all our readers go in for as much *early* as possible in this world, ever remembering that it is the "spice of life."

"Kossuth must rank high as an orator among good judges, for he seems to combine so many of the elements of true oratory, that he takes a position among our first living speakers. It is truly wonderful that a man so little acquainted with the English language, should speak it so fluently and accurately. It is said that he writes out in full all his set speeches; in delivery, he uses few gestures, but his brilliant eye and benevolent face, seem to look like eloquence, and need no additions for an expression; his voice is clear, and melodious, and when occasion requires, deep toned and strong. We know of but few orations that read better than Kossuth's, and we would recommend for perusal, to our young readers, as model speeches, some of his addresses delivered since his arrival here. While we may not wholly agree with him, as

to the position he would place our country in, we give him credit for being an ardent lover of liberty, and a *true* friend of his country.

WILMINGTON COLD WATER PUMPS.—We will call the attention of parties wanting a first rate pump, to the advertisement of Mr. S. Adams, who is the manufacturer, residing in Wilmington. We can bear witness to the real value of these pumps, having one in use; and we are perfectly satisfied with it, and cheerfully recommend it to those in want of a good pump; they will find that it combines all the advantages claimed for it, and they can never regret having purchased one, so long as the services of a superior pump is needed.

EXCHANGES.

GODLYE'S LADY'S BOOK, for May, has been some time on our table, and forgotten; but it is never too late to do good. This is a splendid number, and we are quite sure our lady readers will hasten to Fowle's book store, and procure this gem of a Magazine.

LITTLELL'S LIVING AGE comes freighted with everything which is useful and interesting. The last number is particularly so.

THE CARPET BAG, as usual, good for a hearty laugh. No man who eats a "hasty plate of soup," should fail to get it by way of digestion.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A NATURALIST is at hand. This is an interesting book, and no doubt a valuable one. We have not had time to look it through. Published by E. Littlell & Co., Boston.

RAMROD AND SEARCHER, a small paper devoted to Temperance, has been received. It originated from Maine, and is published in Boston. The Temperance cause is a good one. We wish it many subscribers. Its columns are pithy, and to the point.

THE MICHIGAN EXPOSITOR. Published at Adrian, in Michigan. We are pleased to receive this paper; it reminds us of old times. We knew Adrian when it first immured from the stump. Have had some experience on the railroad from Toledo, when the rails were torn up, and well remember the *Expositor* in its early days. Its columns are well filled, and it looks like prosperity.

We thank our friends for the continued additions made to our subscription list; we can safely say that we are now well established with a continued increasing circulation, and since our first appearance have not lost as many as ten subscribers which is about the best evidence of prosperity that we can wish to give.

SCHOOL REPORT.—We have before us the Report of the School Committee for this town issued from the Press of this paper. It is an able and interesting document, and should be read by every citizen. It is pleasant to know that the cause of education is in so flourishing a condition in our midst, and we hope that Woburn will always do her duty to the rising generation, so that our future citizens may have every advantage of a good education.

A correspondent enquires why the explanation in regard to the engine report was only in a part of that week's edition; we would say in reply, that its omission was not discovered till about thirty copies of the edition was struck off, it was then put in, and printed in the remainder of that week's issue.

One of our compositors made a most *unjust* mistake in last week's paper, for in the letter signed "Music," referring to Mrs. Phipps' Concert, the writer is made to say that she came out after *unjust* solicitations, &c., it should be after *urgent* solicitations, thus making quite a difference in the meaning of the sentence. We know that the word *unjust* can be connected with the concert with propriety, but it should be used at a later date than when the concert was first talked of.

We learn that our "Phalanx," under command of Capt. Grammer, will parade on the 25th, marching to the music of the Salem Brass Band; they march to Lexington and end at Bigelow's.

This marching over to Lexington from Woburn, reminds us of the minute-men of the Revolution going over from here, only on a different business; but we imagine that if the "Phalanx" had been round in those days, somebody would have suffered.

We shall give the result of the operations of the "Woburn Ornamental Tree Society," as soon as they have completed their labors. It is very gratifying to know that much good has been done, and it gives us pleasure to state that under the energetic supervision of L. D. Davis Esq., the Society has been well established, and is likely to continue to flourish like a "green bay tree."

The Rev. Justin Edwards, of Andover, who has lately been dangerously ill of typhoid fever, is now convalescent with every prospect of a speedy recovery.

TOWN LIBRARY.—We have before expressed the hope that a good Library and Lyceum would be established in town, and would again call the attention of our towns-men to the subject. It is a great pity that in a town possessing a new "Town Clock," and supporting a newspaper, there should be no good Town Library and Lyceum, and we really hope that this important public matter will soon be taken hold of in earnest, so that next fall and winter we may have all the literary and social advantages connected therewith in our midst.

We learn that our Winchester friends are making arrangements to have a fine Hotel in their town, this is right; and we wish them every success in their new enterprise; we suppose a new Hotel can't be raised in Woburn, and we shall be glad to have one as near as Winchester, and doubt not it will prove very beneficial to the town; if we can't have a new Hotel in town, we can but express the wish that the "Mishawum House," which was so well kept by Mr. Dow last season will be re-opened.

We thank some friend for a couple of "wooden pins," from the remains of the lamented "Hay Scales," intended he says for the "Editor's private cabinet." We shall preserve and prize these interesting reliques, for they will always remind us of a spot, at which we have sometimes gazed with interest on account of its singular construction. We will remark by way of explanation, that we are of opinion that oft-times a little *good-natured* ridicule has an important influence in correcting public evils, and in this case if a little fun has been of any benefit, then one good end of the establishment of the "Journal" has been effected.

How delightful for the young to get up early these fine mornings, by sunrise, and take a walk as far as Rag Rock; there is nothing like it to give a good appetite for breakfast, and invigorate the constitution. We hope our young readers will try it.

IMPORTANT DECISION IN REGARD TO THE ERIE CANAL.—*Philly*, May 12.—The decision of the Court of Appeals yesterday declaring the Canal law unconstitutional, is one of the most important ever rendered, and will have a very marked effect upon both public and private interests. With this decision the law is null and void, and the speedy enlargement goes by the board. The enlargement must now be begun afresh, according to the obvious requirements of the constitution. An extra session of the Legislature will probably be called by the government.

SECOND DISCUSSION.—There were four opinions rendered. In all they will make from 12 to 14 columns solid matter of the *Journal*.

The opinions are still in the hands of the judges for revision, and will not be published before next week. The decision of the court creates a profound sensation throughout the State.

LAUREN SEIZURE AND DISMEMBER RESERVATION.—Four barrels and two kegs of liquor was seized at a store in Congress, above Washington street, kept by an Irishman named Geet McKeon, yesterday afternoon. While Deputy Marshall Hall was reading the warrant for the seizure, McKeon's wife invited him to rest, and he seized a butcher knife, some two feet in length, and after making several passes at officer, struck street at pasture versus G. Lorin, and cut him from the top of the forehead to the bridge of his nose.

The policemen then made at him with their billys, and in the scuffle McKeon received

several severe wounds on the head, which finally fell him to the floor. He was then taken to the watch house, where Drs. Sweet and Tukebury were soon in attendance, and dressed his and officer Lorin's wounds.

All the liquor that could be found in the store was seized. A keg of liquor was also seized at the store of one Ward, the next building below.—*Portland Advertiser* 12th.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

The weather this week has been favorable—the prospect for an abundant harvest was never better; the present is the bearing year, and we hope for a bountiful harvest.—The excitement for Kossuth continues unabated.—Matters in France are steadily onward for the Empire; 200 petitions have been presented in the Senate for its establishment; the 10th of May was the great review day, and we may hear of stirring events shortly.—22,000 person have emigrated from Hesse-Cassel, on account of political troubles.—The Lord Mayor's Banquet, in London, was a splendid affair; our minister, Mr. Lawrence, was present, and made a neat speech.—The crowned heads in Europe seem to favor an Empire for the Empire; 200 petitions have been presented in the Senate for its establishment; the 10th of May was the great review day, and we may hear of stirring events shortly.—22,000 person have emigrated from Hesse-Cassel, on account of political troubles.—The Lord Mayor's Banquet, in London, was a

splendid affair; our minister, Mr. Lawrence, was present, and made a neat speech.

—A man named Dennis Sullivan was

found drowned at India Wharf, in Boston, on Saturday last.—The receipts of gold dust at the Philadelphia Mint last week near two millions.—Thirty thousand bales of cotton were exported from New Orleans on 30th April.—Six patients were admitted into the Indiana Insane Hospital, the past month, produced by the spirits rappings.—Two cases of Cholera are reported at Cincinnati.—The Maine Liquor Law has passed both Houses in Rhode Island, by large majorities.—12,000 houses have been built in Cincinnati in the last twelve years.—The Austrian minister sailed on Saturday in the steamship *Franklin*, for Europe.—Thomas Powers, for the last 15 years clerk of the police court in Boston, has been removed by Gov. Boutwell.—The City of Salem has substituted fluid for oil in its street lamps.—Four first-class ships are now building at South Boston.—The Tremont House, in Boston is to be repaired and relit in the best style.—All the contents

of the house were sold on Monday,

and the building will be speedily torn down.

—Deaths in Boston last week 49.—Henry Clay is failing fast.—A panther has been killed in Minnesota 8 feet long, with claws 14 inches long.—Mr. Webster has received a severe injury by falling from his carriage.—A small dog, thought to be mad, was killed in New York last Friday.—In six voyages, Collins' line of steamers beat the Canard line 12 hours and 40 minutes.—The prospects for fruit this season betokens abundance.

Louisiana contains 25,000 free people of color.

The accounts from the gold diggings of Australia, are fully equal to California; large numbers of people are leaving England for the mines.—The copper mines in the region of Lake Superior are yielding large quantities of rich ore.—Trade in New York is active; large amounts of goods are daily shipping for the North, including Canada.—Public debtors have robbed the State of Pennsylvania of three millions of dollars.—The festival and fair at Roxbury on May Day received about \$2000.—The Lone Star Association is reported to be getting up another Cuban invasion.—The monument to Sir Robert Peel, to be erected in London, has 400,000 subscribers at one penny each.—Stoneham and Melrose are in trouble about a portion of Stoneham being set off to Melrose; the bill passed the Senate, but failed in the House.—The Eagle Theatre in Buffalo was burnt last Thursday morning.—A raft of lumber arrived at Cincinnati, containing one million two hundred thousand feet.—70,000 horses and cattle passed over the Wheeling bridge last winter.—Counterfeit gold dollars, have appeared in New Orleans.—Nine large vessels are now on the stocks in the vicinity of Boston, with an aggregate tonnage of 8,418 tons.—Three forged checks were successfully drawn from the Boston Banks last Tuesday, amounting to \$3,900; the forger escaped.—The anniversaries of numerous Societies are now holding meetings in New York; large number of persons are in attendance.—The streets in Cambridge are to be lighted with gas.—We find accounts of some fifteen persons killed on Railroads the last week.—Several new wharves are building in Chelsea; this beautiful town is rapidly increasing.—A man in Bridgeport, Ct., in good health, has not slept for the last five weeks.—The late news from Europe is uninteresting.—From California we have nothing of importance.—Money is everywhere abundant; Railroad stocks in demand, and business generally prosperous.

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1852.

Written for the Journal.
FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship! 'tis a jewel light,
A gem of beauty rare,
Sparkling in misfortune's night,
Beaming everywhere.

'Tis a flower that springeth,
From out the sternest soil
And joy it ever bringeth,
To hearts bowed down with toil.

All! 'tis a gift from heaven,
And angels smile to know,
That God to us has given,
A balm for every woe.

Dark clouds will oft times lower,
And gather round our hearts,
Tis then that friend's flower,
Her sympathy imparts.

And when the morning beameth,
When sorrow clouds decay,
What so kindly seemeth,
As friendship's ray.

Charlestown, May 1, 1852.

H. A. K.
THE WEATHER.

Thursday, May 6.—Very clear, fine and warm; wind S. W.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 51; 2 P. M., 76; 10 P. M., 60.

Friday, May 7.—Clear and warm; wind S. W.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 60; 2 P. M., 82; 10 P. M., 60.

Saturday, May 8.—Partially cloudy, atmosphere tinged with the yellow hue of a summer drought; wind brisk from S. and S. W., surface of the earth very dry, and the dust blowing in clouds; thermometer at 7 A. M., 51; 2 P. M., 81; 10 P. M., 58.

Sunday, May 9.—A hazy and yellow atmosphere; wind fresh from S. and S. W.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 55; 2 P. M., 76; 10 P. M., 58.

Monday, May 10.—Cloudy during the forenoon. Two or three grateful showers assisted in laying the dust. Afternoon clear and very pleasant; wind W., thermometer at 6 A. M., 55; 2 P. M., 67; 10 P. M., 45.

Tuesday, May 11.—Clear until evening, when it became hazy and after 9 o'clock cloudy; wind N. E. to E.; thermometer at 6 A. M., 47; 2 P. M., 60; 10 P. M., 45.

Wednesday, May 12.—Cloudy throughout, rain fell in showers during the forenoon, after 2 P. M., it fell quite steadily; wind N. E.; thermometer at 6 A. M., 47; 2 P. M., 46; 10 P. M., 44.

The weather during the last week has presented some rather remarkable features. The thermometer since the opening of spring has kept at a very low altitude with regard to the highest point attained, although the general average has been but little lower than usual. But from the 5th to the 10th instant it ranged higher than it has for many years at the same period of the season and for as many days in succession. There are but few times during the entire summer in which the temperature keeps so elevated for so great a length of time. And the peculiarity of the past few days is the extraordinary and almost unexampled growth of vegetation. The month of April was cold and wet, and so little warmth had been imparted to the earth that on the first of the present month the season was uncommonly backward. But little opportunity had been found for farm work, and vegetation showed but few signs of existence. Since the 5th the trees have put forth their leaves and blossoms with most extraordinary rapidity, almost equaling the fabled works of fairies. Peach and cherry trees commenced blooming on the 10th, and now the 12th, are in full blossom, thus bringing the season much nearer the usual average than was anticipated. In 1850 the peach and cherry trees were out on the 6th of May, and in 1851 on the 3d. The average time for the flowering of these trees is about a little after the first of May.

FRANKLIN.

TRIAL FOR INCENDIARISM.—In the Court of Common Pleas, at Dedham, Judge Byington presiding, William Boynton and Shadrach Dickson are on trial, charged with setting fire to certain houses in Appleton place, Roxbury, in December last. Hon. Robert Rantoul, Jr., George Beninis and J. J. Clark, Esqrs., appear for the defence. Some progress has been made and the case excites much interest.

Mr. Editor:—Your fair correspondent S. has given us an article in your last paper, which is worth a whole year's subscription. It is said that the curse which fell upon all else fell not upon the flowers, and that they now look up to heaven with the same pure smile as when they first came from their maker's hand. I sometimes think that the spirits who love them, are more nearly allied to the blest in that far-off land. How like her must he to be pelt for all her trouble, by having the opportunity to give flowers for a wreck of the tomb. She writes too because she must tell others how much enjoyment there is in this beautiful world of ours. By the way, your types make her say some strange things. An author should always, if possible, read his own proofs. I should like to ask her how she manages her Mignonette during the summer, which she raises for winter flowering, and whether she keeps her Cacti growing during the summer.

It is not Mahernia ederata and not Glabratia which she describes. R. U. P.

Written for the Journal.

Mr. Editor:—I send you the following answers to the charade, question, problem, and puzzle, that was in your last Journal as I make them out.

To Schoolboy's charade, Oakum. To Claude Melnotte's question, 18. To Richard's problem, 81. To Claude Melnotte's puzzle, 26, by adding two is Fewer.

Woburn, May 10th 1852.



The Celebrated
NEW YORK,
Patent
CHIP
BAKER!

The great demand for

this Baker last season,

is sufficient proof of its

superiority over the old Yankee Baker and all such con-

trivances. More than ONE THOUSAND were sold in the City of New York before their introduction here by the subscribers. They are made of Cast Iron and Sheet Metal—a large number of Bakers will be supplied with direct from the factory an OVEN or BAKER or Flat Baker like a Cooking Stove. ALSO, BATHING APPARATUS of all kinds cheap, at No. 4 Derby Range, Boston, head of Sudbury Street, Boston. For sale as above, by

John Batchelder, Jr., Teacher of the High School,

in Lynn.

April 15, 1852.

S. N. & B. G. UTFORD,

A CHOICE assortment of BERAGE DE LAINES for

sale at W. WOODBERRY'S, may 15 ff.

BLACK DRESS SILKS at low prices at W. WOOD-

BERRY'S, may 15 ff.

PARASOLS & SUN SHADES.—A fresh supply at H.

FLAGG'S Dry Goods Store, may 15 ff.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

THE Subscriber having taken a store on Pleasant St., opposite the Town Hall, offers for sale very low for cash, Men's and Boys' Boots and Shoes of all kinds.

Also—Ladies and Children's Boots and Shoes of the various styles and of the best workmanship.

The attention of the public is respectfully invited,

April 30, ff.

BENJ. BUCKMAN,

WOBURN, MASS.

Written for the Journal.

R. U. P.

Written for the Journal.

AN ENIGMA.

I am composed of 23 letters.

My 16, 6, 14, is an instrument.

13, 3, 23, 6, is the name of a female.

1, 18, 19, is an intoxicating liquor.

8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, is the name of a male.

21, 22, 23, is a weight.

20, 5, 22, 1, is a common drink with sailors.

21, 2, 19, is a number.

17, 10, 4, is a farming implement.

7, 6, 14, is what lawyers have a good deal to do with.

My whole was a great general and states-

E. A. L.

Written for the Journal.

AN ENIGMA.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 12, 8, 14, 5, 6, is derived from the sense of hearing.

2, 11, 14, 5, 6, is a shape not square.

10, 8, 7, 12, 14, 15, 16, is one cordially wel-

comed among us.

9, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, of which Kosuth has

many.

1, 3, 13, 10, 8, is a fashionable clothing store

at Boston.

5, 8, 2, 15, 16, is a point of compass.

4, 5, 6, 11, 2, 13, is that which merchants

often do.

13, 3, 12, 4, is a word applied to a great man.

2, 8, 12, 7, is the outer bark of trees.

15, 14, 7, 10, 13, is what we see when we

see the elephants.

9, 11, 14, 2, 15, 16, is the number of enig-

mas sent.

16, 8, 14, 2, 12, is that which is precious to all.

My whole is what we all as citizens of New

England ought to be.

E. W.

Written for the Journal.

A PROBLEM.

If a cubic yard of iron were hammered or

drawn into a square bar, an inch about, that

is one fourth of an inch square.

Require its length in miles, supposing there is to be no waste in the process?

CLAUDE MELNOTTE.

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

JOHN A. FOWLE, EDITOR.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1852.

The proprietors of the "Woburn Journal" propose, at the close of Volume First, to submit the original pieces contributed for this paper to a committee; and in accordance with their decision, they will distribute to the successful authors two or three PRIZES, each to consist of one or more of our most costly ANNUALS.

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—MESSRS. NICHOLS, WIMM & CO., agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—DR. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

STONEHAM.—MR. G. W. DICE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

BOSTON.—MESSRS. S. M. PETERSON & CO., State street, are agents for this paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Peleus?"—The appearance of your article is unavoidablely postponed until next week.

"N. Y."—Your communication is deserving of notice; there is a feeling in the human heart for the aged, which should never die dormant. We hope to hear from you again.

"W. D. S."—Your poetry "Things I Love," will have a place so soon as we can find one. Our poetic drawer is full and overflowing, and we can only promise each their turn.

"Casper?"—The City Part shall be heard, so soon as we can find room. We like the article.

"M."—Your poetry is good, and we regret not having space for it, but we shall use it soon.

"Critic?"—Your article on "Napoleon" we receive with pleasure; we think it well written, the subject a grand one, and handled with skill. We hope to publish it next week.

"M. W. Wellman?"—Your articles are always welcome; your wish as to C. L. W. shall be attended to next week, the others will receive attention. Your "sketches," yet to come, will no doubt interest our readers.

"May Ritchie?"—Thanks for your article on "The Southerner's Choice," we are sure it will be read with pleasure—it will appear next week. In answer to your enquiry, we mean all communications up to the close of the volume. Your story, which is just commenced, shall hold a prominent place as a competitor. We hope this explanation will be understood.

"Bonnie Lassie?"—Your answer we publish.

"Andromeda?"—will appear next week.

"Lydia?"—We are pleased with your article on the "Poor Student," and have it on file. Your remarks, in the article about critics are duly noticed. We do decline it because it was not well written; we have other reasons for declining all communications which may lead to personal controversy, and in taking our own judgment for a guide, we may not always meet the wishes of correspondents; this we cannot remedy, but by this rule we must stand off.

"Hermit?"—We shall some day find your cottage in the forest, and take a cup from that crystal stream.

"Jonathans?"—Epitaph on the defunct Hay Scales will raise a smile, and perhaps provoke a tear.

"Type?"—We admit you article in self-defence—and its truths we wish many of our correspondents would notice. We have some manuscripts which would puzzle a Philadelphia Lawyer; to decipher a sheet of paper written on both sides, and nearly unintelligible is a *poker* for the printer, and if the spelling and punctuation is bad, so much the harder task for him.

"So and So?"—We have received your Riddle; it is good, and may puzzle our readers; we shall find room for it soon.

THE MAINE LAW.

We, like thousands of our citizens, were surprised and grievedly mortified at the course of Gov. Boutwell in Vetoing the Maine Liquor bill. Our disappointment was the more severe, because we had placed Gov. Boutwell amongst the firm and ardent friends of temperance, and it is much against our feelings that we change our opinion.

Up to the very last moment we had full faith that he would sign the bill, believing that all party grounds would be thrown to the winds, that the voices of over 58,000 of his fellow citizens would have some influence on one individual mind, and especially when that individual mind has declared itself on all occasions in unison with those who asked its assent in the same great cause.

The reasons given in the veto message, are futile and inconsistent and weigh but a feather against the sorrow and misery caused by disappointment. They carry with them only the workings of a "power behind the throne" and shows the danger of delegating too much power in one man. The weak argument of "the veto is strong evidence of a *peculiar* change in Gov. Boutwell, as a temperance man, and his friends will be very apt to mistrust him hereafter." There never was a cause brought to the notice of legislators, with such an united voice, as the Temperance Law; and there never was, nor, in our opinion, never will be a cause more disastrous to human happiness than Intemperance; it is the deadly "Sirocco"; it sweeps over our beautiful land destroying in its rustless course, the fairest prospects and domestic joys—with all we hold dear on earth, and sends many a grey hair with sorrow to the tomb.

We are led to enquire how many hearts will ache—how many hopes destroyed, and how many anxious parents, husbands, wives and children will feel the heavy weight of Gov. Boutwell's veto. He may not know, for it will be boundless. Our feelings would get the better of our position, and lead us to use language which would be called strong, and perhaps unmerited, if we expressed *all* we feel on this subject. We are in the foremost ranks of the Temperance army, and on all occasions and in every place we shall sustain the Temperance cause, and aid in arresting the course of this demon of destruction and misery to the human family, RUM! There is no neutrality in this cause for us, and we hope and trust that the mighty voice of those 58,000 signers will teach those who are chosen to execute the *will of the people*, that they have not listened to their demands, but have used the power delegated them in defeating the strong and unmistakeable voice of an overwhelming majority of the people; we have no

doubt but what that majority will speak when the time arrives. The voice of the people when it comes up from the heart, and in the cause of human suffering, *cannot* be resisted—it must prevail.

EXAMINATION AT THE WARREN ACADEMY.

The closing exercises of the Spring term of this Institution took place on Wednesday last, commencing at 9 o'clock, A. M., and continuing through the day. The weather was unusually fine, the air, laden with fragrance and purity, waved the green foliage, while the sun looked down and smiled. The occasion was one of deep interest, it being the closing term of the highly respected principal, Mr. A. Rice, who has conducted the school with marked success for nearly seven years. At the appointed hour, the Examining Committee came in, and the forenoon was devoted to recitations in Greek, Latin, Algebra and Parsing, these being occasionally interspersed with agreeable singing, of which the Committee spoke in terms of praise. In the afternoon recitations were heard in French, Arithmetic, and Physiology. The scholars answered promptly and understandingly. The class in Physiology, was spoken of as exceedingly interesting; the readiness with which they recited whole clauses was indeed entertaining. The latter part of the afternoon was occupied with compositions and declamations. The compositions were spoken of by the Committee, and by others present, as productions that reflected honor upon the school. The exercises in declamation were concluded by a valedictory address from one of the older members of the school. As the speaker alluded to the happy hours which they had spent in the school-room, the tears flowed down many cheeks, evincing the strong affection which the pupils cherished for their teacher.

After the speaking, M. L. Richardson and Miss Anna B. Todd, as representatives of the school, came forward, with a beautiful Silver Basket, and a Gold Pencil, the former addressing Mr. Rice as follows:—"Beloved Teacher:—Deeply do we regret that your connection with this institution is so soon to close. But it seems to us that we are much delighted a day or two since, in passing the Common, to notice quite a number of trees set outside of the fence, and soon found out that M. Ronaudy, of the "Tree Society" had been on the spot with his men, and had put the trees out on the edge of the new sidewalk, to be made around the Common. We learn that the Selectmen have very promptly acceded to the wishes of our citizens expressed by petition, and will immediately grade a walk, and thus make the Common look finely. Really we are improving in town rapidly, and we hope the spirit of improvement will go on until all the sidewalks in town are in a good condition.

Meiss. Lockwood & Co., Plumbers of Boston, have found that their former accommodations for business was not sufficient, and they have recently moved into a fine large store in Derby Range, which has been fitted up in a splendid manner. At this store, and the one they occupy in School Street, they offer a great variety in their line. The business of Plumbing in the vicinity of Boston, is now an immense one, and increases in the same ratio, with a due appreciation of the benefit of cold water, and the cost of having good water fixtures, cooking range, &c., in a house is now reduced to such a low figure, that it is really not an extravagance to have them in most any good dwelling-house, and we hope all who are building, or who intend to build will give Messrs. Lockwood & Co. a call, and examine into the merits of our statements.

the loss which we experience in his departure. Of all his connection with us we may say, in the words of that beautiful Latin Poet, whose works you study—words which lie puts into the mouth of his hero when consoling his companions;

"hac elia minime jescit."

It will indeed be our delight to remember them, but we are sorry that they must be only things of memory.

Mr. Rice has been in the service of Warren Academy for the last seven years. The number reminds me that he has been with us just as long as the Patriarch Jacob was to serve for the best of earthly gifts. We wish that we might confer upon him some gift not less valuable than that which the patriarch hoped to receive. But as our friend is already supplied with a treasure of that kind, which I dare say he would not give up for Jacob's Leah and Rachel both, we will at least tender him the gift of our heartiest good wishes. May his duties be every where as well performed as they have been here. May his labors be as successful, and may I not just add, as well appreciated elsewhere, as they are here. May he find friends more numerous, though I am sure he will not find them more sincere. May that "lovely, lovely May," of which you have so pleasingly sung to us to-day—may this bright and beautiful day of May—be an emblem of the happiness, serenity, and moral beauty which shall adorn the life of our friend, even unto the distant end.

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EXCHANGES.

Lynn News.—We always take up friend Kimball's paper with pleasure and are sure to find something interesting; we call it an able paper. It measures *pens* with the Bay State quite often, and keeps *even* with the Clerk of the House. We are pleased to learn the News has good patronage.

The Electric.—Printed at Portland Me., one of the best on our exchange list, it is generally filled with original matter and must have numerous readers, without advertising patronage, and with eight pages, it must have a long list of subscribers. We are sure it deserves them.

Cambridge Chronicle—a well conducted and lively paper, published by the side of old Harvard; it should have a host of correspondents, its local matters are at times quite amusing, and written with ability. We are informed its circulation is large.

Lowell American.—The city of spindles supports two good papers, and this is one of them; its columns bear evidence of a skillful mind, and we presume the *list* is a long one.

Cabinet Bag—as usual good.

Littell's Living Age—is on our table, and filled with valuable articles; we advise all to get it.

In another column we have an advertisement of a Chip or Summer Baker, and we would say that we hear it highly spoken of as an economist, and quite a convenient article of household furniture; we recommend to our house-keeping friends a perusal of this advertisement, and hope Messrs. Ufford will have many orders to fill for Woburn.

It really sounds delightful to hear our new clock send forth its pealing sounds every hour—it seems in every echo to tell a tale of time, and also to say "time is money," improve it.

Religious Anniversaries.—The yearly gathering of Israel commences in Boston next week, and preparations are being made on all hands for the usual annual meetings, which promise to be exceedingly interesting this year.

The EXCAVATION AT NINEVAH.—Private letters from Nineveh state that Colonel Rawlinson, who is now conducting the excavations abandoned by Mr Layard, "has opened out the entire place of sepulture of the Kings and Queens of Assyria." "There they lie," we are told, "in huge stone sarcophagi, with ponderous lids, just as they were deposited more than 3000 years ago."

Mr. Edward Fowle, of this town gives notice that he may be found during the day in Boston, at the extensive furniture establishment of Messrs. Blake, Ware & Co., Cornhill. No concern in Boston has a better selected, or more desirable stock of furniture than this firm, and we hope our friend Fowle will find many of his Woburn acquaintances calling on him.

It is the intention of Mr. AIKEN, who noticed a few weeks since, as a writing-master, and who is now giving lessons in his profession, to a large number of pupils at New Bridge, to re-open his school in this place, at the Unitarian Vestry, on Tuesday evening next, when we hope that those persons who have not already taken lessons from this gentleman, in his new and easy-learned style of Penmanship, will take advantage of this rare chance of learning from a thorough master.

We notice that that favorite weekly the "Boston Museum," has passed into the hands of Ossian E. Dodge Esq, and he will hereafter conduct it as Editor and Proprietor; we would give a quarter to see Dodge in his accustomed scratching that handsome head of his for ideas, we should see and hear some queer things. We welcome Dodge into the fraternity, and wish the Museum all sorts of good luck under its new pilot. Fowle has it at his Book-store, call and get a copy.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

We are now having fine weather, and our farmers are improving it. The fruit trees are backward, but they give promise of abundance; we have seldom seen such a profusion of buds and blossoms.—Kossuth's family have all been released by Austria.—The Mechanic Lien Law under a new draft has passed to a third reading.—The express train on the Hudson River Railroad made the distance from New York to Albany in three hours and one minute, equal to fifty miles per hour.—The National Theatre lately burnt in Boston, is to be immediately rebuilt.—The Norfolk Guards have been disbanded, for non-appearance on parade at the escort of Kossuth.—A female domestic in the family of W. Brewer, of Framingham, has been arrested for setting fire to his house and barn, and for robbery of two watches.—The Common Council of Jersey city have had 88 ballottings for President, without affecting a choice.—A meeting of Mechanics was held in Rochester, on the 26th inst., to take measures for establishing a People's College.—The ninth trial for Mayor in Lynn, took place on Saturday last; no choice.—The Emperor of Hayti has been crowned; it is said the coronation exceeded that of Napoleon.—Swift's large sugar Refinery in New York, was destroyed by fire last Monday; loss \$250,000.—The President of the Vermont Central Railroad offered \$200,000 reward for the conviction of the incendiaries who set fire to the depot in Northfield.—Over 1700 teams passed the village of Joliet, in Illinois, within the last three weeks for California.—The last advices from the mormons, state all is quiet and regular.—The National Medical association, is now in session in Richmond, Va.,—Caleb Rice was elected first Mayor of Springfield last Tuesday.—The noble Steamship Great Britain has arrived at New York in 13 days from Liverpool, with 155 passengers.—Kossuth left Boston for Albany last Tuesday.—Barnum, the great show man, has all no doubt in favor of *licenses*.—Mary Adams, widow of the late President Adams, died in Washington last Saturday; both Houses of Congress adjourned to attend her funeral.—Mr. Clay remains about the same. His Physician has returned to Philadelphia, having no hopes of his recovery.—Look out for gold dollar pieces, split ones are in circulation.—Dr. Thompson, of Charlestown, was severely burned by the breaking of a camphene lamp, last Wednesday.—A dreadful hurricane passed over Union Township, Ohio, prostrating houses, barns, and large trees, and several acres of timber were destroyed.—Mr. Hastings' store in Concord was robbed on Wednesday night of all its contents.—The Shoe Factory of L. Terry, of Weymouth, was broken open on Tuesday night last, and \$800 worth of Brogans, carted off.—The friends of Temperance in New York are making efforts to enforce the license laws of the city.—The small pox is raging in the island of Jamaica.—Mr. Bond, of the Cambridge observatory, has discovered another comet.—Wm. Boynton, who has been on trial, at Dedham, for setting fire to the buildings in Appleton place, Roxbury, was acquitted on Tuesday, the Jury agreeing in five minutes.—The members of the Legislature, boarding at the United States Hotel, have presented the landlord with a silver vase, for the good treatment received at his house.—A destructive fire in Saco, Maine, destroyed Tuffs' Hotel, stables and six dwelling houses.—A grand Mass Temperance Convention is in session at New Haven; great exertions are making for the Maine Law.—An Emigrant car was run into on the Michigan Railroad, by which four persons were killed, and fifty-six badly wounded; the engineer and firemen were arrested and imprisoned.—The members of the Senate have decided to present a watch to the President, as a mark of respect.—Gold has been discovered in Wisconsin.

James S. Brown, charged with abstract-

ing a letter from the Post office at Dana, Mass., has been held for trial. N. L. Dana, postmaster of Dana, Mass., was held for trial for detaining the same letter from the owner longer than the law allows.—The name of the town of Sherburne in Middlesex County, has been changed to Sherborn.—The members of the Methodist Convention, now setting in Boston, had an excursion in Boston harbor on Tuesday, by invitation of the city Authorities, numbering about five hundred persons.—Three hundred and forty-four deaths in New York last week.—Money is abundant and business matters prosperous. The weather is fine, and the farmers busy in the fields. Late news from California is very favorable and improving. Nothing of moment from Europe; matters generally quiet. In our own vicinity we have no items of moment; our town is improving in a healthy manner.

We give an account in another column of the examination at Warren Academy, by which it will be seen that Mr. Rice has closed his labors in our midst; Mr. Rice leaves us with the good wishes of all our citizens, mingled with many regrets that there should be any necessity for his going. We learn that he takes charge of the High School at Natick, and wish him prosperity and success wherever located.

The Liquor Bill.—The Liquor bill passed by the Senate on Wednesday, was received by the House yesterday, written out in conformity with the rules, and was referred to the Committee on the subject of the bill. The Committee subsequently reported to the House that the bill ought to pass as it came from the Senate. The minority of the committee, however, through Mr. Sloper, reported an amendment striking out the reference to the people and providing that the bill shall take effect in sixty days after its passage. This amendment was adopted—157 to 164—and the bill thus changed was ordered to a third reading by a vote of 164 to 103. The rules were suspended and the bill was then passed to be engrossed. The bill as amended came up in the Senate yesterday afternoon for concurrence in the House amendments. After some discussion, the Senate concurred in the amendments, by a very close vote—20 yeas to 19 nays, and 1 abstinent. As the bill now stands, the Governor, according to the principles laid down in his veto message, cannot give it his sanction.

Last week after we had gone to press, a fire broke out in the Old Mill at Stowham, and it was completely destroyed; we learn the Mill was not occupied. Origin of the fire unknown; Washington No. 3, returned the late visit of the Stonham Co., and was promptly on the spot to render any assistance needed. The Winchester Co. was also up.

Written for the Journal.

HAY SCALE EPITAPH.

With friends who are surrounded with all that makes existence cheerful and happy, and living and moving on the broad ocean of life, where are embarked the mass of human beings, who, like the ants on the mole-hill, are laboring to build up what a puff of wind can destroy.

Let me tell you that you may be destined to act a prominent part in life; you are full of youthful ardor and ambition, and may rise in the estimation of men, and be able to command the popular will of the people; honors may be heaped upon you in profusion, and the distant shore of the Atlantic may hear your praise and honor your name, for the power of the press is strong, and when directed by a skilful mind, carries influence and patronage. All these, and more, may elevate you, far above the reach of the "Hermit," and you may call yourself a favored and happy man.

Experience is the best teacher in the school of life; I have been taught in this school, by this true teacher. I have run up, the niches of fame and popularity, and found them all vanity, trouble and vexation; and when their fascination and excitements are over, they leave a sting behind.

You must not think I deprecate all enjoyments; it is not so. I only write to impress on your mind not to place too much reliance on the fleeting honors of the world. I would not exchange the evening song of the whip-poor-will, as he perches on the top rail of my window, for all the sounding brass of the warriors triumph, or the exciting shout of the collected people surrounding the popular statesman; one is to me like the distant echo, as it comes sweetly to the ear, as the voice of uncaring nature, while the other is the voice of the field multitude, cheering the man of today, who to-morrow may not know where to lay his head—

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1852.

THE WEATHER.

Thursday, May 13.—A thoroughly stormy day; wind N. E., and in the latter part of the day and evening it blew with much force.—Thermometer at 6 A. M., 44; 2 P. M., 42; 10 P. M., 42.

Friday, May 14.—Storm continued through the day but less violent than on the 13th. Not much rain fell but generally drizzling and disagreeable. Wind E. and N. E.; thermometer at 6 A. M., 49; 2 P. M., 43; 10 P. M., 41.

Saturday, May 15.—There was some prospect of fair weather in the morning, but this was illusory. Clouds and showers prevailed through the day. Wind moderate from N. N. E. to S. E. Thermometer at 6 A. M., 44; 2 P. M., 52; 10 P. M., 43.

Sunday, May 15.—Somewhat of a struggle between the fair and the foul. Sun out occasionally but generally cloudy. Wind gentle from S. and S. E. Thermometer at 6 A. M., 52; 2 P. M., 71; 10 P. M., 47. Vegetation looking finely.

Monday, May 17.—Weather variable with sunshine and cloud. Evening cloudy and some flashes of lightning were observed; wind soft from S. and S. W. Thermometer at 6 A. M., 52; 2 P. M., 68; 10 P. M., 57.

Tuesday, May 18.—Partially cloudy in the morning, but it soon became clear and very fine. Wind W. to N. W. Thermometer at 6 A. M., 48; 2 P. M., 66; 10 P. M., 42. The aurora was observed this evening low in the North.

Wednesday, May 19.—Cloudless and remarkably fine through the day; wind in the morning W. E. in the middle of the day, afterwards S. Thermometer at 5 A. M., 42; 2 P. M., 62; 10 P. M., 43. Northern lights quite brilliant in the evening.

Vegetation has progressed rapidly during the past week. Apple trees are not yet generally in bloom, but trees in forward locations are coming out. Peach trees seem to have been much injured by the cold winter, as the flowering is much less than usual. The crop of this fruit must be very light in this vicinity.

FRANKLIN.

LONDON, April 27, 1852.

MR. EDITOR:—I was in hopes to have received the *Journal* before I again scribbled for the amusement of your readers, as I wished to know whether these notes of one unused to penning for the press, would be acceptable. I thought that it was, perhaps not much better than the times to intrude another letter on your notice; it would, in any event, help to kindle the fire.

I paid a short visit last week to Liverpool, and was much gratified with the trip; the Railroad from London to Liverpool is a splendid affair; in this country, royalty is written on every public establishment, no matter what the expense may be. A stranger sees much to astonish him; the peculiar finishing and dressing of even a Railroad Depot, looks strange at first, to us Yankees; they are very splendid, and the prevailing color, red, is conspicuous on them all. These trappings must be kept up, and the English people have much pride in sustaining them.

Liverpool is a great commercial city; its docks and wharves are no doubt superior to any in Europe, the famous London docks excepted. The principle part of the American shipping is to be found, and it is really a glorious sight to see the "Star Spangled Banner" spreading its folds to the breeze from so many noble vessels, in this port. The Clipper ships from Boston attract great attention; Trains of Liverpool packets are acknowledged to be superior to all others for fast sailers, and beauty of model. The Staffordshire was pronounced the best model afloat. The firm of Train & Co. have done much to establish the reputation of Boston ships and Boston enterprise, and they deserve all the patronage which Boston can render. The resident partner here, Mr. Thayer, is a young and enterprising man, and much respected.

The Collins line of Steamers maintain their position here, and the prospect of additional pay from Congress, has now settled the question of their permanency. They have beat the Cunard line, but it seems rather hard for John Bull to acknowledge it. One thing is certain, a great effort will be made by the Cunard line to build a Steamer which shall pass any of the Collins line,—money in the case is no object; this competition may result in the loss of life, but it will be tried. The steamer Great Britain must, ere this, be in New York. She is a noble-looking vessel, has been completely repaired, and left Liverpool with many passengers and a heavy freight. It is a grand sight to view the Liverpool harbor in a fine day; the vessels, with their flags of all nations, make a great display; which, together with the gorgeous signs of royalty, form a panorama worth viewing.

What a world is London; I am at times nearly lost in the masses which crowd its streets. You must keep pace with those going in the same direction, or you'll be run down; there is a great sensation about the Chrystal Palace; it is coming down, and much against the wish of the majority; they think it should be kept as a national building, but it will be taken away.

London is a vast city; it has a resident population of over two millions, and it covers an area of 14 miles long by 13 wide. St. James's Park contains 87 acres, Green Park 56 acres, Kensington Gardens 300 acres, Regents Park has 390 acres, Victoria also about 300 acres,—all kept in superior order, and adorned with all that wealth can command. Hyde Park is a great promenade, and on a pleasant day you can see the pride and royalty of England, with all the pomp and show of foreign

residents, including the trappings of the beggar and the king. To describe them on paper is beyond my capacity. My scribbling has filled the space I intended, without giving you items about some of our American friends now travelling on this continent. I must encumber another steamer with a letter to you, if you think this worth notice.

Yours truly, W. L.

A new Post Office has been established in North Woburn, Stephen Nichols, Jr., Postmaster.

MR. EDITOR:—Please insert the following answers to Enigmas, &c., in your interesting "Journal," if you feel so disposed.

The answer to "Claude Melnotte's" enigma in "Journal," No. 27, is "EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL."

The answer to "Caroline's" enigma in No. 28, is "SINE BINDING MACHINE."

To "Theron's" and "J. R. D.—st's," in the same, my answers agree with "Schoolboy's" which you published. But I think "Schoolboy's" answer to "Claude Melnotte's" problem is not correct. My answer is 1 mile 7 furlongs 31 rods 5 feet and 2 inches, which I think is correct.

The answer to "Schoolboy's" charade in No. 29, is "OAK-HAM" and not "Oakum," as "Oyer" gets it. By the way I would inform friend "Oyer" that there is no such town as Oakum, in Massachusetts.

To the question, problem, and puzzle, my answers agree with "Oyer's." The answer to C. L. C.'s enigma—"GEORGE BOUTWELL GROTON."

The answer to "E. A. L.'s" enigma in your last paper is "GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON."

To "E. W.'s" enigma in the same the answer is "FRIENDS OR FOES."

To "Claude Melnotte's" problem, 11 miles, 6 furlongs, 10 rods and 3 feet.

BONNIE LASSIE,
"Hermit's Cave," Waltham, Mass.

Written for the Journal.

AN ENIGMA.

I am composed of 16 letters. My 4, 8, 1, 2, 6, 5, is what crazy folks like to do.

9, 8, 6, 17, is an appellation belonging to Brier & Rand, defaulters.

13, 14, 15, is a lover of darkness rather than light.

6, 1, 2, is a great enemy to birds.

3, 7, 14, 2, is a merry fellow.

6, 9, 16, 7, 3, 5, is a country in Europe.

2, 8, 14, 4, is a domestic animal.

8, 8, 14, is a useful animal.

10, 11, 13, 9, 10, 16, is a beautiful lake in New York.

My whole is a favorite relative.

Boston, April. ANN ELIZA.

Webburn Journal Printing Office.
JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS,
DONE AT THIS OFFICE, WITH PROMPT-
NESS, AND AT LOW RATES.

THE office is supplied with New Type of all descriptions, and the Printers will spare no pains to give the most perfect satisfaction in doing work entrusted to them.

MARRIAGES.

In Burlington, May 13, by Rev. S. Sewell, of B. M. C. W. Holden to Malvina, d. of Daniel Richardson, all of Woburn.

In Cambridgeport, May 9th, Mr. George L. French, of Boston, to Mrs. Mary C. Jordan of C.

DEATHS.

At Reading Bar, Thirty rivers, California, Mr. Shadrach Shattuck, formerly of Charlestown Mass., aged 28 years.

In Charlestown, May 15, Mrs. Sabr. J. Stanley, 45, died in Giltord, N. H., 19th ult., Mrs. Rachel wife of the late David Thompson, of that place, and mother of Daniel P. Thompson, of this town, aged 80 years.

PHALANX—ATTENTION!!

Members of the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx, under the command of Capt. W. T. Garrison, are ordered to appear at the Armory on Wednesday, May 22d, at 7 A. M., (precisely) in full uniform for Military drill and Inspection.

Per order of Commanding Officer.

A. S. WOODS, Clerk.

Woburn, May 22d, 1852.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Will be received by the SELECTMEN of WINCHESTER, until the 26th of May inst.

SEALED PROPOSALS.

For wages and wages, that part of CHURCH STREET commencing at the intersection of the B. & L. Rail Road with said street, and terminating on the westerly side of the Canal Bridge and near thereto, agreeably to the order of the County Commissioners of April 2d last, and the plan accompanying the same, to both of which, reference may be had at the office of the Town Clerk.

Woburn, May 26, 1852.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale a convenient dwelling-house and out-buildings, with about twenty-five acres of land, situated at the corner of Woburn and Concord Streets, on the Chancery Hill.

There is upon the premises a large variety of choice FRUIT TREES, in a flourishing condition, consisting of Apple, Pear, Peach, and Plum Trees.

Said property is pleasantly situated near the centre of a thriving village, containing good Public Schools, the Post Office, and the Woburn Branch Railroad, and is a desirable location for a gentleman doing business in Boston. The above property will be sold subject to two Mortgages, amounting to about one thousand dollars.

Unless said real estate shall be sold before the 21st day of May next, it will be offered at Public Auction on that day at 3 o'clock P. M., to the highest bidder, for cash, and will be sold subject to said mortgages.

EDWARD N. FLANDERS, Surveyor Asse-
signee of the estate of William Holden, Jr.,
Woburn, April 30th, 1852.

COCHITuate
WATER.

PLUMBING.

Lockwood, Zane & Lamb,

109 Court and 34 School sts.

THIS preparation besides constituting the only infallible remedy for the cure of Bed Bug Poison, is equally too small to accommodate us, we have taken the commodious store 109 COURT STREET, (a few doors above our old stand,) which in connection with our store, No. 34 SCHOOL STREET, embraces

The Largest and best stock of Plumbing Materials ever exhibited in Boston.

Our work shall be second to none, either in New York or Boston, for workmanship, price, or durability. Persons about having Plumbing Work done are invited to examine the same and judge for themselves.

May 13 ff.

CARPETINGS, Wool, cotton and wool, and cotton Carpets, at WOODBEERY'S, nov 22 ff

OTIS & STREETER'S PATENT INSULATED CONDUCTOR.

THE subscribers would respectfully announce that they are prepared to sell, at Wholesale and Retail, their PATENT INSULATED CONDUCTOR, which is recommended by scientific men to be the safest and most economical protection against lightning ever offered to the public.

The following recommendations, among many others, have been received:

From Dr. J. C. Smith, of Boston.

Having examined the Insulated Lightning Conductor, invented and patented by George W. Otis of Lynn, Mass., I have no hesitation in recommending it to the public, as an additional, economical contrivance, to protect us from great utility.

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1852.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

I AM WEARY.

I am weary of straying—sh! fin would I rest,
In the far distant land of the pure and the best;
Where sin can no longer her blandishment spread,
And tears and temptations for ever are fled.

I am weary of hoping—when hope is untrue,
As fair, but as fleeting, as morning's bright dew;
I long for that land, whose blest promise alone
Is changedless and sure eternity's throne.

I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
Over joys glowing visions that fail at their birth;
Over the pangs of the loved, which we cannot assuage,
Over the blighting of youth, and the weakness of age.

I am weary of loving what passes away,
The sweetest, the dearest, alas, may not stay!
I long for that land where those partings are o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.

I am weary, my Savior, of grieving thy love,
O when shall I rest in thy presence above;
I am weary—but oh, never let me repine,
While thy word, and thy love, and thy promises are mine.

Woburn, April, 1852.

Laura L.

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either toil or drive."

FARM WORK FOR MAY.

The season is so backward that much of the work of April must be done in May.—Spring sowing must be finished before we can do much about planting, and though early sowing is best for the spring grains, late sowing is better than none and we should make the best of it. Wheat is sometimes sown as late as June, and good harvests are obtained—it being expected that the kernel will not fill till the most sultry weather has passed. Oats are often sown as late as May, and they do better than wheat, rye, or barley on late sowing.

Corn should be in the ground before the twentieth of the month or there will be too much risk of its ripening well. Many fields suffered last year by late planting. The season was not highly favorable for corn and much of it was harvested in an unripe state. We have annually made objections to the system of placing most of the manure in the hills. One objection is, that the manure forces the stalks too much, and that there will be more stalks than corn. Still it is admitted that on cold and clayey lands, something is needed to give the corn a start. Some farmers are in the practice of putting a shovelful in the hill, in addition to a good dressing spread over the ground.

The objection to this system is, that it requires double the labor—and the man who has warm land and who keeps it in good heart, will obtain good crops by spreading all the manure over the ground, as by parcelling out a part of it in each hill.

Still it may be advisable in many cases, to give corn a start, by placing a little nutritive matter in each hill. This may be done with the hand, & a handful would not be so objectionable as a shovelful, and the labor is much less. Poudrette, or guano, or plaster, or ashes, according to the nature of the soil and the plenty of material at hand, may be put in each hill of corn or potatoes, with less labor and with better results, than by the application of a large shovelful or nothing.

A good man will dress a couple of acres of corn in a day with handfuls of ashes, or ashes and plaster, to each hill. So guano, pouddrette, bone-dust, or any other substance that contains much nutriment in proportion to its bulk may be put in the hill, or on the hill, and will be likely to repay and doubly repay the cost of the materials, provided good judgment is exercised in the application.

Plaster, or ashes, or both mixed, may be dropped on the surface soon after the corn or potatoes are planted. They prove most useful on dry soils. They may be put in with the seed and buried with it, if well mixed together; but strong wood ashes alone should not be buried with the seed, for the ley that is made from them is often too strong for the tender roots which first shoot out from the seed.

Guano will not be so strong as to injure the roots when it is buried in the hill, and as it is of a warm and dry nature it should always be buried where it will soon mix with the moist earth. So when it is sown on grain fields it should be harrowed in with the grain.—Poudrette is not generally made so strong as to do injury to plants and it may be thrown on the surface like ashes. Yet we think that both plaster and pouddrette prove more valuable when buried in the soil, than when strown on the surface.

Gardens must be planted as soon as the weather is warm enough. Asparagus, early turnips, and early peas will grow in cool weather. Parsnips, carrots, and beets will not advance much in June, but the seeds vegetate better when they are covered as early as the middle of May. One advantage in late planting is the plants will be as early as the weeds. But we must not count on weeding much in July. Our weeding should all be done before hay time. The seeds of beets, parsnips and carrots are usually put in warm water to swell them before sowing. They are then rolled in plaster or ashes.

No advantage is derived from burying seeds deep. Some farmers argue that the crows cannot find corn so well, or pull it up so easily when it is deeply covered. It is a good practice to beat down the earth pretty hard on the corn. Then half an inch of the beaten earth will be better than an inch.

Take care and not drive the oxen hard when the hot days come on. Eight hours a

day are enough for oxen to work in May.—
The Ploughman.

GRAIN.—As soon as the ground is sufficiently dry to fall into fine particles upon being plowed, sow oats, barley and other grains. When it is to be laid down to grass, be generous with the seed—we mentioned this last month and urge it again—one bushel of red top, twelve quarts of herds grass and six pounds of clover is not too much to the acre. The difference in the crop for four or five years will pay more, each year, than the extra cost of the seed, and the thickness of the grass from the seed you sow will keep out wild grass and weeds.

CORN.—Some persons are becoming dissatisfied with this crop. It can scarcely be doubted, however, that it may be raised with profit in every part of New England. We think the dissatisfaction arises from the attempt to cultivate too much; the manure being spread over so much ground as scarcely to be felt by the plants. The result of such cultivation is twenty to forty bushels to the acre, instead of forty to eighty as it should be. We think the faller on an acre of good corn will well nigh pay the expense of cultivation, if the faller is properly preserved. And with high cultivation the land is in condition after the corn crop to bring two or three tons of hay to the acre for some three to six years, with the applications of slight top dressing.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LATE PARIS FASHIONS.

We select a passage or two from Mr. Walsh's last letter, upon a topic in which he is always happy:

"I have seen two models of waistcoats (for ladies), beautifully cut and shaped. The first was of white water silk, with a narrow waistband; it is closed all the way up with bell buttons of rock crystal. This waistcoat I intended for a black silk skirt, with flounces having narrow red satin stripes. The body is a short rounded corsage with two narrow flounces like those on the skirt.

The second waistcoat was white moire antique, richly embroidered with unpolished pearls, white, jet and twist. It opened shaved fashion on the breast, and was decorated with five white pearl buttons in the shape of mulberries. It was intended to be worn with a Napoleon blue taffeta silk, with flounces having a plaid velvet pattern. There is a new kind of sleeve, which is slash'd. This sleeve has a narrow waistband, containing acute angles, forming points of the silks which are concealed in the sleeve; under the points are puffs of muslin or lace. The slashed sleeve has the advantage of being new, but I greatly prefer, especially for summer, the open sleeve, whether round or cut square, *a la Mousquetaire*, with engorgements of Valencianas, English or Brussels lace. We have heard that embroidered petticoats are to hang below the dress, which would seem to prove that dresses have a tendency to curtailment.

The present forms of corsages are so various and different, that the corset has become an important item in the attire of a woman of fashion. Madame Dumoulin has invented the corset Louis XIII, to accompany the basque and waist at; corset Louis XV, for the toilettes Pompadour; corset Diana, for horseback and for travelling. This ingenious artiste, who has received several medals at the various exhibitions of London and Paris for the superior excellence and convenience of her corsets, will establish during the month of May, in New York, a branch of her Commission House, for French and all other foreign goods. You see that New York attracts, as no doubt it deserves the most renowned and ambitious of the dainty-queens.

All the ribbons in vogue are chine, plaid or shaded, and occasionally striped with velvet or satin. In gauze ribbons they are attempting to introduce rich designs in gold thread. Furniture of sculptured oak, such as adorn the salons of the sixteenth century, is much in demand. Krieger has lately completed his suite of this beautiful furniture for one of the Palaces, which quite equals in conception and execution the superb and beautiful model of that period. This style of furniture is not suitable for small rooms; each piece, from being decorated with sculptured figures, is necessarily bulky, though never heavy. For libraries and dining-rooms, the oak furniture is now universally adopted."

WHAT WILL RUIN CHILDREN.—To have parents exercise partially. This practice is lamentably prevalent. The first born or last, the only son or daughter, the beauty or the wit of the household, is too commonly set apart—Joseph-like.

To be frequently put out of temper. A child ought to be spared, as far as possible, all just causes of irritation; and never to be punished for doing wrong by taunts, cuffs, or ridicule.

To be suffered to go uncorrected to-day in the very thing for which chastisement was inflicted yesterday. With as much reason might a watch which should be bound back half the time, be expected to run well, as a child, thus trained, to become possessed of an estimable character.

To be corrected for accidental faults with as much severity as though they were done intentionally.

The child who does ill when he meant to do well, merits pity, not upbraiding. The disappointment of its young projector, attendant on the disastrous failure of any little enterprise, is of itself sufficient punishment, even where

the result was brought about by carelessness. To add more is as cruel as it is hurtful.

Parents who give a child to understand that he is a burden to them, need not be surprised, should they one day be given to understand that they are burdensome to him.

Written for the Journal.

THE KNOWING PUPIL.

A youth was once sent to a distant town to school, at an academy, under the instruction of a crabbed old schoolmaster. The first morning of his entering the academy, the master called him up, and asked him the following questions:—

"Young man, what do you know?" The youth hung down his head, and hesitated to answer.

"Again the master asked him the question, "what do you know?"

"Know, know, I don't know but one thing for a certainty, replied the boy."

"Well young man, can you repeat the alphabet?"

"I guess so."

"Have you ever read any?"

"Yes, a little."

"Have you ever studied arithmetic?"

"Yes, a little."

"What one have you studied?"

"Greenleaf, sir."

"Have you ever been through it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you studied grammar?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you ever studied Geography?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you studied Algebra?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you studied Geometry?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you studied Philosophy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you studied Latin?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you studied Greek?"

"No, sir."

"Have you studied French?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, well, young man, let us hear what that one thing is, for it must be important."

"Well, sir, that is, that I do not know anything; I know that for a certainty."

"Well, young man take a seat right down there, (pointing his finger to a wooden bench six feet from his desk,) and we will try and learn you something."

RURAL ARCHITECTURE.

There are few things in a country landscape which more forcibly arrest the attention, or more agreeably impress the mind of a traveler than a comely style of farm-houses, cottages, and other edifices needed on a farm. And scarcely less important in rural scenery is the exhibition about these buildings of substantial and tastefully constructed fences and gates. Such is not the fact simply with the traveller who has a scientific knowledge of the principles of Architecture. It is in a measure so with others; for there is in all well-balanced minds an apprehension of what is comely and beautiful, although in thousands of cases individuals may be unable to determine the reasons for the emotion they experience.

Well-formed objects cause a pleasure in the mind of the beholder, and ill-formed ones cause a painful sensation, although the individual may be ignorant of the philosophy which occasions the difference. No one can deny this. No one, it might seem, is without experience in illustration of this principle of our nature. All at times must have felt the truth of it.—John L. Blake, D. D.

CURRIERS TOOLS.—A complete assortment of tools, patterns and imitative designs on hand, made to order, at short notice, at the Hardware store, Knight's Building, L. THOMPSON, JR., mar 6.

TEARNE, TAILOR, KNIGHT'S BUILDING, WOBURN.

As a great variety of Broadcloths, Cassimores and Vests, of every shade and quality, for Fall and Winter, which he will make into garments, for cash, at prices that will suit the most economical.

Constantly on hand a large and extensive assortment of Shirts, Collars and Bows.

READY MADE CLOTHING, of every description.

All those that may be in want of garments, such as have been made in his establishment, are invited to call and examine, as he feels confident that his styles and prices will be satisfactory to all. Garments and styles will be satisfactory to all.

Garments for the home, post, paid, will receive the article by return of Express.

For sale in Woburn by G. W. FOWLE, mar 1.

WOOD FOR SALE

ARD, soft, and green Wood, in quantities to suit purchasers, for sale by CALLEB FRENCH, dec 13.

IRON PROOF PLATE ENAMELWARE, such as Pitchers, Bowls, Favers, Tea Pots, Sugars, Creamers, and Pans for Bread-making—very useful—for sale at the Hardware store of L. THOMPSON, JR., mar 6.

POND'S IMPROVED UNION RANGE, 1850.

THE subscribers find it necessary to make some improvement in their COOKING RANGE, which they have thoroughly tested, are prepared to offer to the trade, and to let them for the use of families, board houses, hotels, &c.

They are equally well suited for wood and coal, and are made of six different sizes, adapting them for both large and small establishments.

The principal improvement is the placing of the oven above the fire, so that the heat reaches the oven directly, and the fire is more easily kept.

The oven is large and roomy, and the door is so arranged about the fire, that it can be easily opened, rendering it perfectly simple in operation, (there being but one damper,) and one of the most durable and economical ranges ever made.

THE IRON FURNACES, for heating houses, and PARLOR STOVES, for heating additional rooms, are attached when desired, also WOOD BURNING RANGES, of the most approved construction.

The above, with our other approved patterns of Ranges, we are prepared to put up, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Also FURNACES, for heating houses, and PARLOR STOVES, of the best patterns, and PARLOR STOVES, of MIRROR MARBLE CHIMNEY PIECES, of beautiful design, with a full assortment of Stoves, Tin and Copper Ware, &c. & c., we offer for sale at our Furniture and Furnace Factory, Nos. 28 and 30 Franklin street, Boston, Mass.

Personal attention given to setting Ranges and Furnaces.

MOSES POND & CO., Oct 18.

ALMANACS FOR 1852.—FARMERS, Christian Family, and Comic Almanacs for sale at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

POP CORN, in any quantity, for sale at the Hardware Store of L. THOMPSON, JR., mar 6.

STRAW MATTINGS,—White and Plaited Straw Mats, all widths for sale at W. WOODBURY'S.

MARY A. EATON, CARPET MAKER.

Orders left at this office, or at 223 Washington, opposite Franklin street, Boston, will be attended to, on Jan 31.

DEVINE'S PITCH LOZENGES.—FOR the cure of Coughs, Colds, Croup, Asthma, and Consumption, for sale by EDWARD E. COOPER.

CARPETINGS, Wool, cotton and wool, and cotton Carpetings, at WOODBERRY'S.

Oct 22.

SPRING DE LAINES.—JUST RECEIVED, a large lot of *New Styles* Spring De Laines, at FLAGG'S Dry Goods Store.

mar 13.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT THE OFFICE
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Editor, at Woburn or at No. 21 Federal St., Boston.
Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring towns, solicited.

Written for the Journal

LA LANGUE DES ABSENTS.

TO C. J. WESTCOTT

BY MRS. MARY W. WELLMAN.

I'll think of thee when blushing morn,
Throws its beauty o'er the sea;
And when the evening star is up,
Oh! then I'll think of thee.

This beausous star has watched me oft,
When other eyes were closed;
And like an angel visitant,
Watched me as I reposed.

Yes, I do love you burning star,
I've loved it well for years;
How oft in childhood have I stood,
And gazed it through my tears.

I may forget this little star,
That shines 'mid Heavens own blue;
But, sh! I never can forget,
Thy friendship warm and true.

Thy kindness and thy love to me,
Tis words of comfort given;
How caused me to forget the earth,
And joy in thoughts of heaven.

And now thy friendship, gentle friend,
Shines round me from afar;
A prize it! I prize it far above,
That glorious evening star.

North Hoburn, 1852.

TALES AND SKETCHES.

Written for the Journal.

THE SOUTHERNER'S CHOICE.

BY MAY BITCHIE.

"Are you going to the Opera this evening, Nettie?" exclaimed Flora Parker, as she rushed into her sisters dressing-room, and without waiting for a reply, hastily added—"Papa has engaged seats for all of us, and the hand-some young Southerner has accepted an invitation to make one of our number; and do you know Nettie?" she continued, lowering her voice almost to a whisper, while a deep blush stole over her fair face—"Do you know that I'm half in love with him already?—Yes,—and am bound to make a conquest of his heart; for, to tell you the truth, I consider him a gem—a true paragon of perfection—just the man for me!—but Nettie, you have not replied to my question—Are you going?"

Netty smiled at her sister's overflow of spirit, while she thus calmly replied:—

"No, Flora, I cannot go. It is utterly impossible for me to make one of your number to-night; but the next——"

"There, I knew it would be so,—'the next the next!' that's always the reply that one may forever expect from you," interrupted Flora, in an angry tone,—"but the next time a message is to be delivered to you, some one else besides Flora Parker, will appear in the presence of the aristocratic Nettie Parker;" and the haughty speaker cast a scornful look upon the plain, yet neat dress of her gentle sister. Scanning every part of the same, her eyes rested upon the neatly mended boots which peered forth from the folds of Nettie's dress. A contemptuous frown stole over her features; and, with a toss of her head and curl of her lips, she gave utterance to the following tantalizing remark:—

"Wear mended boots! It's an insult to our family—a downright insult! I never was so mortified in my life, as a few mornings since, when, with a friend, to meet you *vis-a-vis* on the street so inferiorly dressed; than kind fortune, though, my friend did not recognize you, which relieved me, in part, of my great embarrassment. You, nevertheless, the subject of much comment: no longer ago than last week, you were the source of many remarks; and finally was considered a *simpleton*! Yes, a real 'no-nothing'! Perhaps you are ignorant of what I refer to, and, in fact, I know you are, from your appearance at the time; so here goes an éclaircissement, for I perceive you require one. When at the party given by Madame E., there was a constant buzzing of 'Who is she?' as you, with your unjewelled form, entered alone, through the door which led into the spacious drawing-room, where were already assembled the stars of fashion. Then, amid sneers and low whispers, you were declared to represent a 'poor girl,' or some half-bred country lass; blushing 'with all your might' at every glance directed towards you. You were considered a real 'gawky'; and not a few, (feeling it to be a great insult to be invited to a place where such an inferior personage was to be met,) were upon the point of taking their leave, when the tidings that you was the daughter of E. F. Parker, Esq., met their ear, and kept them from departing. This intelligence did not serve to lesson the disgust they felt towards you; but out of respect to my parents and self, they ceased their remarks and withheld their scornful glances toward you; and how in the world the charming young Southerner could have been induced to seek your side, and place himself on a seat near one so pitiful looking as yourself, is more than I, or any one else, can comprehend. You needn't blush so, for he's not in *love* with you, that is certain—not he,—since his wealth, beauty and attractions could command him in wedlock with the fairest, wealthiest, and most *gifted* of our sex. So keep your blushes for one who may be qualified to appreciate them—some poor mechanic, for instance. But I see the plain remarks that I have taken upon myself to make, does not have the desired effect, that I anticipated; you still remain obstinate, as ever—no acknowl-

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1852.

NO. 32.

JOB PRINTING

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The office has been furnished with new type throughout, and we are prepared to execute all orders for printing in the best manner and at short notice.

Printing in Gold, Silver and Bronze done in super-

ior style, at reasonable rates.

WOBURN RECORDS.

DEATHS, COMMENCING 1642.

1645

John s. of Simon Thompson, d. 12th of 2d.

1646

William Larned, d. 1st of 1st.

Samuell, s. of John Wynam, d. 27th of 7th.

Daniell, s. of Richard Snow, d. 18th of 5th.

Jane, w. of Frances Littlefield, d. 20th of 16th.

James, s. of James Thompson, d. 24th of 18th.

1647.

Ezekell Richardson, d. 21st of 8th.

1648.

Joseph, s. of Thomas Pierce, d. 27th of 12th.

1649.

Joanna, w. of Edward Winn, d. 8th of 1st.

Lambert Sutton, d. 27th of 9th.

Theophilus, s. of Thomas Carter, d. 15th of

12th.

1651.

Thomas Richardson, d. 28th of 6th.

Samuell Tedd, d.

Sarah, d. of James Parker, d. 15th 8th.

Margaret, w. of John Tedd,

Susannah d. of Henry Baldwin, d. 28th of

7th.

Abraham, s. of Abraham Parker, 20th of 8th.

Michell, s. of Michell Lepenwell, 15th of 4th.

Mary, d. of Allen Converse, d. 10th of 9th.

1652.

John Chamberlain, d. 3d of March.

Judeth, d. of Frances Wyman, d. 22d of 10th.

Theophilus, s. of Allen Converse, d. 28th of

1653.

Samuell, s. of Joseph Knight, d. 26th of 10th.

John, s. of John Brooks, d. 22d of 9th.

Anna, w. of Henry Tottingham, 23d of 12th.

Elizabeth, d. of John Carter, d. 20th of 10th.

John, s. of Robert Eams, d. 18th of 11th.

Samuell, s. of Robert Eams, d. 14th of 2d.

William Green, d. 7th of 11th.

1654.

Mary, d. of John Cuttler, d. 3d of 3d.

James Brittan, d. 3d of 3d.

Tibitha, d. of William Simonds, d. 26th of

6th.

Mary, w. of Michell Bacon, d. 26th of 6th.

Samuell, s. of Thomas Pierce, 27th of 12th.

Lydia, d. of James Converse, 26th of 3d.

1655.

John Tedd, d. 24th of 2d.

Joseph, s. of John Baker, d. 26th of 10th.

Joshua, s. of William Simonds, d. 16th of

5th.

Thomas, s. of Samuell Richardson, d. 27th of

7th.

William, s. of William Look, d. 9th of 11th:

1656.

Samuell Richardson, d. 23d of 1st.

Elizabeth, d. of John Wyman, d. 21st of 9th.

Rebeckah, daughter of—

Samuell Richardson, d. in May.

1657.

Simon Thompson, d. 25th of 1st.

Elizabeth, d. of John Wyman, 21st of 9th:

Rebekah, d. of—d.—d.

Simon Thompson, d. in May.

1658.

Isaac, s. of John Farrar, d. 30th of 10th:

1659.

Susannah, w. of James Thompson, d. 10th of

12th.

William, s. of George Brush, d. 1st of 11th:

Joseph, s. of John Tidd, d. 1st of 12th.

Timothy, s. of Timothy Brooks, d. 20th of

11th.

Samuell, s. of George Polly, d. 6th of 12th:

1660.

Susannah, w. of James Thompson, d. 10th of

12th.

William, s. of George Brush, d. 3d of 9th:

Elizabeth, d. of Allen Converse, d. 2d of 6th:

Bartholomew, s. of Bartholomew Pierson, d.

23d of 12th.

Mary, d. of Joseph Knight, d. 10th of 2d:

Sarah, w. of Edward Converse, d. 14th of 11th:

Mary, d. of Simon Thompson, d. 2d of 12th:

1662.

Susannah, d. of John Baker, d. 1st of 2d:

Hannah, d. of George Polly, d. 6th of 2d:

1663.

Dea, Edward Converse, d. 10th of 6th.

Mary, d. of Henry Baldwin, d. 8th of 11th:

John, s. of Matthew Smith, d. 18th of 8th:

1664.

Elizabeth, w. of George Read, d. 26th of 12th:

—, s. of John Baker, d. 15th of 1st:

1665.

Dea, John Mousall, d. 27th of 1st:

1666.

Sarah, d. of Isaac Brooks, d. 2d of 5th:

1667.

Joanna, d. of Moses Cleavelon, d. 12th of 1st:

Deborah, d. of Thomas Carter, d. 14th of 10th:

Samuell, s. of John Bussell, d. 1st of 10th:

1670.

John Waller, d. 8th of 6th.

Mary, w. of Michell Bacon, d. 19th of 3d:

Abigail, d. of Joseph Winn, d. 26th of June:

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

JOHN A. FOWLE, EDITOR.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1852.

The proprietors of the "Woburn Journal" propose, at the close of Volume First, to submit the original pieces contributed to this paper to a committee; and in accordance with their decision, they will distribute to the most eminent authors two or three PRIZES, each to consist of one or more of our most costly ANNUALS.

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—MESSRS. NICHOLS, WIND & CO., are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—DR. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

STREETER.—MR. G. W. DIXIE will act as agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

BOSTON.—MESSRS. S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Statestreet, are agents for this paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Frank"—Your communication received; the answers to enigmas, you will see in the last Journal; yours are right. Your lines we have on file, but the article is much too long for our columns at present.

"D. G."—A well written article, and will no doubt please our readers. We use the initials of your name, for reasons of our own, which you will please excuse.

"W. E."—We shall find room for your thoughts, on "Rag Rock," next week. We must again remind our correspondents not to write on both sides of a communication.

"M. W. P."—Your article on "memory" is good, and we can only say—"must hide its time." Our pile of poetry increases faster than we can use them.

"Lord of Crispin"—The only objection to your poetry, "To my Mother," is its length; the subject is a sacred one. We shall use it.

"Pupil"—Your "School Room Scenes" shall not be forgotten; they are on file for early attention.

"W. P."—We had some doubts about admitting your articles, we cannot decline it, because it sustains the cause of Temperance, without any political bearing, and we concluded to publish it.

"J. E."—There are many good things to be found in the letters of our correspondent "J. E., and we hope to receive many more; they are written in plain style, and may be relied upon as true.

"T. H."—We decline your article. There can no good result come from foolish insinuations, and we advise you to find the schoolmaster before you invite another epistle.

PHYSIOLOGY.

A young correspondent enquires if we think physiology can be studied, with benefit, by the young; and also says he would like from us, something in relation to the subject. We are glad to see an interest manifested by "James" in this important matter, and hope he will give it all the attention it deserves.

We think no person will say that the human frame should not be studied by the young, for it must appear to every reasonable man to be of great importance, to know that we are "fearfully and wonderfully made;" we say know, for we fear that after all, many people who hear this expression made use of, do not realize its truth in the slightest degree.

If it be of the first importance to the young that they know of their Creator, then it must be equally important for them to know his works; and if the noblest work of God be man, how can it be unwise or improper to teach the youthful mind how wonderfully the human frame is adapted to the purpose intended, and also how delicate and frail is its structure, and yet how strange?

"Know thyself," is a compleat full of meaning, and it is lamentable to think how few can respond to the sentiment, by saying they search after such knowledge. We do not believe there is any one subject, connected with our highest interest, about which people are in more profound ignorance, than this, and we hesitate not to say, that there is less of general interest manifested in it, than any more common place subject. We attribute this ignorance to the want of early education, and believe that if the interesting subject of Physiology was made a matter of early education, and pains was taken to introduce it into our schools under favorable auspices, it would prove to be the most attractive and important study of a school; and the time would soon come when we should find persons realizing the value and importance of preserving their health; we should find them having higher and more exalted views of their Creator.

The old lady on being told that a certain chapter of a work on Physiology, was upon the "Circulation of Blood," said she knew all about it, for she had been troubled with the disease, was, perhaps, excusable for the ignorance, because she never had an opportunity to learn otherwise; and, perhaps, the person who thought he lost his life some years ago, during a severe fit of vomiting, might be excused on the same score; and we dare say, that thousands know but little more, who pretend nevertheless to be well informed persons.

We therefore take pleasure in saying, that we feel this subject to be of vital importance to our young readers, and we hope they will all take special pains to get information about that casket which contains so priceless a gem as the human soul, ever remembering the close connection that exists between a body and the heart; and if one be healthy and strong, the other is more likely to be; then let all heed the admonition, "know thyself."

"Blake, Ware & Co., Brattle street, Boston, keep one of the best stocks of furniture in Boston, and it is really worth a visit to go in there, and look through their establishment. Mr. Edward Fowle of this town may be found there during the day, and is always happy to wait on his friends. We erroneously stated last week, that this establishment was in Cornhill, Boston; we should have said Brattle street, near Dock Square."

"We regret to notice among our record of deaths this week, the name of our fellow citizen, Mr. John Colcord, who died on Wednesday morning, of consumption at the age of 53; he leaves a large family to mourn his loss,

[Reported for the Woburn Journal.]
THE PARADE OF THE "PHALANX."

On Wednesday last, the annual parade of the "Woburn Mechanic Phalanx" took place, as expected, and, as acknowledged on all hands, it was one of the best, if not the best display of this popular corps since its organization. Everything seemed to combine to make the occasion a pleasant one,—the weather was fine,—and *wasn't* the dust,—the music enlivening and of the best possible character, and it seemed to inspire into every soldier's breast the true military spirit. After going through a dress parade on the Common, about 9 o'clock, the Phalanx marched a short distance about town and then took up their line of march for Lexington. On their way they halted at the residence of Oliver H. Parker, Esq., where, by previous invitation, the company partook of a bountiful, liberal and refreshing collation, or *feast*, we might say, for certainly no man or king could wish for a better or daintier bite than was here provided; and we know we speak for all when we say, that Mr. Parker has the hearty thanks of the company for the very generous and truly refreshing repast which he furnished.

Precisely at half-past one o'clock, the time appointed, the company sat down to dinner. We wished had room to do that justice to which the Phalanx did, but we have not. Suffice it to say it was "done up brown," and in Bigelow's best style, which can't be beat by anybody. Col. Green and Staff soon entered, and were received by the "Phalanx" boys with "three times three," and then the tables were attacked in earnest. Dinner over, then came the intellectual feast. The regular toasts were given and responded to as follows:—

1st. His Excellency, the Commander in Chief of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia.
Maj. Cobb was called upon to respond, which he did in an able and effective manner, alluding to his own connection with the Volunteer Militia, and giving the views and wishes of His Excellency, the Governor, on the subject. He concluded by giving—

The Volunteer Militia of Massachusetts—If they equal His Excellency's wishes, they will excel any military organization that exists.

2d. The Commander of the Fourth Regiment—He is *green* in nothing but his name; in everything pertaining to the Military, he is emphatically *True Blue*.

This was responded to by Col. Green, who remarked that, whether *green* or *blue*, he would "acknowledge the corn." He referred to past and happy associations with the Phalanx, and paid them a high compliment; he closed with a sentiment, which was responded to by J. P. Converse, Esq., in his usual able manner.

3d. The Fourth Regiment—However long they may remain with *Peas upon the Trencher*, they always have on hand a *Cobb* (cobb) and *two kernels* (cols.) together with some first rate *Porter*.

This sentiment called up Adjutant Porter, who entertained the company with a humorous speech, and closed with a witty poetical sentiment, which, unfortunately, we are not able to give.

Quartermaster Ladd was called upon for a sentiment. He gave:—

The Woburn Phalanx—The only corps that practices the art of teaching military science by the use of a *Grammer*.

Captain Grammer here rose, and made a few remarks, and then called for the fourth regular sentiment.

4th. Our Military friends of Nashua and Nashville—True representatives of citizen soldiers; as citizens, polite, generous and hospitable; as soldiers, spirited and well disciplined; in either capacity they are hard to beat.

Captain Banks, of Nashua, here read a letter from the Commander of the Granite State Lancers, which concluded with an appropriate sentiment.

A letter and sentiment from John A. Fowle, Esq., Editor of the "Woburn Journal," was then read, as follows:—

Woburn, May 25th, 1852.

CAPTAIN GRAMMER.—Dear Sir:—I regret that I shall be prevented accepting your invitation to dine with the "Woburn Phalanx" on the 23d. It would afford me much pleasure to be present on that occasion, and make the acquaintance of the members of so fine a company as the "Phalanx." Please accept my thanks for the invite, and if the enclosed sentiment is of any value you can use it.

Yours Truly,

JOHN A. FOWLE.

THE PHALANX.

Here's to the "Woburn Phalanx" corps, Three good cheers, and two or three more; Of Middlesex companies, they're the banner;

The reason's plain—they've a Captain Grammer; They march so fine, the folks all stare, The ladies they look, as can only the fair.

And truly I say, that not in this region, Such soldiers you'll find, or any such legion;

They're gallant and true, a band of the brave, And stand ready, if wanted, their country to save. Then to them all, I say good cheer,

Take our good wishes, as though we were here.

5th. The past Commanders of the Phalanx.

Captain Wyman responded, alluding to his almost solitary "march to Lexington," and gave:—

Lexington—The birth-place of American Liberty.

In connection with the past Commanders, Capt. Grammer made a few remarks, referring to Capt. Albert Thompson, and others, now

in California, and gave an appropriate sentiment to those absent members, which was followed by music by the Band to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

Col. Green gave some very interesting reminiscences of the ancient mode of warfare, and spoke of a recent invention in firearms.—He closed by giving:—

The Phalanx—The country will expect a great deal from a model corps with a model weapon.

Remarks, very able in their character and appropriate to the occasion, were made by J. P. Converse, Esq., Acting Commissary to the Phalanx. A conundrum, by Sergeant Alley, too good to be lost, was given, as follows:—

Why was the late Kossooth celebration like the forest in winter? (all hands "gave it up.") Because they didn't have any *Green*, (referring to Col. Green.)

Many volunteer sentiments were given, but we have not room to give them.

In the afternoon, the "Phalanx" went through a dress parade on the Lexington Common, or battle-ground, in presence of Col. Green and Staff, which is pronounced by competent judges, to have been a highly creditable performance. The Phalanx never looked better, and some, more patriotic, perhaps, than the rest, like the old "Revolutionaries," really "marched to Lexington" where, just at the entrance to the village, the company again formed, and then marched through the streets to the Common, or battle-ground, and thence to the Lexington House to dine.

THE DINNER.

Precisely at half-past one o'clock, the time appointed, the company sat down to dinner. We wished had room to do that justice to which the Phalanx did, but we have not. Suffice it to say it was "done up brown," and in Bigelow's best style, which can't be beat by anybody. Col. Green and Staff soon entered, and were received by the "Phalanx" boys with "three times three," and then the tables were attacked in earnest. Dinner over, then came the intellectual feast. The regular toasts were given and responded to as follows:—

Written for the Journal.

THE LIQUOR BILL.

Mr. EDITOR:—To the surprise of every body in the World, and the rest of mankind, our distinguished friend Gov. Boutwell, wisely decided in his "sober second thought," to approve the Liquor Bill, and altho' he did not do it very manfully, as it must appear to many, we feel disposed to make all due allowance for the influence of "the power behind the throne," and thank him with all our hearts, for what he did. Still we cannot, many of us, help feeling disappointed, and a little mortified, that Gov. Boutwell, whom every friend of the cause of Temperance in the state, could not but regard as a friend of the Maine Liquor Law, from the fact of his being the President of a Society pledged to the enactment of this law,—should have pursued such a wavering, undecided, not to say inconsistent, course in refusing the first place, to sign the bill, on the ground that such a measure required the sanction of the people, and that the will of the people would not be ascertained by means of an open ballot, and then to sign the bill without even a reference of the law to the people, and at the same time *implicitly* expressing his doubts of the expediency of such a law.

As to the secret ballot, I believe it is generally admitted, that there were many in, as well as *out* of the Legislature, professing to have been friends of the Bill, who would have been glad to have seen it defeated, but were afraid to take a manly stand forward course; and such lip-supporters would, undoubtedly, have taken advantage of the *secret* ballot to vote against the bill, and thus have killed it, without any body being any the wiser as to who did the deed, and this appears to have been mainly the reason why many of the most enthusiastic supporters of the *secret* ballot, believed the will of the people in this particular instance, could as well be obtained thro' the open ballot, for it is not to be believed that any citizen of the enlightened State of Massachusetts, however dependant he might be,

to advance a sacred moral cause; and I think it must have been this conviction that caused Gen. Wilson, a warm friend of the secret ballot, to remark, in relation to the Veto, that the reasons for it, as expressed in the message,

"were of no weight at all; but simple, childish, and foolish—the merest subterfuge."

It is possible that when the Governor wrote his Veto Message he had "a brick in his hat;" but he found, as the *Evening Traveller*, most pertinently remarks, it "had raised a storm about him which he had not courage to mount and ride."

And now, Gentlemen, fill up your glasses for the last time, for you may rely upon it, the law will be strictly enforced, and if you don't mind your p's and q's, it "will be after you with a sharp stick."

D. G.

Written for the Journal.

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D. G.

Written for the Journal.

Mr. EDITOR:—I was much surprised, to learn that Gov. Boutwell had signed the Liquor Bill; it was an agreeable surprise, for I had given up all hope of that bill, at this session. The reasons which have governed in changing the mind of Gov. Boutwell, are of course best known to himself, but the act of signing the bill in direct opposition to his opinion, as expressed in his Veto, has drawn down on his head the strong censures of both friends and foes, but he can no doubt sustain himself, and we have no disposition to grumble.

It is true that every man has a right to his own opinion, and it is our privilege, as freemen, to express it without fear or favor as individuals;

but when we come to public men, who are chosen to represent the views and principles of the people, I think there is some difference to be considered in exercising the power vested in the individual, as to whether his own private opinion should be his guide, or that which is expressed by those who elected him to protect and advance the public good. I do not condemn a man for standing up, boldly, and manfully combating the progress of an evil, which he sees and knows will injure the interests of society, although he may stand alone, and in the end be defeated, still there is much to admire in the noble bearing of his courage. Such a man may be excused for giving preference to his individual opinion, because the evil is too apparent to the most casual observer and self-interest may be the evident opponent arrayed against him, and we all know that self-interest is the strong and governing principle of mankind.

How easy it is for some men, to use deception in gaining my political end; we are all fond of distinction, and there are a thousand ways to obtain it. In all public excitements there are to be found, those who are ready to raise their hats, and cheer for the dear people and very often the man who cheers the loudest, takes the first station on the political ladder; he lays his plow, and ascends with perfect confidence in his own estimation that he can reach the top, and when he gets there he is like the poor beetle,

"Who means a blade of grass, Exults, and falls below."

I cannot keep from my view the different openings which the events accompanying the debate on the Liquor Bill has made in the minds, and motives of many of our good and faithful servants at the State House in Boston.

I might mention a senator from this county, who depicted in the most glowing language the horrors of intemperance, and I give him credit for the truthfulness of his description, his allusions to the wife in her agony of misery, following her intertemperate husband, and his fair and just appreciation of the motives of those who signed the long petition, are worthy of a more firm and consistent advocate of Temperance. I do not wish to be harsh, but in my opinion a man, who advances such expressions, on such a tremendous evil as intemperance and he knowing them to be true, and professing to be its enemy, to set up his private opinion, against the known wishes of those who placed him in his situation to sustain their will, should not be trusted again, for it shows a cloven foot, and looks like political deceit.

I am decided in my opinion on intemperance, that it is the curse of our country, and I will go hand in hand, with those who will unite to sweep it from our land.

W.

Written for the Journal.

THE LIQUOR BILL.

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1852.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.
THINGS I LOVE.
It fills my heart with joy sincere,
To fly from noise and strife;
And for awhile escape the toils,
That crowd my path through life.

I love to seek the forest wild,
The thickly wooded glade;
And sit beneath the spreading oak,
Within its cooling shade.

I love, upon some rugged cliff,
Where the sea-bird builds its nest;
To sit and watch the snowy sails,
That decks the ocean's breast.

I love at midnights silent hour,
To tread the rocky shore;
And catch, as on the breeze it comes,
Old oceans distant roar.

I love the sea, the silent wood,
The green and grassy sod;
For while my eye on nature roams,
My thoughts are turned to God.

Woburn, May 10th, W. D. S.

AGRICULTURE.

He who by the Plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

AGRICULTURAL AXIOMS.

In no department is Bacon's celebrated maxim, "Knowledge is power," worth more than in agriculture. Hence no farmer can be accounted skillful in his profession, who does not avail himself of the information, to be derived from the experience of others, and who does not improve his knowledge of husbandry, by the perusal of the ablest works which have been written on that subject. It is absurd to imagine, that the communication of knowledge, which has promoted the advance of every other art, should be of no use in agriculture.

Endeavor to raise good grain, for it will always sell, even in years of plenty; whereas it is only in dear and scarce seasons, that there is a demand for grain of an inferior quality.

Let your stock of cattle, horses, &c., be of the best sorts, and more remarkable for real utility, than for beauty or fashion.

Be not above your profession, and always consider it as the first that any man can follow.

Admit no guest into your house, who cannot live upon the productions of his own country.

No farmer ought to cultivate more land than he can manage to advantage. It is better to till twenty acres well, than one hundred in a slovenly manner.

A man's owning a large farm is no excuse for imperfect tillage. What he cannot improve, he need not undertake to cultivate.

A large farm, without skill, capital and industry, is a plague to its owner. It is like what somebody said of self-righteousness, the more you have of it, the worse you are off.

HILLING CORN.—In cultivating Indian corn, I am confident that "hilling" is a disadvantage to the crop. Of this I became fully convinced several years ago on contrasting its results with those of the opposing system, in a field belonging to a friend. Since then I have instituted a variety of experiments, and have found that in all modifications of soil and temperature, corn which is not "hilled up" is the most vigorous, less injuriously affected by drought, and produces more and sounder corn.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

BARN CELLARS.

Mr. Eborac—Barn cellars have become so common and so generally praised both by scientific and practical farmers, it is doubted whether the many think there are any evils attending them, or any precautions necessary to protect stock and their food against unhealthy influences. The barn cellar is justly described as a favorable situation for composting manure; and in exact proportion to its excellence for this purpose it will send forth unhealthy influences to the animals and hay situated over it. Would any man in the exercise of reason, direct a sink spout into the cellar of his house, or doubt the injurious influences of the air thus produced on the health of the inhabitants, and on their provisions. Very similar gases to those such an arrangement would produce, are continually ascending from the barn cellar; the animals kept there may not be quite so sensitive as human beings, nor quite so particular concerning the purity of their food, but pure air and clean food are no less necessary to their health, than to that of man. It may not be possible to construct a barn in such manner that composting manure under it will not produce some injurious effects. Much evil, however, can be avoided with seasonable and suitable precautions. The flooring of the barn should be double and made tight as possible. Before hay is put on the floor a coating of plaster or lime should be applied. Lime will do very well under the hay, but under the cattle plaster should be placed and often renewed. Plaster should also be scattered in the cellar, as often as the manure is worked over. With these precautions, the air of a barn with a cellar under it may be kept in a tolerably healthy state. And to this amount of labor, we suppose, all owners of barn-cellars ought to submit, in view of personal interest and the health and comfort of those animals to which they are bound to be merciful.

M. A. Pembroke, March 26th, 1852.

A lady remarked to a printer the other day, that though we might print a kiss, we must never publish it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Written for the Journal.

A Riddle founded on fact, and what makes it more strange it is news!

Within a month there came to a house in this town a stranger, in a miserable condition—bare footed and bare headed, crying in a pitiful manner. The family were quite alarmed—indeed the neighbours were; Mrs. H., the elder, who you know is rather timid, was not so much alarmed as her daughter, who was so affected that she kept her bed for several days; her husband kind man took compassion on him, and treated him like an intimate friend. If this stranger had not received kindness, as he did, he must have died. Much praise is due to the family where he was taken in and provided for; they clothed and fed him, and made him welcome. Although the neighbours knew how destitute he was, he did not receive an old coat or hat from one of them.

You will ask who this person is, where he may be found. I will answer you by telling you a little more about him, and then you may guess. Many have, and do talk with him, but he will not say a word about his origin, his country or his name; promises or threatening have no effect on him; his temper one would think was good, for he has been called a rogue, and he laughed, and although among strangers, he has been so cross and fretful, that he has disturbed the whole house. As to his politics, he is no politician. He will not join the family in prayer, although I think him quite as near perfection, if not nearer, than John Wesley himself; yet he is no Methodist; he shows no regard to the Presbytery, so he is no Presbyterian.

Is he a sound Independent? No, for he does not like infant sprinkling, so you will think him a Quaker; no, for he does not believe in their whims of the spirit; he is no Dissentist, for he does not deny Divine Revelation. Nor is he an Atheist, yet he is what all the world have been save two. As to his person, he is fine looking, countenance very fair, dark hair, fine bright eyes, appears young but has no teeth, so he appears as though very old; his speech is not altered for the want of teeth, speaks very fluently; he is like a great traveler not bashful at all, and is such a master of languages, that if you speak to him in Hebrew, Greek, or Latin, he will answer as well as in English, which is his mother tongue.

This stranger is still in our midst, and by calling upon him you will find the above to be strictly true; he will meet you without the least reserve. Mrs. H., seur, thinks she has seen a person during her life-time, that might have been related to this stranger. Would it not be strange if he should get found out some day or other; his name might be on the list of births in the Town of Woburn. As you progress with that list, Mr. Editor, it begins to be interesting; I hope you will not stop publishing it when it gets down to 1840, or thereabouts, because we should like to see our name in your paper, and if we do not see it among the births, we perhaps shall not see it in the next interesting list that you give to the public, the marriage list; we shall not like to look at it in the below neither would it read as well Miss so & so, as it would Mrs. somebody.

Answers are requested to our Riddle, Woburn, May 15th, So & So.

Written for the Journal.

THE AGED.

One of the most beautiful articles in the dialogue, is that which commandeth love and respect for the aged;—"honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," but nevertheless is one which of all other is the most frequent, and grossly broken.

The heart of every truly good man throbs with emotion, when his eyes rest on the bowed form of man, or falls upon the aged dimmed eyes of woman, and reflects that perhaps, once they were the admired of their sex, but now the time-worn and fast muddering relies of humanity, one, what he is, but alas! now, too truly the likeness of what he must be, the bowed in form—dim of sight, and shattered in intellect.

It is only the clown and the monsieur that will laugh at the weaknesses and infirmities of age; and those who do it stand out in bold relief to the gaze of the world, like speechless statues unlearned of the past, and unreflecting of the future; and their hearts are as incapable of any moral or sympathetic feeling as the snow-clad field of Greenland, are, of giving strength and perfection to the sweet-scented flower of southern climes.

By such minds grey-headed and trembling forms are considered as worthless rubbish, instead of living monuments upon which are written by the laws of God the destiny of our race; as subjects of their mirth, instead of temporary temples, fashioned by the hand of the "king of kings," and tenanted by an immortal soul.

N. Y. Woburn, May 13th, 1852.

THE SLANDERER.

An old writer once said:—"The slanderous woman poisons the atmosphere of her entire neighborhood, and blasts the sanctities of a thousand homes with a single breath. From a woman of this class nothing is sacred; she fattens upon calumny and slaughtered reputations. She is the ghoul of an Eastern story, transferred from the Arabian Nights to the fireside-circle. She never asserts anything—she merely hints, and supposes, and whispers that they say. Every neighborhood in the city is infested with some creature of this sort, and in country towns they are often afflicted with two or three of the ghoul women. One is enough to set a hundred families by the ears; two can break up a church; three are sufficient.

ient for any kind of mischief, from the separating of husband and wife, to blasting the fame of a stainless girl. A pure woman is simply an angel embodied in the human shape; a slanderous woman is something worse than cholera—certainly infectious as the yellow fever."

FEATS OF WEALTH.—The wealth which now exists in Amsterdam falls much short of what it was previous to the revolution, or during the period of Dutch commercial pre-eminence. It is not long since strangers, in Amsterdam, were shown the spacious house of a merchant, who, after lavishing much on furniture and paintings, actually caused the floor of one of his apartments to be laid with Spanish dollars, set on edge. Another gentleman in Holland, determined to make a pavement before his residence of large massive plates of silver and to surround it with an ornamental chain of the same costly metal. Before carrying his plan into effect, it behove him to obtain the sanction of the authorities. These worthies, however, void of sympathy, set their faces against a proposition which might have compelled them to increase the strength of the town guards. Enraged at their non-compliance, Moses determined to punish them. He ordered his dwelling, situated in the principal street, immediately to be pulled down, and on its site erected the one now standing. It is literally covered with diabolical figures, a mounting, it is said, to 365.

VERY DISTRESSING.—The other day, while a fire was raging in Detroit, a gentleman of prepossessing appearance rushed frantically from the Free Press office, exclaiming in heartrending tones to the gallant firemen: "Gentlemen, for Heaven's sake save the Bank—if that burns I am ruined; they have got my note locked up in there!"

HOME.

He who has no home has none of the pleasures of life; he feels not the thousand endearments that cluster around that hallowed spot to fill the void of his aching heart and while his leisure moments in the sweetest of life's joys. Is misfortune your lot? you will find a friendly welcome from hearts beating true to your own. The chosen partner of your toil has a smile or approbation when others have deserted, a hand to help when others refuse, and a heart to feel your sorrows as her own. Perhaps a smiling cherub, with prattling glee and joyous laugh, will drive all sorrow from your care-worn brow, and enclose it in the wreath of bliss.

No matter how humble the home may be, how destitute its stores, or how poor its inmates are clad; if true hearts dwell there, it is yet a home—a cheerful prudent wife, obedient and affectionate children, will give their possessor more real joy than bags of gold and wavy honor.

The home of a temperate, industrious, honest man will be his greatest joy. He comes to it weary and worn," but the merry laugh and happy voice of childhood cheers him; and a plain but healthy meal awaits him. Envy, ambition, and strife have no place there; and with a clear conscience, he lays his limbs down to rest in the bosom of his family, and under the protecting care of the poor man's friend and help.

SCHOOL BOOKS, BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS.—Book Blanks, Blank Books and Notes, Paper—all varieties—such as Writing, Tissue, Perfumed Drawing, Business Board, Steel Pens and Holders, Quilts, Oil, Envelopes, Plain Cards, Fenels and Leads, Seals, Wafers, and all the various ARTICLES, besides great varieties of PENS, PENCILS, &c. Also, VARIOUS ARTICLES, Weekly and Monthly—such which will be sold as low as one cent.

GEO. W. WARREN, A. B. WARREN, and D. WHITE, Jr.

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Oct. 28. 35thlow

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Importers of English and French Writing, Letter, and Note Paper, Envelopes, Writing Parcels, &c. &c.

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GOLD PENS, WATCHES, JEWELRY,

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WOBURN JOURNAL

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at reasonable rates.

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the Editor, at Woburn or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.
Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring towns, solicited.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal
CLOUDS MAKE SUNSHINE BRIGHTER.

If the sky was always blue,
And the sun shone ever;
Dark clouds passed through,
The clear heavens, never;
We should tire of pleasant days,
And weary of the sun's bright rays;
But storms will often darken,
A warm summer sky;
And it seems all the brighter
When the clouds pass by.

So my life's pure happiness
I never should know,
It uninterrupted—
The currents swift flow;
But my heart is oft weary,
And all within, dreary;
When my spirits are saddest,
And joy's hope is lost,
Then that I prize
My happiness most.

Charlestown, May. H. A. K.

TALES AND SKETCHES.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

A volume narrating the many high-spirited acts performed by the American women of the Revolution, of all ranks of life, would make one of the most interesting books of our country's annals. Time, in its ever sweeping course, has buried in oblivion facts worthy of everlasting remembrance, because there was no chronicler to mark down the events of the period. But there exist traditionary stories in many families which can be gathered, and they should be chronicled—and among such sketches, the women of the Revolution—noble hearted—should not be forgotten.

Seventy-five years ago, there stood upon the summit of "Murray Hill," a handsome country seat, the residence of Robert Murray, a Quaker merchant of much eminence in New York. It was a beautiful country mansion, surrounded with gardens and fruit trees, and just far enough from the city, as it existed at that day, to be delightful, rural and undisturbed from the encroachment of unasked city visitors.

It was toward the hour of two, on a mild afternoon in September, seventy-five years gone by, that a lady in the garb of a Quakeress stood upon the portico of this dwelling, looking anxiously into the road, which passed about a hundred yards in front. Her countenance was mild, but then expressed great anxiety—and not without reason, for ever and anon was heard the loud peal of the cannon, and the rattling fire of musketry, as if men were engaged in deadly strife, and now and then a faint cheer arose amid the clangor of arms.

Upon the road, in rapid retreat, passed large bodies of soldiery. Artillerymen rode along at the head of their pieces, and baggage carts and ammunition wagons mingled in the mire. It was evident the Americans were leaving the city in rapid flight, to save themselves from being cut off from the entrenchments on the upper part of the island.

Three or four negro servants of both sexes stood near to her, to whom she from time to time addressed herself. Presently a black fellow came rushing towards the house, from a branch of the road, his eyes protruding from fright, and his mouth extended from ear to ear.

"Oh, Misssus! down in the meadow near the bay, is a hundred dead sojers, and the English are driving the Mericans with guns and swords before dem! Oh, misssus, sight is horrible!"

"Thee says truly, Cato—the sight is horrible. Why, oh God! will men butcher each other, defacing the image of their creator, and for what?"

"Oh, see, Misssus!" exclaimed several of the servants.

Four soldiers of the buff and blue uniform of the continentals, turned from the road up the broad avenue, filled with trees, which led to the house, bearing upon the litter of reversed muskets a young man, from whose body the blood was oozing so fast that it marked a track along the whole path. Onward they came towards the mansion.

"Cato! Maggy! bring instantly a mattress and pillows, and place them here in this shady spot. Fly, all of thee! Poor youth! poor youth! he is dying!"

The faithful negroes were absent but a moment before they returned with a mattress, pillows, sheets, blankets, and placed them in a cool corner of the wide portico, which extended the whole length of the mansion. The soldiers came up, and the leader of the party addressed the lady:—

"Madam, our ensign is badly wounded.—Our captain directed us, claiming your liberality, to leave him here. The surgeon will soon follow."

"Thee has done right. The shelter God has bestowed upon me shall be open to the unfortunate. Poor youth! poor youth!" he exclaimed, as they laid him upon a matress.

The young officer opened his eyes and gazed round him. His age was not more than twenty, fair-haired and fair-skinned, but pale, very pale, for the signs of death were too plainly marked upon his white and even brow to be mistaken. His eyes were of deep blue;

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WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1852.

NO. 33.

as they fixed their glance upon the fine expressive features of the Quaker lady, he murmured, almost audibly—

"Mother!"

"Poor boy! thou hast a mother living, then—one who perhaps is now lifting her voice to God to save thee from the dangers of the bloody calling into which thou hast fallen. Raise his head, soldier, a little more. He will soon be at rest." This last sentence was murmured to herself.

The surgeon now came rapidly up the avenue, and was soon at the side of the youth. He felt of his pulse, opened his vest, and two gun shots were seen, around which the blood was fast congealing.

"Poor Dick has seen his last fight," said the surgeon. "Either of these wounds, madam, is mortal—he cannot live, at longest, half an hour. Follow your companions, men, the foe is close behind. My good lady, farewell, I can be of no use here. Let me ask of you the favor to get this poor boy buried by the enemy when they inter their own dead." He bent hastily over the dying ensign, wiped away a tear, and rushed out after the soldiers.

The good Quaker lady took one hand of the youth in her own, and pressed the other over his clammy brow, where the cold drops of approaching death were fast gathering. He opened his eyes for the last time, smiled upon the woman whose gaze was now fixed upon him, murmured faintly, "Dear mother!" clasped her hand convulsively, and the next instant ceased to exist!

The lady said not a word. She rose from her recumbent posture, drew a snow-white linen sheet over the body, and, with a stifled sob, looked down the avenue. In different portions of the open orchard appeared soldiers, bearing the dying forms of their comrades, which they laid carefully down, and then rushed rapidly towards their regiments, passing down the main avenue. In the space of a moment, more than a dozen soldiers were placed in this way directly around the mansion.

Summoning her servants, one and all, the good lady went into the orchard to aid the poor dying soldiers as far as lay in her power.

Her attention had not thus long been given, before an officer, in the blue and buff uniform of Washington's staff, came riding at full speed up the road, and turning without slackening his speed toward the mansion. He reined in his steed as he reached the lady, observing her kind actions towards the soldiers.

"I have the honor of addressing Mrs. Murray?"

"If thee means the wife of Robert Murray, I am what thou callst me," replied the lady, looking up.

"My dear madam, pardon my address. The kindness I see displayed tells me I am not mistaken. The commander-in-chief has sent me to ask the favor, if possible, of your retaining the advance of the British troops, by receiving Sir William Howe and his associates, with your civilities, as they will probably stop to take a glass of wine, if requested!"

"My dear madam,"—and he bowed his head nearer to the lady, as if in private conference—"a portion of our troops are yet in the city, and they can only escape by the Bloomingdale road. You may prevent the march of the enemy across the Island."

"Tell your General, young man, that I shall offer General Howe all the civilities in my power."

"Thanks, Mrs. Murray, thanks!" and the aide rode away.

Not more than five minutes had elapsed from the time the officer departed, when the sound of martial music with notes of victory filled the air, and proclaimed movements of advancing troops. Mrs. Murray went down to the road, and with two or three attendants, awaited their coming.

Indeed it was a brilliant spectacle! An advanced corps of cavalry in scarlet uniforms, came gallantly up the hill, their trumpets and kettledrums discoursing most eloquent music!—next followed a company of grenadiers, then a large number of officers in rich uniform. The foremost officer on horseback was Sir Wm. Howe, commander-in-chief of the British forces. In frame of body and stature, Sir. Wm. equalled Washington, both being above the ordinary height. Here the companion stopped. The countenance of the British General, so say historians, was harsh, dark, and forbidding; now and then lighting up by a smile which seemed more disagreeable than prepossessing. Onward came the cavalcade, until they reached the gate at which Mrs. Murray was standing, upon whom all eyes were instantly turned.

"Will theo not stop and refresh thyself for a moment at my mansion? Thee must be fatigued!" she said, addressing herself to Sir William Howe, and the officers immediately about him.

"Really, Clinton, I think we may as well accept this good lady's offer for a few moments. The troops have had hot work so far, and a general rest may not be amiss. Madam, we accept your offer with pleasure, the more so as it shows you to be a loyal friend of his Majesty, whom I now humbly represent as commander-in-chief of his forces in North America."

"I am alike the friend of King George and of Congress—of William Howe and George Washington. It becomes me not, a poor weak thing of God's making, to dislike any of his creatures."

Sir William Howe bowed. It was too polite to argue political matters with the good Quakeress. He rode into the park, after commanding a general halt of ten minutes for the refreshment of the troops, followed by Sir Henry Clinton, Gen. Kniphausen, commander of the Hessians, Lord Percy, Generals Leslie and Grant, and his staff, were dismissed, and followed Mrs. Murray to the mansion.

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"Poor Dick has seen his last fight," said the surgeon. "Either of these wounds, madam, is mortal—he cannot live, at longest, half an hour. Follow your companions, men, the foe is close behind. My good lady, farewell, I can be of no use here. Let me ask of you the favor to get this poor boy buried by the enemy when they inter their own dead."

In the meantime Mrs. Murray had directed Cato, the black servant, privately to go to the top of the mansion, and the instant he saw a large body of men pass a certain point on the Bloomingdale road, to give her the information by signal. I may as well remark that if we gained the entrance we were safe from the guns for she could not fire at us without endangering the whole fleet.

We came to anchor in the middle of the fleet after dark, and it was dark too, not a star shone, and all was still as midnight.

Scarcely had we got our anchor down and all made fast, when the cutter came dashing in and haled a Gloucester vessel; but all the information he obtained from him, was that we had gone farther to leeward. Satisfied with this she dropped anchor, and waited to take us in the morning.

We had heard every word spoken, and could easily have thrown a line upon her deck, we were therefore not a little anxious on the subject.

After all was still in the fleet the skipper took us into the cabin and told us his plan of operation, says he: Boys we're in a dreadful tight place, if we stay here till morning we are sure to be taken, and if we attempt to make sail we shall be followed, taken, our vessel and mackerel sold and we sent back to the States without money or clothes; but if two of you will stick by me to-night I think I can get you out of this scrap."

I immediately stepped forward and was followed by a fellow I will call Crawford.

"Get a hammer and some nails, and your splitting knives and be ready by ten o'clock; said the skipper with a knowing wink.

"Aye, aye, Sir," said Crawford.

We were not long in sharpening our knives of the youth. His fair curling hair blew lightly over his marble cheek in the soft breeze. The buff lining of his uniform was deeply streaked with his life-blood, which had gathered in a clotted pool upon the mattress! The sight was indeed one to awaken emotions in the sternest breast.

"Who among ye will answer to God and this boys mother for the bloody deed?" said Mrs. Murray, raising her eye calmly to a group of officers.

"To horse, gentlemen! Madam, such are the fortunes of war. Thanks for your courtesy!—Farewell!"

This was the only response of Sir William Howe. What more could he say? In a few moments the blast of the trumpets, and the sound of the drums and fife, told that the troops were on the march to triumph and victory—for a season. Thank God, it was only for a short season.

The main facts of this sketch are true. Mrs. Murray, the patriotic Quakeress, by detaining Sir William Howe, saved a large body of American troops—near upon three thousand strong—under the command of Putnam, who would have penned up in the city with his men, if the British troops had crossed the Island sooner. Might not the loss of three thousand troops to Washington, at that time, have been sufficient to change our whole destiny as regards a Republic? It is a grave thought. At any rate, all honor to Mrs. Murray, the Quaker lady of olden times.

[From the Yankee Privateer.]

CHASED BY A CUTTER. A FISH STORY.

BY AN EX-TYPE.

For three weeks our snug little craft had laid idly at anchor in the pleasant harbor of Port Hood, we had one hundred and fifty barrels of mackerel stowed away in the hold, and we were not in a very fair way of making up our trip of three hundred barrels.

Our crew consisted of thirteen all told, and thirteen wilder fellows never trod the deck of a Cape Cod Fisherman; most of us, daredevil fellows, who had shipped for the sake of adventure; and if the old long kitchens of P. E. I. could speak they would a' tale unfold; but I am wandering from my story and must retrace my steps.

"Will theo not stop and refresh thyself for a moment at my mansion? Thee must be fatigued!" she said, addressing herself to Sir William Howe, and the officers immediately about him.

"Really, Clinton, I think we may as well accept this good lady's offer for a few moments. The troops have had hot work so far, and a general rest may not be amiss. Madam, we accept your offer with pleasure, the more so as it shows you to be a loyal friend of his Majesty, whom I now humbly represent as commander-in-chief of his forces in North America."

"Aye, aye, Sir," was the hearty response

from all, and in five minutes we were under full sail for the fishing ground. As we passed the Cutter up went the British colors, no sooner were they fairly set, than the little ball of bunting at our mast head was unfolded to the breeze.

Not a vessel in that whole fleet of one hundred and fifty sail followed us. For three days we had the best of fishing within stone's throw of the Cape Breton shore, and we only wanted eight barrels to fill up, when the Cutter hove in sight, with colors at main peak, and confident of having the pleasure of carrying us into Halifax. Under the circumstances we saw no escape. But our skipper thought otherwise, for ordering us to hoist the jib and main-sail, he took the wheel and we saw that he was going to try to beat into Port Hood with the cutter in chase. We kept steadily on, but the cutter at every tack gained on us, and we waited in suspense for their fire. We did not wait long, for on the next tack they fired on us, but did not reach us.

We had no arms aboard except the captain's musket, which we kept up an answering fire with; it was beginning to grow dark as we made the entrance of the harbor and we had escaped so; the shore was lined with spectators to this novel chase, and we well knew that if we gained the entrance we were safe from the guns for she could not fire at us without endangering the whole fleet.

We came to anchor in the middle of the fleet after dark, and it was dark too, not a star shone, and all was still as midnight.

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The main facts of this sketch are true. Mrs. Murray, the patriotic Quakeress, by detaining Sir William Howe, saved a large body of men, if he had injured him, but of the whole school.

And that is not the whole story. He became, in years after, one of the greatest scholars the world ever saw. Reader, that boy was Isaac Newton. What think you of the way he took to revenge the insult he received? Don't you think he showed more wisdom in this course than we would have done, if he had struck his school-fellow a hard blow?

Never lay a stumbling block in the way of a man who is trying to advance himself in the world honestly and uprightly, for he is likely to walk over it, and laugh at you afterwards.

Women are formed for attachment. Their gratitude is unimpeachable. Their love is an unceasing fountain of delight to the man who has once obtained, and knows how to deserve it.

THE BENEFIT OF AN APPRENTICESHIP.

There is an important feature in the regulations of a master-mechanic, which is frightful to some kind parent's heart, and that is the five to seven years apprenticeship the boy who learns a trade must submit to. But it is an excellent discipline. It takes the lad at a critical period of life—when he has a disposition perhaps adverse to steady employment—when he is inclined to roam at large, amid the contaminating influences about him—and puts him to a steady round of duties—severe, at first, but soon becoming, from habit, agreeable; and, when his minority expires, his steady habits and industry are established, and he comes forth a man, the master of a trade, of fixed principles, and good habits, a blessing to himself and the community; or at least this ought to be the result of an apprenticeship where both master and apprentice mutually discharge their duty to each other.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

JOHN A. FOWLE, EDITOR.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1852.

The proprietors of the "Woburn Journal" propose, at the close of Volume First, to submit the original pieces contributed for this paper to a committee; and in accordance with their decision, they will distribute to the successful authors two or three PRIZES, each to consist of one or more of our most costly ANNUALS.

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—Messrs. Nichols, Winn & Co. are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

STONEHAM.—Mr. G. W. DIXE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

BOSTON.—Messrs. S. M. PITTENGILL & Co., State street, are agents for this paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"H. A. K."—The "Dying Girl" has only one objection; too long for our columns, but it is very creditable.

"E. W."—Your communication was received last Monday, which, of course, prevented us from noticing the error you mentioned, and as the copy is not to be found, we cannot now correct it.

"MAY RITCHIE."—Our compositor will no doubt be pleased with your article, and we trust our correspondents will read it, and profit by its contents.

"S. G."—Your story of "The Little Thief" is very interesting and singular; our fair readers will thank you for the pleasure they will derive in reading it. We supposed you had received the "Journal" with the article on roses; we will send a copy to you. The error you mention was only a slight one. We hope to receive frequent articles from you. The subject of flowers is a beautiful one to pen our thoughts on, and the mind will always be in a happy state when reflecting on the flower garden.

"CECIL."—The piece of poetry which you send us, is well written; we have often read it in former days, and in Moore's melodies it has a conspicuous place if we decline it, as we are not desirous of publishing, as *original*, articles which are stolen; we are liable to get them in sometimes before observing that they are copied.

"N. T."—Your article on the Bible we receive with pleasure; we would remark on your notice of "Type," that on reading your present communication we do find some errors, which the said "Type" would attach to the manuscript; in all our relations in life, the "beam" in our own eye seems the last we discover.

TENTH WAVE OF THE OCEAN.

We often ask ourselves, "can it be true, as Maturin says, that 'every tenth wave of the ocean is larger and swifter than the nine preceding ones?'" and he compares them to the troubled ocean of life, where the contending waves of interest and misfortune roll onward, like the swelling flood, extinguishing the hopes and prospects of many, who arise like the bright morning sun, only to see it set in misery and desolation. This may be true, but who can watch the ocean and count its rolling waves, and know the point to start from?

There is still some meaning in this thought, coming from a mind soured by the wrongs and troubles of the world, and when we view it in a serious mood, it brings up pictures to the mind which reminds us of its truth. Life is a vast ocean, into which the tide of human passions, as they ebb and flow, pour their different streams with a strong and exciting current; and we have often thought that we could count the waves of human trouble, as they rose over the fair prospects and hopes of a fallen being, and there was an evident difference.

We may not feel it, but he who looks into Society with a penetrating eye,—who views the different sources from which spring all the pleasures and evils of mankind—cannot resist the strong impression, that within this ocean of human beings, there are cauldrons of trouble and misery, which, when stirred by discordant passions, rages with fury and destruction, causing the rise of these tremendous billows of human life, every tenth wave coming swifter and heavier. This is reality, and he who runs can read it.

Why, then, are we so reckless in our onward course in life? Why are we so intent on gaining worldly objects? Why will men leave their home—their friends—their country—and roam in foreign lands, to seek these darling objects? Why is it that man will forfeit health and happiness, and throw off, as it were, his god-like nature, and pass on with unheeded steps? Can it be because he is abroad on this great ocean of life, and is carried with resistless force of circumstances onward, without the means or courage of resistance, or is it the force of passion—the love and pride of gold—that when he sees his neighbors more fortunate in worldly prospects, he is ever restless and uneasy; the strong passions of a depraved heart start into full force, and press him forward in his swift career of hopeless fortune.

Then comes those boisterous storms of trouble, sweeping over the rough sea of life, every tenth wave of which comes with almost resistless force, and who but the strong man in faith and hope can successfully mount them, and steer his freighted barque to a peaceful haven.

We have received from John Ings, Esq., Editor of the "Islander," of Charlotte Town, Prince Edwards Island, two pamphlets, one "Hints to Farmers," by Judge Peters; the other, "Report of the Royal Agricultural Society," of Prince Edwards Island, for the year ending March, 1852; for which we tender our thanks. We shall find many items of value for our agricultural departments, in these volumes, and in due time give them to our readers. Prince Edwards Island is a highly favored spot; the soil is of the right kind for good farms, and we know from what we have seen, that they improve it. The writer often recurs, with much pleasure, to a visit last season to the Island; the kind courtesies shown him by many of the citizens of

Charlotte Town, will always be remembered; the rich fields of grain were in full grown maturity,—the beauty of the Island at its height, and every thing added to the satisfaction of the trip to Prince Edward's Island. The "Royal Gazette," printed at Charlotte Town, comes regularly to our table, and we like to read it; to the Editor, E. Whelan, Esq., the writer is indebted for acts of kindness and courtesies, while at Charlotte Town, which will be cheerfully reciprocated when the occasion offers. The Editor of the "Islander" the writer did not know personally, although he was frequently in his reading room. The "Islander" is often before us, through the politeness of our friends, Messrs. Trueman, Sleater & Co., of Boston, as also "Hazards Gazette," all afford us much pleasure in their perusal.

There is a vast business springing up between the British Provinces and Boston. We Yankees manufacture a thousand notions which are adapted to the households of our neighbors, and they must have them, and want their Oats, Barley, Fish and Potatoes; but they complain, and very justly too, of our high duties, but we hope for the time when reciprocity will be in fashion.

NEW BOARDING HOUSE.

We learn, with pleasure, that the Academy boarding house, on Academy Hill, has been leased by Benj. H. Kimball, for the purpose of opening it as a boarding house. The house is now being put in a perfect state of repair, and will be newly papered and painted throughout.

Taking into consideration the location of the house, and its admirable convenience for a large boarding house, and the qualifications of the gentleman who is to be landlord, we are of the opinion that no more desirable place can be found within 10 miles of Boston than this, for good accommodations.

We hope all our readers, who may have friends that intend locating in the country this summer, will urge them to come to Woburn, as they can now have a pleasant and desirable house, for any season of the year.

"A fine stable is being erected, and now nearly completed, just above our office, it is built for D. D. Hart, Esq., and will be opened by him shortly.

THE BOSTON & LOWELL RAILROAD COMPANY—have decided to erect a large machine shop and car-house upon their land, in East Cambridge, near the present engine house. The entire building is to be 600 feet long by about 60 in width, the machine shop to be of brick. It is the design of the company to complete all their repairs in this shop, a portion of which are now done in Lowell and a portion in Boston. The establishment will give employment to some eighty or a hundred hands.

LICENSING IN BOSTON.—The Board of Mayors and Aldermen, of this city, have granted in all six hundred and fourteen licenses—five hundred and forty of which are to sell ardent spirits, and seventy-four ale, beer and cider. Of those to sell ardent spirits 107 are for medicinal and mechanical purposes only; 53 to innholders, (who alone are allowed to sell by the glass); 278 to retailers, (who sell in small quantities, but not to be drank on the premises) and 65 to victualers.

METHODIST GENERAL CONFERENCE.—This body met Tuesday afternoon, as per adjournment, Bishop Morris in the chair. The first matter in order before the Conference was the pew question. Several gentlemen addressed the Conference. It was ordered that the vote be taken by yeas and nays. The first question was stated by the presiding Bishop to be "Shall the discipline of the church be so altered that so much as relates to the men being seated in one part of the house and the women in another, be stricken out?" This was carried; 100 voted in the affirmative, 60 in the negative.

The next question was, that a majority of the members of the congregation should have the power to regulate the matter of seating their assemblies, either in pews or otherwise. This was decided in the affirmative, by nearly the same vote. After some further business the Conference adjourned.

RAILROAD DANGER REMOVED.—In consideration of the late very narrow escape from a fatal accident on the Lowell Railroad, by the meeting of trains at the Taylor's Ledge station in Somerville, (which we noticed on Tuesday,) we understand Superintendent Higginson will immediately cause the bridge at the curve near the Ledge to be so reconstructed that a more extended view can be had upon the track—which will effectually prevent the danger of the sudden and unobserved approach of trains, for the future. The promptness with which improvements for the safety and convenience of the public are adopted on this road, is highly commendable, and worthy of imitation on other railways.—*Transcript.*

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—In Cambridge, on Sunday, as a man named Frazer, was riding on Mount Auburn road, a box of matches in one of his pockets took fire, and almost totally destroyed his outside coat, spoiled an entire broadcloth suit, scorched his face badly, and did considerable injury to the buggy in which he was riding. Mr. F. was taken to a house near by, where his wounds were dressed.

SOUTHERN FRUIT AT NEW YORK.—The steamship Roanoke, on a late trip from Norfolk, brought to New York fifty-seven barrels of strawberries, ten barrels of cherries, and two hundred and thirty-eight barrels of green peas.

Written for the Journal.

THE LITTLE THIEF.

At this season of the year, when the birds are constructing habitations for their young, ladies must beware how they expose their laces and muslins upon the grass, to the depredations of these little thieves, lest they meet with serious loss.

Four years since, my mother had occasion to wash some lace caps, and placed them in their different parts upon the grass to bleach; when she went to put the second out, she found the crown and border of the first missing. She immediately came into the house to make inquiry for them, and lo, when she returned she found the second border also absent. Their departure at first, seemed a mystery, but the next morning, one of the borders (it was of wavy lace, two or three yards in length,) was discovered upon a high limb of a cherry-tree, whence it was obtained. This furnished a clue to the probable fate of the other border and crown. The bird in his passage to his nest, had probably rested upon this tree, and the wind twining the lace about the limbs, he was unable to disengage it, but nothing daunted, he returned for the second, which he and succeeded in pilloining entirely from our view.

More than a year passed, when a lofty elm, which shaded our home and was its chief ornament, was prostrated by a stormy wind. Upon this tree for thirty years, to our knowledge, the gold-robins had hung their nest, and perhaps for a century before, for the tree was reputed to be one hundred and fifty years of age when it fell; whilst the woodmen were removing it, the robin's nest was found, and singly in its bottom lay the identical lace lost more than a year previous. I suppose Mistress Robin thought so tasteful a couch must last two seasons. The lace was entire in its fabric though quite blackened, and upon removing it from the nest, fell in pieces. S.

Woburn, May 20th.

Written for the Journal.

THE POOR STUDENT.

What a noble sight it is to see a young Student (especially if he is a Christian) toiling to procure an education; practicing the most rigid economy, and working, perhaps, with his own head or hands to procure the means. With what energy and perseverance he pursues his onward way. How assiduously he applies himself to his studies; early and late he is at his task. How firmly he resists temptation! How steadfastly he adheres to the right; and with holy faith he looks up to God, fearing sure of His protection and assistance. O, how much more to be admired is such an one, than the gilded butterfly of fashion, who idles away his time or hotly pursues his race after pleasure, or the petted child of fortune, who, surrounded by luxury, lazily pursues his collegiate studies, caring more for a wild frolic than for his books. Yes, we repeat, such an one is *worthy* of our admiration and respect. If we wish for any great good to be done for suffering humanity, and benevolent enterprise carried on successfully, or desirable reformation accomplished; to such we must look for efficient aid. They are fitting themselves to grapple successfully with the world, and acquiring a store of energy, intelligence and self-discipline, which will fit them to be useful members of society, and to fill any office, either in church or state, with honor to themselves, their friends and their country.

Their names shall stand on history's page,
Coupled with noble deeds and true
Bright examples to a coming age,
Of what great minds can do.

LYDIA.

THE OPENING.—The opening of the Wilton Railroad to East Wilton, was a jubilee to that enterprising town. The completion of the work so promptly, after the tedious delays which attended its beginning, was a theme of congratulation. The provision made by Wilton in the way of creature comforts, was truly magnificent. An idea of the liberality and frankness of the board may be gleaned from the fact that turkeys, pork and beef, were suitably fanned by seven hundred pies, and other necessaries in proportion. Addresses were made by Hon. Daniel Abbot, Hon. Daniel Batchelder, Hon. C. F. Gove, Rev. S. G. Bullock, Rev. L. C. Browne, Rev. Mr. Saltmarsh, S. Livermore, Esq., and David Crosby, Esq. Sentiments were given by Capt. D. M. Fiske, and others. All in all, it was unanimously voted a good time. Six cars were crowded each way, morning and evening.

THE WEATHER.—Under the influence of a warm sun vegetation is coming forward rapidly. But little rain has fallen, however, during the past month, and the ground is beginning to be quite dry and the roads dusty. Copious showers would be of great service to farmers. We learn from Maine and New Hampshire, that a drought prevails there which is very prejudicial to the farming interests.

SPREAD OF THE CHOLERA.—Chicago May 31.—We learn from Laselle that the cholera is on the increase at that place. There have already been sixty deaths from it, mostly of laborers on the railroad. Within the past three days, several of the most respectable citizens have also died.

Always read our advertising columns, they may contain a notice of the very thing you want.

Written for the Journal.

THE BIBLE.

The Bible, a treasure upon which we should place a value above all others; from it we may draw imperishable riches, and weave from its precepts and instructions a crown, whose brightness will remain undimmed when those of earth shall have passed away.

Like the faithful polar star, whose steady unchanging rays guides the wandering mariner of night over the pathless sea to his home, this book will guide us over the rough journey of life, teaching us to shun the paths of error, and inculcate the principles of Christian goodness, as taught by our great pattern, Christ, on the mount of beatitude. From deep and unfathomable resources of consolations and encouragements, it speaks peace to the troubled mind, when wearied by the cares of earth, and supporting us in the hours of death; spreading rays of golden light upon the portals of the tomb, and props up the wavering hand of faith as it points to the spirit's home, where "The wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest."

It is dispelling, as it were with a magician's wand, the shades of moral darkness, that has so long brooded over this world, pulling down the temples of heathen gods—erasing the cancer spots of sin, bigotry and superstition—strewing to the winds the creeds of man,—demolishing the high walls of sectarianism, and erecting upon their ruins, temples in which the true christian may worship God in spirit and in truth; from which the beauties of his principles and teachings are unfolded to every age and condition of mankind.

To the unconscious and wayward youth, it imparts timely warning to every evil and danger that may lie in their pathway through life, and sets before them precepts whose mandates, if strictly followed, will be a shield that will protect them from the cold and corroding storms of life, and ensure them a crown of glory, whose brightness and perfection will increase with eternal possession beyond the grave.

To the middle aged it is a beacon light to guide them safely over the rough channels of life, a voice of power with potency to calm every wave of sorrow that passes in angry motion across their minds, and roll back the storms of strife and contention—unfolding to their view the calm and serene sky of peace and contentment. Its deep and abiding principle is ever prompting them to acts of duty and nobleness, and teaches them to shun every action which tends to disrobe them of one crowning vestment with which the author of their existence has clothed them. It fits them for useful members of Society, by teaching the grand principles by which they shall be governed, in all their acts towards the great family of mankind while upon the active stage of life.

To the aged it is a stay and staff that will support them in their declining years, and sweep smoothly their pathway to the tomb; while from its deep and unfathomable mines of knowledge, they may find instructions that will unlock to them the gates of a "glorious immortality."

To the mourner it is a sweet and soothing comforter, that is ever breathing the balm of consolation upon their troubled souls, dispersing the dark storms of affliction, that have gathered around them, dropping upon every green and sunny spot the mantle of gloom and sadness; to the parents, from whom a loved child has been called to the silent sleep of death, it speaks the words of peace, and says,

Sweet to the lone and aching heart,
Sink in grief's dark zone,
These sacred words that do import,
Hence is our home.

They dry the mourners' teary eye,

As from the blue dome

Some kindred voice sings, in accents high,

Hence is our home.

Thus have I, though perhaps very imperfectly, set forth some of the many advantages to be derived from this sacred book, and should one sentiment which I have advanced awaken to light one idea, that will incite one individual to an act that will benefit a single member of the human family, then my greatest wish shall have been accomplished.

And as it is the great privilege of New England society to enjoy the free advantage of its teachings, let us use it as a sacred boon, and not as a battle-axe or war weapon, use it as the mariner uses his trembling needle, to guide him over the pathless sea; use it, so that we shall be able to go forward with its teachings for our guide, and do the duty incumbent upon us as Christians, and members of one vast community; and ever act so that the good we may do will make the "day and generation in which we have lived the better for our having lived in it," and cause our names to be remembered with gratitude, when these frail bodies shall have returned back to earth, and our spirits to God who gave them.

Woburn, June 2d, 1852.

N. T.

Immense quantities of strawberries are grown in the vicinity of Norfolk, Va. The Beacon states that from the farm of Mrs. Allen or Lieut. Weir, commonly known as cultivated by the latter, there were put on board the Baltimore boat on Monday evening, thirty-five chests of strawberries, containing sixty quarts each. Eighteen acres of land are devoted to their growth, and as many as eighty hands are at times employed in gathering it. Several other farms in that neighborhood produce equal quantities of this delicious fruit.

Always read our advertising columns, they may contain a notice of the very thing you want.

Written for the Journal.

MR. COMPOSITOR.

Mr. Compositor:—Taking up the Journal of the 22d inst., my eyes fell on an article from your pen, and being struck with the justness of your remarks I have taken it upon myself, (though unasked,) to tender a reply to the same. The subject of which you wrote is one of momentous importance; yet one, alas! which is too seldom taken under consideration. Authors are apt to send illegible, or badly punctuated manuscripts, for publication; now this is *very wrong*;—they ought, at least, to consider Editors' and Compositors' time worth something to them, (and it would not be if they were obliged to pore hours over a badly written manuscript, not worth the value of a sixpence, as they *too often* have to,) and therefore should avoid, as much as possible, imposing upon them a task—the task of "racking" their brains, and consuming their time, in *almost vain* endeavors, in trying to decipher an illegible composition. I, for one, Mr. Compositor, am too apt to *hurry* over my articles for publication, without taking a second glance at my work. *This should not be.* An author, before taking his writings to the Printing Office, should carefully inspect the same, to see if he could read it, or if therein were mistakes which he could rectify. Henceforth, Mr. Compositor, I shall be more careful in my manner of writing; and here, let me offer you my sincere thanks for your instructive article, from which I, for one, have been greatly benefited. With the hope that all authors may profit as I have, I subscribe myself, Your humble friend,

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1852.

Written for the Journal.

TO MY LITTLE SON CHARLES.

BY MRS MARY W. WELLMAN.

When light breaks o'er the eastern hills,
To usher in the rosy morn;

We kneel beside our couch and pray;

For thee, loved child, our dear first-born.

At noon, when high above our heads,
Shines down the glorious king of day;

We seek our closet, where, dear child,

Again for thee we earnest pray.

When golden eve, with zephyrs sweet,

Spreads her dark veil o'er hill and lawn;

Again our feeble prayer ascends,

To God for thee, our dear first-born.

North Woburn, 1852.

THE WEATHER.

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Monday, May 31.—Clear; morning rather cool; wind N. W.; thermometer at 6 A. M., 46; 2 P. M., 63; 10 P. M., 46.

Tuesday, June 1.—Clear until 6 P. M., after then some appearances of rain; wind N. W.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 53; 2 P. M., 71; 10 P. M., 56.

Wednesday, June 2. Cloudy in the morning, after 8 o'clock generally clear and quite warm, wind S.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 61; 2 P. M., 73; 10 P. M., 61.

FRANKLIN.

Written for the Journal.

MR. EDITOR.—In reply to the query of your correspondent, R. U. P., as to my culture of the mimosa, I would say, that the plant I cultivated through the winter, was one that appeared in my garden late in the summer. I removed it to the house when in bloom, upon the approach of cold weather. The blossoms remained, but emitted no fragrance. About mid-winter new shoots sprang forth, bearing blossoms, highly odoriferous.

It is still in bloom, though its fragrance is somewhat deadened. London advises to late sowing for winter flowering, from the last of July to the 25th of August, and removed it to pots in September.

My Cacti do grow through the summer and rest from the time I remove them to the house in Autumn, till they bud. I think the marnieria I described must be the oderata and not glabrata, though it was written upon the pot when I purchased it. I have consulted London's Encyclopedia of Gardening, but find no particular description of the different species. Upon applying my finger to the stalks of the plant, I perceive a sensible roughness, which quite belies the name of glabrata.

Perhaps I was too presuming to write upon a subject, in which I am aware I am by no means deeply learned, but hope it will be excused, in that I desired my little experience might be of service to others. I should be happy, through your paper, to learn from the experience of others upon this subject. S.

Every seven minutes a child is born in London; and every nine minutes one dies.

Written for the Journal.

AN ENIGMA.

I am composed of 28 letters, My 2, 13, 6, is above the male portion of the community.

16, 27, 1, is essential to government. 13, 11, 21, is the element which we breathe. 7, 13, 9, 6, is an animal.

12, 15, 24, 18, 3, 21, is a relation. 28, 22, 24, is an affirmation.

14, 20, 13, 17, 6, 19, is what every one seeks after.

26, 25, 18, 10, 4, is a fluid. 19, 23, 17, 16, is an elevation.

8, 10, 17, is a kind of fish.

My whole ought to be remembered.

SCHOOLBOY.

Written for the Journal.

CHARADE.

I am composed of letters three, All which are found in fourpenny; My whole you'd surely chance to meet,

In walking through Tremont street.

CLAUDE MELNOTTE.

North Woburn, Feb. 2d, 1852.

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14, 3, 11, 9, is seen in large buildings.

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I am a town in Massachusetts and am composed of 10 letters. My 4 first are an interjection, my 4 next are a kind of measure, my 6 last are a kind of land, my 3 last is the name of a person.

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A grand tournament will take place at St. Louis during the summer. Who will be the queen of beauty.

MARRIAGES.

In the town, June 3, John McDonald to Syrene Moulton of Charlestown. In Charlestown, May 29, Dr. B. R. Bridge to Miss Sarah M. Sherman.

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In Lexington, May 23, Mrs. Emily A., wife of John G. Noah, of Salem. In Charlestown, May 28, George, s. of William Lund, 6 yrs. 28 ds.

Woburn Journal Printing Office.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS, DONE AT THIS OFFICE, WITH PROMPTNESS, AND AT LOW RATES.

The office is supplied with NEW TYPE of all descriptions, and the Proprietors will spare no pains to give the most perfect satisfaction in doing work entrusted to them.

HOUSE LOTS FOR SALE.

THE Subscribers offers for sale 28 valuable HOUSE LOTS, situated on streets leading from Main street in Salem street, in Woburn, being a part of the late lot of the Woburn Manufacturing Company. For particulars, see the different lots, and exhibit a plan of the same with the number of feet in each lot.

S. PLIMPTON:

Woburn June 5 1852. 3w.

NEW SHOE STORE.

THE Subscribers would inform the citizens of Woburn and vicinity that he has opened a Shoe Store, on the corner of Main and Railroad Streets, and will keep constantly on hand Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Shoes and Boots, and will sell at reasonable prices.

Gentlemen's and Children's

Hats and Caps.

MRS. R. having re-opened her Millinery Rooms, she is ready to wait upon her friends. ALSO, Hair work of all shades and varieties.

Woburn, June 1 1852. AUGUSTUS ROUNDY.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given at all persons who use selling and to public weighers for the purpose of buying or selling, and to public weighers who have the same, to bring their measures, weights, balances, scales and beams, to be examined and tested.

EDWARD E. COOPER, Sealer.

Woburn, May 11th, 1852.

Written for the Journal.

MR. EDITOR.—In reply to the query of your correspondent, R. U. P., as to my culture of the mimosa, I would say, that the plant I cultivated through the winter, was one that appeared in my garden late in the summer. I removed it to the house when in bloom, upon the approach of cold weather. The blossoms remained, but emitted no fragrance. About mid-winter new shoots sprang forth, bearing blossoms, highly odoriferous.

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of Main Street
Woburn Augt 11/52

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT THE OFFICE
OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE, BY
FOWLE & BROTHER,
GEORGE W. FOWLE,.....JOHN A. FOWLE.
TERMS,--\$1.50 per year, payable always
IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to
the Editor, at Woburn or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.

Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighbor-
ing towns, solicited.

Poetry.

Written for the Journal

TO MY MOTHER.

I'm thinking of thee now, mother,
Of the time when all was joy;
And pleasure's without alloy, mother,
Was bestowed upon your boy.

These days I never can forget,
When I stood beside thy knee;

And said my prayers—(I know them yet);

That you learned me to say to thee.

I'm thinking of the time, mother,

When my kind father died;

In his hands he held mine, mother,

As I stood by his bedside.

Oh! mother I can never forget,

That sad and mournful day;

The sorrowing look—I see it yet;

The many years have passed away.

I'm thinking of the day, mother,

When my dear sister died;

We had thought to be gay, mother,

For she was to be a bride.

Death came, and saw the fairest flower,

That was in your garden fair;

He pluck'd it; and in an hour,

Jy fled, and left despair.

I'm thinking of thee now, mother,

Of thy words when last we met;

The duty I owe to thee, mother,

I never can forget;

If many years shall be my lot,

And who come one after another,

I never will say I have forgot,

My love for thee, my mother.

BARD OF CRISEEN.

Woburn, May 20th, 1852.

TALES AND SKETCHES.

THE OLD TOWN PUMP.

And a good many of ye town of Boston can testify, that evil spirits have troubled them, appearing in diverse forms and shapes, and sometimes continuing their hateful visits, at brief intervals, for nearly a whole month at a time!

CORRON MARTINE.

Nearly a century ago, long before our good ancestors, the colonists, thought of throwing off the yoke of Great Britain, there was an old pump, situated at the foot of Copp's Hill. In its best days, it had been celebrated for supplying the North End with the purest water in Boston. It had its failings, however, as what pump has not? It resolutely refused water, save early in the morning or late at night. 'W'en morning and night came, therefore, it was thronged with 'regular customers,' who, notwithstanding the large numbers, peaceably took their turn, without as much as pushing or shoving, to gain precedence.—Alas! how short is human life! Not one of all that goodly company who were wont to resort to that pump, are now living. They have wasted from the face of the earth, and even their names have perished! The venerable relic, too, its antiquated handle, its curious-crooked nose, its old-fashioned shoe, and its short round body, and thick cap, with "Timothy Block, Maker, 1700," engraved upon it, has perished. Ah! that old pump! which once served as a land-mark to a lost townsmen in a dark night, even as the lighthouse guides the tempest-tossed mariner; which was the assignation-place, the trysting-tree, could it have spoken, what tales could it have unfolded, of plots, rebellion, and treason! It could have whispered, too, of the lover's soft tale, told beneath its friendly shadow. But it has perished; its springs have long since dried up, its body prostrated, and its ancient cap, which should have claimed respect for its antiquity from the hand of sacrifice, laid level with the dust. Avarice and worldly gain has erected a block of buildings upon the site which it once occupied, and it is known no more.

About a stone's throw from the spot upon which it stood, there still existed, in 1800, an old-fashioned two-story wooden house, once painted red, but so altered by time, that scarcely a vestige of its former color remained, when it was torn down. This was the residence of Bill Gray, a cobbler by trade, who supported his mother and himself from his earnings, by mending shoes and legging for the good town's people of Boston. Bill was fond of an extra glass, and often in the summer season, when his days work was over, would run down to the 'King George' tavern, only just for a few minutes, where, in company with congenial spirits, he was pretty sure to spend half the night.

One evening in May, 1750, Bill was seated as usual in the tap-room of the 'King George.' A storm had been gathering all day in the heavens, and just at nightfall had burst in all its fury upon the town of Boston. So sudden had been its advent, that many, who but a few minutes before had prophesied that it would undoubtedly hold off till morning, were, in spite of their prediction, compelled to fly for shelter to the nearest cover. Of this number was Bill Gray, who chanced to be standing near the tavern. It was quite natural for him to dodge into the bar-room of the 'George.' A general shout from a drinking party at a table welcomed him, and after drying his wet garments by the fire, he took a seat at the table near them.

As it had evidently set in for a rainy night, the party determined to enjoy themselves under cover, and bid defiance to the storm which raged without. Ordering fresh fuel and

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. I. 34

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1852.

NO. 34.

JOB PRINTING

OF ALL THE VARIOUS KINDS AND POSSIBLE DESCRIPTIONS
COMPRISED IN PART

Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, Blanks, Catalogues, Pamphlets, Shop Bills, Shoe Bills, Notices, &c.

PROMPTLY AND TASTEFULY EXECUTED AT THE

JOURNAL PRINTING OFFICE

OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE.

The office has been furnished with new type through out, and we are prepared to execute all orders for printing in the best manner and at short notice.

Printing in Gold, Silver and Bronze done in superior style, at reasonable rates.

WOBURN RECORDS.

DEATHS, COMMENCING 1642.

1687.

Bartholomew Pierson, 12th of March,

Michell Lepenwell, d. 22d of March.

Mrs Mary Carter, d. 28th of March,

Prissilla, w. of John Wright, d. 10th of Apr.

John Willson, d. 2d of July.

Samuell Blodgett, d. 3d of July.

Joseph Knight Seur, d. 13th of August,

Benoni, s. of Gershon and Hannah Flagg, d.

19th of August.

Edward, s. of Edward and Sarah Johnson, d.

3d of Jan.

Deborah, d. of Samuell and Sarah Snow, d.

30th of Dec.

Samuell, s. of Samuell and Elizabeth Wilson,

d. 7th of Feb.

Sarah, d. of Caleb and Sarah Simonds, d. 16th

of Nov.

Joseph, s. of Anthony and Sarah Goffe,

Henry, s. of Jacob and Mary Hamblet, d. 6th

of Feb.

1688.

Sarah, d. of William and Martha Daine, d. 6th

of March.

Wid. Elizabeth Pierce, d. 5th of March,

Martha, d. of Samill, and Mary Chadwick, d.

15th of March.

—of Thomas and Rebeckah Blodgett,

d. 13th of Apr.

Ebenpzer, s. of Thomas and Rachell Pierce, d.

25th of May.

Sarah Fuller, d. 24th of May.

John Wright, 21st d. of June,

Michael Bacon, d. 4th of July,

—d. of James and Deborah Wilson, d.

Theophilus, s. of Ezekell and Elizabeth Rich-

ardson, d. 3d of Aug.

Hannah, d. of Nathaniel and Elizabeth Pierc-

d. 14th of Nov.

Sarah, w. of William Hamblet, d. 18th of Jan.

William Read, died by a shott, 7th of Nov.—

His brother Tim., unawares, in ye

woods, shott him instedd of a deer,

1689.

Robert, s. of Nathaniell and Elizabeth Pierc-

e, d. 14th of May.

Judeth Peirce, d. May 30th.

Isaac Richardson, d. Apr. 2d.

James, s. of Anthony and Sarah Goffe, d. 4th

of June.

John, s. of Samuell and Mary Waters, d.—

Joseph, s. of Sarah Baker, d. July.—

Abigail Convers, d. July 14th,

—s. of Samuell and Sarah Richardson,

d. Aug. 17.

William, s. of Wm. and Rebeckah Butters, d.

Sept. 20.

Richard Edson, d. Nov. 18.

Abigail, w. of Jonathan Wyman, d. Jan 3d.

Hannah, w. of Adam Gould, d.—

Widow Elizabeth Russell, d. Jan 17.

Deacon Josiah Convers, d. Feb. 3d.

Widow Judith Simonds, d. Jan 3d.

1690.

Wid. Mabell Summers, d. June 15.

Jonathan, s. of Jacob Kendal, d. Nov. 11.

Lt. Gershon Flagg, d. July 6.

Edward Walker, d. July 6.

Sergt. Increm Winn, d. Dec. 14.

Lt. James Foul, d. Dec. 17.

John Farrier, d. July 11.

Jeanah, d. of Joseph Wright, d. Feb. 17.

Elizabeth, d. of William and Prudence Wy-

man, June 25.

Judeth, d. of Jabez and Judith Fox, d.—

1691.

Daniell, s. of Samuell and Mary Watters, d.

Oc. 7.

Nathaniel, s. of Samuell and Mary Watters, d.

Oc. 20.

Ann, w. of Lt. James Convers, d Aug. 10.

Elizabeth, w. of Capt. John Carter, d. May 7.

Edward, s. of Edward and Sary Convers, d.

Oc. 28.

Mary, w. of Justinian Holden, d. May 15.

Rebeckah, w. of Samuell Kendall, d. Oct. 25.

Widow Elizabeth Convers, d. Aug. 9.

Sarah, w. of Thomas Lepenwell, d. Aug. 16.

Jonathan Tomson, d. Oct 20.

John Brooks, d.—

—Thomas and Rebeckah Blodget—

Philip, s. of Joseph and Alse Cowell, d. 11th,

of Feb.

Elizabeth, d. of Timothy Baldwin, d. Apr 4.

1692.

Nathaniel Pierce, d.—

Ebenezer, s. of Ebenezer and Sarah Johnson,

d. Apr. 14.

George Brush, d. Aug. 13.

Hannah, d. of Timothy and Elizabeth Bald-

win, d. Sept. 6.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

JOHN A. FOWLE, Editor.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1852.

The proprietors of the "Woburn Journal" propose, at the close of Volume First, to submit the original pieces contributed for this paper to a committee; and in accordance with their decision, they will distribute to the successful authors two or three PRIZES, each to consist of one or more of our most costly ANNUALS.

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—Messrs. Nichols, Winn & Co., are agents for this paper.

WISCHENBERG.—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

SHERMAN.—Mr. G. W. DURE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

BOSTON.—Messrs. S. M. PETTENGILL & CO., Statestreet, are agents for this paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"SEA LARK."—Your enigma is on file.

"M."—We are pleased to receive your article translated from the Spanish, and will place it early before our readers.

"CITIZEN."—The subject of a "Public Library" is one in which every citizen should feel interested, and we hope some movement will be made to establish one; we like your ideas, and hope our citizens will come forward at once, and put the ball in motion.

"H."—Your poetry of "Think and Work" is received, and will not be forgotten; it is well written.

"J. D."—Your answer to "So and So's" riddle, we think is correct, and we agree with you about *Our Baby*.

"J. E."—The letters of our correspondent "J. E." are certainly interesting, and give us some plain facts of Southern life.

"HERMIT."—Welcome as usual, but too late for this week.

"JERUSALEM PIMPKINS, Esq."—We are pleased to hear from you again, and think you improve in your ideas of manners generally, and spelling in particular; but many good ideas may be concealed under a rusty patre.

"W. L."—Our London correspondent, gives us some glimpses of "Life in London," which are interesting because they are fair fetched.

"Raven."—We are not sure that we have your signature right, as your letters are beyond our facility of designation; correspondents should not attempt to invent any new letters in their signatures, it is very perplexing. A plain and fair hand is what a compositor wants. Your contributions we publish.

"Myra."—Your article on "Charity" is full of good feeling, and should be read with attention, and we hope may be seen save in good ground.

"W. D. S."—Your article of "Friendship" for a lady's Album, is rather too long, but it is said "Too much of a good thing is just enough;" we have it on file.

"May RITCHIE."—Your original tale, "A Glimpse of City Life," we have perused with pleasure, it will soon appear in our columns, and we think will be read with interest; you would do well to give your attention to compositions of this kind, as you evidently show much talent, and this tale is equal to anything Gleason can procure.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, And when he is old he will not depart from it."

The above quotation carries a vast deal of meaning with it, and should claim the attention of parents.

We have often wondered at the strange inconsistencies in the management of children. Many Parents do not consider the great responsibility they are under in having the care of children; they seem to treat them as though they were given merely for them to exercise a rude authority, or the subjects for their ungoverned passions, perfectly regardless of all future good or evil, which may be inherited by them.

Parents are very often in error, in regarding their children as inferior beings, and subject to their iron rule, and it is indeed a melancholy sight to see children growing up like weeds, running at large without any guide to direct them, or any restraining power to correct them. And then again there are others, who are so strict and, as they think, so very careful of the actions and minds of their children, that they cramp the young sion so much that it shoots *downward*, and becomes like a dwarf. There is an old saying,

and a true one, that "children are not generally fools, and when the workings of the infant mind begin to move, it fixes on something, and that something is dependent on the parent; if it be examples of love, affection and moral actions, it is well; if the first seeds sown is evil, it will not be well." If the child is left to wander alone, and take the examples of the world, as acted before him, what sad impressions must be made, and what an after life is destined to be acted by him. The parental responsibilities are the most important principle which forms social society, and where we see a looseness, and a disregard of all these moral principles, we invariably find all the passions and feelings that disgrace the human character. In our opinion, parents should never be rude and unfeeling with their children; fear is no permanent correction for a child; no rude and unfeeling mother can ever instill into the mind and heart of her child the pure principle of love. The idea of whipping a child, to stop it from crying, is cruel, and yet how many parents do this without reflection? How many parents threaten children with punishments they never intend to inflict, merely to frighten them into subjection?

If our children could be trained up in a more kind and affectionate manner, be taught to obey their parents, through love and esteem, we should see a different complexion on the face of society; but the evil is, we do not reflect on the great responsibility attached to parents, we are too negligent in our duties, too often neglect the tender feelings of our children, and we too often threaten with rods and dark closets, instead of being kind and affectionate, and drawing them closer to us by love and gentleness. A child who obeys his parents through love and affection, is "trained

up in the way he should go," but the child who obeys his parents, through fear, creates a distance between them, which widens as they advance in life. There can be no fear in parental love, nor can there be genuine love in parental fear. Mothers, remember the mother of our Washington, and remember, also, that to you is doubly entrusted the culture of the little mind, which shall mature in beauty, or decay in vice.

The most agreeable addition we have had to our town, is in the shape of a very beautiful Ice Cream and Refreshment Saloon, just opened nearly opposite to our office; it is open under the charge of Mr. S. C. Sweetser, and we are much pleased with the excellent taste displayed in all the interior arrangements, both for the comfort of visitors, and the beauty of the Saloon.

We have no doubt but what this will be a favorite resort of the Ladies and Gents, during the coming summer evenings, and we can promise our readers that if they will give Mr. Sweetser a call, they will be amply repaid, and get their moneys worth into the bargain. It really makes our mouth water to think of the good times we shall have there some of these hot evenings.

Mr. Roundy has just completed some very neat shops on his premises, and we are glad to notice so good a variety of Hats, Shoes &c., for the Gents, and so beautiful a stock of Millinery prepared for the Ladies; for further particulars see advertisement.

We learn that Mr. Osgood Johnson, recently of Hanover, N. H., takes charge of Warren Academy, recently taught by Mr. Rice. We are of the opinion that the Trustees have been quite fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Johnson, and we hope that he will spend many terms in our town.

The Baptist Society of West Cambridge, laid the corner stone of their new building a few days since. We learn from the *Traveller* they are to have a fine structure. Rev. Mr. Stockbridge, of this town, was present, and took part in the interesting ceremonies.

This is a charming season of the year for early rising, and morning exercise in the pure air, which is very conducive to health, and no prescriptions of the family physician, are equal to a morning's ramble to "Rag Rock;" the rosy cheek of health—the beauty of scenery, with the pleasure of a chit chat by the way, are sure to follow these delightful meetings.

"Tis our own, our native home."

CANDIDATES FOR PRESIDENCY.—The Baltic-Democratic Convention, after balloting forty-nine times, nominated as follows:—

GEN. FRANCIS PIERCE, for President.

WM. R. KING, for Vice President.

This nomination, it appears, was unexpected, but judging from the general ratification of Democratic Papers, meets with great favor. Gen. Pierce is a prominent citizen of New Hampshire, is in the prime of life, a new man of a new and rising generation, and from present indications, will become very popular.

WM. R. King is the present President of Senate; a Southern man—possessing talents of high order, and well acquainted with all the duties appertaining to any office he may be elected to serve. The Candidates are said to be men of talent and ability, altho' not as well known in the political field, as many other aspirants.

EXCHANGES.

NEW ENGLAND FARMER.—This is a very valuable paper, and every farmer should take it; we find many valuable items for our agricultural department, in its columns. It is ably conducted and worthy of patronage. It is printed at Quincy Hall, Boston, by Nourse & Mason.

TRUE FLAG.—We cannot agree with the Editor of the True Flag, in publishing so many tales of fiction, it is true they suit many readers, but in our opinion they are injurious to the minds of the young. There is a great want of moral sentiment in this "Light Literature." There are gems to be found in the Flag, and its dress is superior.

LITTLE LIVING AGE,—is very regular, and well pays for a perusal. The Prison Scene in No. 419, during the Reign of Terror in France, is interesting; that part referring to Thomas Paine particularly so. There is an omission, however, which accounts for the escape of Mr. Paine from death, on the morning when the jailer missed a man, and will clear Mr. Paine from any unfair action. The night previous to the morning mentioned, it was decreed that a certain number should be beheaded, and the officer on duty was ordered to mark the doors of so many cells as contained the victims for the morning. Paine's door happened to be open, and the mark was on the inside, so that when the door was shut no mark could be seen, hence the *one man short*, which was made up to the volunteer, and saved the life of Mr. Paine; it is strange, but is said to be true.

CARPET BAG.—Is all "Stebbins," and if he is elected, we hope the Bag will contain all his officials. Why don't Ensign Stebbins come out on the *finality*, it may help him to get in.

GODEY,—for June, is a gem; its pages are filled with interesting matter.

Farmers will find some good information, in our agricultural department, in to-day's Journal; we shall always make the farming interest, a prominent subject in the Journal, and shall be much pleased to receive from our friends such suggestions, as tend to "speed the plough," and reap the harvest.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

Rev. Hosea Ballou, for the last 60 years pastor of the Universalist Church, School St., Boston, died last Monday.—A. Wright, Esq., Agent of the Lowell Carpet Mills, died suddenly last Monday.—The new town of Swampscoot, in Essex County; and Marion in Plymouth County, were organized on the 31st.—Deaths in Boston last week, 58.—Kossuth's mother and family are in London.—The yellow fever is raging in Rio, South America.—The village of Franklin Falls, N. Y., containing about 25 houses, and several saw mills, was entirely destroyed by fire on 29th, in one united conflagration.—A man was nearly killed by the bursting of a cannon at Loudon, N. H., last Saturday.—A large paper mill, with a dwelling-house, &c., was destroyed by fire in Groton last Saturday.

Woburn, June 12, 1852.

may make in this matter, and allow me to express the hope that you will take hold of it in earnest, and we can soon tell whether we shall have founded in the town of Woburn, a public Library, that all our citizens may be proud of. I hope if anything is done, that a public meeting will be called, so that all the young men of this town can have an opportunity of being present, and expressing their interest in this matter, and I hope, also, that a chance will be given for all to give books and other matter, and in this way I believe we shall soon get together a fine collection of literary matter. But I fear I am trespassing on your room and patience, and will now close, hoping to hear from you on the subject; I may pen a few lines again, about this interesting matter.

Yours &c.,

CITIZEN.

GEORGIA CORRESPONDENCE.

CHATANOOGA, GEORGIA, May 27, 1852.

J. A. FOWLE, Esq.:—You cannot form any true idea of this Southern country by what is merely put on paper. In order to realize what the State of Georgia *could* be, you must travel over it, and in this way I believe you can get a better idea of the people, of the country, and of the climate. Georgia is, in my opinion, one of the most enterprising of the Southern States. She is making great progress in internal improvements, and her position is well suited for a vast trade and transportation; she has a fine system of roads, and a good railroad system. Georgia is, in my opinion, one of the most enterprising of the Southern States. She is making great progress in internal improvements, and her position is well suited for a vast trade and transportation; she has a fine system of roads, and a good railroad system. Georgia is, in my opinion, one of the most enterprising of the Southern States. She is making great progress in internal improvements, and her position is well suited for a vast trade and transportation; she has a fine system of roads, and a good railroad system.

This appears to be a great market for produce. Cotton, corn and bacon, are the staple articles. Large amounts change hands, and there is some opposition with speculators from Charleston and Savannah, which makes prices hold up. I think this spot is in a fair way to become of importance. There is a Railroad from this place to Knoxville, nearly finished, which will open a large country now locked up, for want of facilities of transportation; all property has now to be freighted down the river, which is much further, and not navigable the whole year. If I was in pursuit of a spot to locate myself for future business, I should at once settle here. The climate is healthy, and a good enterprise Yankee, is just the chap wanted here; there is only one black spot against it, and that is that was removed, what a different aspect, it would put on every thing. Nobody works in this country but the slaves, and there is a kind of *dullness* which seems to pervade every thing which is done, as improvement on what nature has formed, for progress.

The slaves are no farmers, and have no idea of gardening, and this is one great reason, why such vast quantities of good land are left uncultivated. It is astonishing to see, what fields are neglected and run out, because no one seems to know, how to bring them in; this is the case in all the Southern States.—Virginia has at this moment millions of acres, of fine land, overrun with woods and wild grass, and left in complete neglect, for the want of white farmers. Slavery is the mildew that blights the fair fields of this beautiful climate.

I have found many a planter, who would give freedom to all his slaves if he could, and something to pay them, for leaving the country. They know well the mill stone that hangs on their progress, and not being able to remove it, through necessity, are satisfied with cultivating and raising what they can, and make the best of it. A cotton plantation is something for a Northern man to view; he sees in reality what we Northern people only judge from hearsay, and paper caricatures. I have frequently seen from 400 to 500 slaves, of all ages and sexes, at work in a cotton field, each with a basket or bag, in which the cotton is put, and then taken to the warehouse, to be picked and baled. I have never seen any excessive severity used towards these slaves. I am told there is much more severity used in Louisiana, and other extreme Southern States, but in Virginia, North and South Carolina and Georgia, they are used more kindly.

A planter's Mansion House looks like a castle, with its block houses to defend it.—The slaves live in small houses, built in a circle around the mansion, and none but favorite slaves are permitted within. The slaves are much better off on plantations than in cities, they enjoy more liberty and are better fed. Georgia Upland Cotton is the best which is sent to market, and preferred by our Northern factories. A cotton field ready for picking is a fine sight, 300 or 400 acres of level surface, covered with ripe cotton, looking like a vast field of snow, with 2 or 300 slaves scattered over it, forming quite a contrast; it is to a Northern man a novel sight.

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A Southern planter is generally a very independent man, but they are not always rich enough to have a surplus of cash. It costs a large sum to support these slaves, and as they do not raise many provisions, they are most always in debt, and in advance to their factors, and what balance they may have, is spent in travelling during the hot season, and so they pass from one generation to another, the plantation and slaves yielding the regular support for all, and never advancing one step beyond what they were generations before.

I am expecting to visit Knoxville. I am told it is a valuable location, and rapidly increasing. When I return to Augusta, I shall have some items to send you, gathered by the way-side."

Yours &c.,

J. E.

Written for the Journal

CHARITY.

How little of this feeling is cherished in our hearts, may be seen by a few moments sober reflection; for instance, the too general habit of suspecting, misjudging and speaking ill of persons, from slight external circumstances, without any other evidence of guilt.

We cannot be too careful in judging of the character of others; we seem to forget our own erring nature,—condemning others for perhaps the very faults that we ourselves are guilty of.

How much misery has been occasioned by this mode of proceeding! Friendship has been broken, trusts betrayed, and many a burning tear has given the sorrowful evidence of the painful emotions within. There is also too little charity exercised toward those who have been betrayed; when in their society we are apt to be cold and indifferent, whereas, had we used mild persuasions and bestowed kind feelings and treatment towards them, all their *better nature* would have been softened. The reformed inebriate is an illustration of this principle. He who was seen a few short months since, tottering through the streets with a bloated form, and blood-shot eyes—his health—his reason almost gone. Look at him now! His step has become firm and steady, his form erect and healthy, his reason restored. What a change! His countenance is now radiant with happiness and love, and all this has been wrought by human sympathy, and perseverance. He has become a man, a respectable member of society.

Thus we see that were the "golden rule" of charity more generally cherished and exercised, much more good would be effected, and the nearer assimilate to Him who said, "Do ye unto others as ye would have them do unto you."

Myra.

PENNSYLVANIA CORRESPONDENCE.

MISTER EDWARD:—I couldn't help thinking yesterday, when I took up the "Woburn Journal," that that fast letter of mine red rusted; it settled the question in my mind about my literary merits, and I immediately concluded to set down and write another letter, and if that reads as well as the other, I'll immediately apply to some of the Boston papers for an Editorial insertion, which I think will pass better without troubling for five shillings a day, attending to the *Woburn Journal*, that fast letter of mine red rusted; it settled the question in my mind about my literary merits, and I immediately concluded to set down and write another letter, and if that reads as well as the other, I'll immediately apply to some of the Boston papers for an Editorial insertion, which I think will pass better without troubling for five shillings a day, attending to the *Woburn Journal*, that fast letter of mine red rusted; it settled the question in my mind about my literary merits, and I immediately concluded to set down and write another letter, and if that reads as well as the other, I'll immediately apply to some of the Boston papers for an Editorial insertion, which I think will pass better without troubling for five shillings a day, attending to the *Woburn Journal*, that fast letter of mine red rusted; it settled the question in my mind about my literary merits, and I immediately concluded to set down and write another letter, and if that reads as well as the other, I'll immediately apply to some of the Boston papers for an Editorial insertion, which I think will pass better without troubling for five shillings a day, attending to the *Woburn Journal*, that fast letter of mine red rusted; it settled the question in my mind about my literary merits, and I immediately concluded to set down and write another letter, and if that reads as well as the other, I'll immediately apply to some of the Boston papers for an Editorial insertion, which I think will pass better without troubling for five shillings a day, attending to the *Woburn Journal*, that fast letter of mine red rusted; it settled the question in my mind about my literary merits, and I immediately concluded to set down and write another letter, and if that reads as well as the other, I'll immediately apply to some of the Boston papers for an Editorial insertion, which I think will pass better without troubling for five shillings a day, attending to the *Woburn Journal*, that fast letter of mine red rusted; it settled the question in my mind about my literary merits, and I immediately concluded to set down and write another letter, and if that reads as well as the other, I'll immediately apply to some of the Boston papers for an Editorial insertion, which I think will pass better without troubling for five shillings a day, attending to the *Woburn Journal*, that fast letter of mine red rusted; it settled the question in my mind about my literary merits, and I immediately concluded to set down and write another letter, and if that reads as well as the other, I'll immediately apply to some of the Boston papers for an Editorial insertion, which I think will pass better without troubling for five shillings a day, attending to the *Woburn Journal*, that fast letter of mine red rusted; it settled the question in my mind about my literary merits, and I immediately concluded to set down and write

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1852.

Sunday, June 6.—During the night there was a very slight deposit of dew, and the wind changing towards the S. W., caused a rise in the thermometer before sunrise, the antiepical frost was prevented. The day generally clear, though a S. W. wind caused a somewhat hazy and variegated sky; in the afternoon the wind was very fresh; thermometer at 7 A. M., 54; 2 P. M., 70; 10 P. M., 53.

Monday, June 7.—Nearly clear, though somewhat hazy; agreeable temperature; wind brisk from S. W.; thermometer at 62 A. M., 57; 2 P. M., 70; 10 P. M., 58.

Tuesday, June 8.—Cloudy, after 9 A. M., showers fell during the day; wind S. W. S. and S. E.; thermometer at 6½ A. M., 61; 2 P. M., 70; 10 P. M., 60.

Wednesday, June 9.—Rain fell after midnight until 7 A. M.; wind blew in stormy gusts from S. W.; partially cloudy in the forenoon, but very pleasant and fine through the day; the showers of yesterday and the last night have had a very invigorating effect upon vegetation, and it has now all the beautiful luxuriance of June; thermometer at 6 A. M., 63; 2 P. M., 75; 10 P. M., 57.

The average temperature of the month of May, was about the same as for many years past. It has not been unusual to hear the remarks, that "the weather is unusually cold;" "the season is very backward;" "did you ever know anything so uncomfortable," but statistical tables show that very similar weather is passed through every season; sometimes warmer and more pleasant, but as often colder and more wet and disagreeable. The quantity of rain which fell in the last month was less than usual, and the grass and some other crops have suffered in consequence. In Maine the drought has been extensive and severe.—

It has also prevailed to an alarming extent in some parts of England. For nine weeks but one quarter of an inch fell, whereas in this vicinity during the month of April more than ten inches fell. This last is an unusual quantity, and greater than has fallen in the same month for twenty years.

For some of these statements I am indebted to the *Boston Traveller*. FRANKLIN.

GUILTY OF ARSON.—Samuel Sampson, Jr., of Petersham, Mass., has been found guilty of arson, in setting fire to his father's house. The house was not inhabited at the time. His trial took place in Worcester.

Written for the Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—Send you the following conundrums for the Journal.

Why is the Town Clock like a poor man?

Why are two lovers like a horse fastened to a cart?

Why is a printer like a butcher?

Woburn, June 10th, 1852. ROMEO.

Written for the Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—I have been trying to unravel that Riddle, in the Journal of May 20th, and after many knocks on my cranium, I pronounce it to be our "Our Baby." I say ours, because my wife thinks we have a little superior junior—to any of our neighbors, and of course, if we solve that Riddle, claim the right to say our baby.

Woburn, June 10. J. D.

If you wish to fasten the loose handles of knives and forks, make your cement of common brick-dust and rosin, melted together. Seal engravers understand this recipe.

MARRIAGES.

In this town on Monday evening by Rev. Mr. Stockbridge, Mr. Ward C. Wetmore, of Peterborough, N. H., and Miss Augusta D. Chapman, June 3, by Rev. W. L. Bobbington, Mr. James C. E. Hall, and Miss Sarah A. Rugg, all of C.

DEATHS.

In Charlestown, June 3, Miss Rosannah Thompson, 58; Lowell, June 7, Nathaniel S. Richardson, 66.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

MIDDLESEX, &c.—At a meeting of the County Commissioners of Middlesex, at Concord, in said county, on the first Friday of June, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-two.

In the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested that they may, within three days after the publication of this Order, file their claims for compensation, or payment for the use of the Woburn Centre Depot, in the town of Woburn, on Wednesday, the eleventh day of August next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, by serving the Town Clerk of Woburn, or Main street to Woburn, whereupon, your petitioners request your honorable Board to view the premises, and widen, straighten, or new lay out said road, and discontinue such parts of the highway as may be useless, or make such alterations and improvements as shall appear to your honors necessary.

Woburn, May 4th, 1852.

STEPHEN NICHOLS, Jr., and others.

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Woburn, May 4th, 1852.

STEPHEN NICHOLS, Jr., and others.

COPY of Petition and order thereto.

Attest: M. PRESTON, Ass't Clerk.

Attest: M. PRESTON, Ass't Clerk.

A Copy. Attest: LEVI PARKER, Dep'y Sheriff.

June 12. 3d. DAVID TILSON.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The ENGINEERS, appointed by the Selectmen, are requested to meet at the Selectmen's room, on Wednesday evening next, at eight o'clock, for the choice of Officers for the ensuing year.

JACOB WEBSTER, Chairman.

NEW SALON.

THE SUBSCRIBER would inform the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity, that he has opened a new Saloon, and Ice Cream Saloon, one door North of the Store of Mr. N. Wyman Jr., where will be found a choice collection of fruit of the season, also Oysters in any style, Ice Cream, Mineral Water, Meats, &c. a great variety of refreshments; those who may have business call may be assured we will spare no pains to suit their taste.

June 12. 3d. S. C. SWEETSER.

Woburn Journal Printing Office.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS,

DONE AT THIS OFFICE, WITH PROMPT-

NESS, AND AT LOW RATES.

THE office is supplied with NEW TYPE of all descriptions, and the Proprietors will spare no pains to give the most perfect satisfaction in doing work entrusted to them.

OLD WINDSOR SOAP.

Just received a lot of old English Windsor soap, war-

anteed to be fifteen years old, for sale by

EDWARD E. COOPER.

June 12. 3d.

LADIES SHOES.

200 pair. HOSE SIDES, at 45 cents

100 " Kid Buckins, and kid Slippers, at 75 cents

100 " French Kid, and kid Slippers, at 75 cents

For sale at the New Shoe Store,

corner of Main and Railroad streets.

June 12. 3d.

HOUSE LOTS FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale, several HOUSE

LOTS, situated in Woburn, leading from Main street to Salem street in Woburn, being a part of the estate of the late Dr. Sylvanus Plympton. For particulars enquire of Dr. Augustus Plympton, who will give the prices of the different lots, and exhibit a plan of the same with the number of feet in each lot.

Woburn June 5 1852. 3w.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscribers have

for the County of Middlesex, to receive, and examine the

claims of the Creditors to the estate of Harriet A. Cole,

late of Woburn, in said county, deceased, testate, repre-

sented and proved, at the time and place of her death, on the

day of April, are allowed, by said Judge, to the Creditors

to bring in and prove their claims; and they will attend

on the second day of June, and the first day of

November, from three to six o'clock, P. M.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscribers have been appointed by the Honorable Judge of Probate, for the County of Middlesex, to receive, and examine the claims of the Creditors to the estate of Harriet A. Cole, late of Woburn, in said county, deceased, testate, represented and proved, at the time and place of her death, on the day of April, are allowed, by said Judge, to the Creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and they will attend

on the second day of June, and the first day of

November, from three to six o'clock, P. M.

JOHN BROWN, Jr., Commissioner.

JOHN C. BRACKETT, Commissioner.

Dated at Woburn, May 24th, 1852.

May 29. 3d.

REMOVAL IN CONSEQUENCE OF FIRE



D. CLOUGH has taken rooms, during the rebuilding

of Tremont Temple, in the next house north of his

former office on Tremont Street opposite the Tremont

House, on the second day of June, and the first day of

November, from three to six o'clock, P. M.

W. B. RONALD, Woburn, will be returned in one week.

CRATE BOTTLED CLEANSED AND WHITENED IN FINE

STYLE. CRATE BOTTLED CLEANSED AND WHITENED IN FINE

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1852.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

THE SONG OF THE CITY POET.
The city walls are not for me,
The bright green hills I long to see;
I long to climb the mountain's peak,
I long the babbling brook to seek:
I long, where wild flowers grow, to wander,
In the dark woods I long to ponder.

The birds are singing gaily now,
The sunbeam o'er the mountain's brow—
Lights up a landscape green and fair,
With beauteous dowers here and there;
And dancing streams with diamonds bright,
And breezy clouds, all pure and white.

But here within the city walls,
No gentle voice of nature calls;
No birds sing in the morning air,
Along our paths, no flowers fair,
To our pained eyes and heavy heart,
Speak words of comfort as we part.

Here all is man's, and man's alone;
Man plied this loom of brick and stone;
Man made the earth on which I tread,
The smoky sky above my head!
The hand of God I cannot find,
Man made the city cribbed, confined.

Boston, May 7, 1852.
C. H. C.

AGRICULTURE.

He who by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

FARM WORK FOR JUNE.

It seems to us, that June answers the descriptions of May, by the old writers. It is full of life and beauty and invitations to the country.

In this fair month, when all things bloom,
Come to the green mead, come away!
Where joyous ply the morning larks,
And bobo-links their minstrelsy.

Planting being over, there will be a little respite, a brief breathing place to look into all the affairs of the farm more leisurely, and attend to the smaller, but not minor matters, which the haste to get in the seeds, has prevented. And first, let him who has had the forecast to plant a tree either this season or before, extend his care to it, and extirpate its enemies.

THE BORERS.—They will make sad havoc with your fair orchard, unless your own eye, and knife, and wire and hand are active. Now is the time to dislodge them; by scraping the earth carefully away from the base of the tree, and closely examining it, the spoiler may be discovered either by his hole, his castings, which resemble saw-dust, or by some peculiar appearance of the tree. By inserting a small wire, with the smallest possible hook upon its end, they may generally be drawn out; but if not brought to light, the wire will kill them.

THISTLES, mulleins, dockroot, burdocks, and all such rank herbage, will constantly spring up, especially about the buildings, unless the farmer is in the habit of destroying them.

By neglect, they sometimes cover large patches of excellent ground, and render it worthless, besides disfiguring the premises and scattering their seeds over the farm. An hour or two at the right season, will arrest them, and save crop and character. The cure is to cut them off just below the surface, and drop a handful of salt upon the bleeding wound; or sink the spade, and start the roots, and pull them up bodily. These, and the ox-eye daisy, or white weed, which is becoming so prevalent all over New England, should be waded out of the grain and grass fields, upon their first appearance.

HOEING.—No implement on the farm, is in more demand than the Hoe in the month of June. Get a good one, and keep it smooth and bright. Let it be of the right weight, remembering that he who makes with a common hoe, two thousand strokes an hour, should not wield a needless ounce. If any part is heavier than necessary, even to the amount of half an ounce only, he must repeatedly and continually lift the half ounce, so that the whole strength thus spent, would be equal, in a day, to twelve hundred and fifty pounds, which ought to be exerted in stirring the soil, and destroying the weeds." It is important, also, to see that the hoe stands just right, neither out nor in too much, but in that position which will enable the person to stand in an easy attitude while using it. Hoeing is of the utmost importance in farm husbandry. It keeps the ground in fine tilth, which is its proper condition to receive light and heat, and the instant atmospheric influences.

WEEDS.—These are merely grasses out of place. They get a great many kicks, cuts, and perhaps curses, from the indolent and thoughtless,—but they are really "blessings in disguise." How many fields and gardens would feel the plough and hoe, if no weeds appeared? and would present a hard, impervious crust, resisting all efforts of the genial sun, or cooling dews, to enter and feed the starving roots. But the weeds spring up as faithful monitors to prompt us to duty! calling us from field to garden, as each demands attention. Look no longer, then, upon the weeds as pests and plagues, but by careful industry, exclude them from the crops which you prefer to them.

WATERING.—Water copiously and rarely; a constant drizzling cakes the ground, and is of little service to the roots.

THE GARDEN.—Pass through the garden once day, at least; give it an hour in the morning, and another in the evening, if possible; no part of the farm will pay you better

than the garden crops. Coop some of the hens near, and allow the chickens to go at will over the garden; and they will be able to obtain what meat they require with their vegetable diet.

Sow melons and cucumbers towards the last of the month, for pickling.

GRASS.—In rich, moist spots, grass will grow rank, and sometimes lodge before the end of June. This should be cut early, and another crop may be taken from the same ground.

CATTLE.—The stock still need the master's eye. A little extra attention keeps the animals healthy and thrifty, and that is the only possible condition in which a profit can be derived from them.

MANY THINGS.—The merchant watches the daily fluctuation of prices in his business, and calculates the loss and gain on them with eagle eye. So should the farmer watch every minute innovation, whether by insect or weed, upon his crops, and carefully attend to each at the particular season when they demand it. **Promptness**, as well as neatness and order, should prevail in every department of the farm.

Fruit trees that have not been trimmed this season, may be attended to in June. There will be more leisure now, than there was in May, and you need not fear reducing the number of blossoms, for they are usually too many. Trim a little each year, and not cut large limbs, let them interfere ever so much.

The practice of heading in peach trees and keeping them low, is becoming general. This will do for the peach tree, but not for the apple. Many apple trees have been spoiled by heading down and by excessive trimming. No large limbs need be cut when trees are attended to annually.—N. E. Farmer.

MISCELLANEOUS.
THE CONSERVATORY.

One of the most beautiful, and, at the same time, novel species of flowering species of plants, is that now attracting such general attention in Europe, known as the orchid, or airplant family. The several varieties are found in great beauty in South America, from which country they are principally imported, though we know so little about them here. This is more from expense of their importation and culture than from a necessity of great attention, all that they require for their support being a warm, moist atmosphere, a block of wood, bark, or a moss basket, to depend on.

We learn this, with many other interesting particulars with regard to their discovery and introduction into Europe, from an address delivered before the Horticultural Society of Delaware, by our townsmen, Dr. G. Emerson, to whose courtesy we are indebted for a copy. Apart from the desire to see and cultivate these beautiful creations, a description of their freaks and forms is very curious. In some conservatories near Philadelphia, the pitcher plant and butterly flower are found. The not is not the single large green leaf so common in the woods of the Northern and Middle States, and sometimes known by children as "Jack in the pulpit." At the extremity of each leaf there is a small pitcher, of graceful shape, with a close-fitting lid, that opens or shuts, as the pitcher is full or empty. The card stripper threw off the belt, but the momentum of the cylinder kept it revolving, and our hero supposing it in full operation, burst out anew:

"Oh! stop her, stop her, do! I ain't well, and I orter be home; father wants the steers, and mothers, going to bakes! Stop the tarnation masheen, can't you?—do! Ain't you got 'em for a feller in distress? Oh, dear! I'll be carded and spun, and made into lockets: Jorushion! How I wish I was to Greene!"

The card was stopped at last, but Jonathan's clothes were so tangled in the gearing that it was no slight task to extricate him, and it was only by cutting out the whole of the "invested territory," that he was finally released—*Yankee Blade.*

THE TURKISH CRESCENT.—The Crescent was the ancient symbol of Byzantium, now Constantinople. Philip, the father of Alexander, in besieging that city, set his workmen to undermine the walls by night, that his troops might take it by surprise; but the moon suddenly appearing, discovered the design to the besieged, who succeeded in frustrating it.—Greatful for their deliverance, the Byzantines erected a statue to Diana—the moon—and took the crescent for their symbol.

OLD PARSON M. of Torringford, was a queer sort of a man. One time when his congregation had most of them disposed themselves for their afternoon nap, he started them, as well as their ideas of propriety, by asking his loudest tone, "What's the price of butter?"

At another time, some strangers coming to church with him, the congregation paid more attention to them than they did to him.—Losing all patience he stopped in his sermon and said—"Those folks in my pow are my cousins from H.; so you needn't stare at them any more."

HONORING PARENTS.—As a stranger went into the church yard of a pretty village, he beheld three children at a newly made grave. A boy about ten years of age was busily engaged in placing plats of turf about it, while a girl, who appeared a year or two younger, held in her apron a few roots of wild flowers. The third child, still younger, was sitting on the grass, watching with thoughtful look at the movements of the other two. They wore pieces of crepe on their straw hats, and a few other signs of the mourning, such as are sometimes worn by the poor who struggle between their poverty and their afflictions.

The girl began by planting some of her wild flowers around the head of the grave, when the stranger thus addressed them:—

"Who's grave is this, children, about which you are so busily engaged?"

"Mother's grave, sir," answered the boy.

"And did your father send you to place these flowers around your mother's grave?"

"No sir, father lies here too, and little Willie, and sister Jane."

"When did they die?"

"Mother was buried a fortnight yesterday, sir, but father died last winter; they all lie here."

"Then who told you to do this?"

"Nobody, sir," replied the girl.

"Then why do you do it?"

They appeared at a loss for an answer, but the stranger looked so kindly at them that at length the eldest replied, as the tears started to his eyes:—

"Oh, we do love them, sir."

"Then you put these grass tufts and wild flowers where your parents are laid, because you love them?"

A 'VERDANT' IN A COTTON MILL.

A raw, straw-hatted, sandy-whiskered, six-footer—one of the purely uninited, came in recently from Greene, with a load of wood for a factory company. Not satisfied with contemplating the 'poetry of motion' at a safe distance, our hero must needs introduce himself between the cards to get a nearer view. This move brought his nether habiliments into a dangerous proximity to the gearing of the next card, 'thereby hangs a tale.'

"You, I say! She goes poopy, don't she, boy?"

"She don't do anything else," responded the stripper: "but you must be careful how you move around this hardware. 'Twas only last week, sir, that a promising young man from Oxford, a student at the academy here, was drawn into that very card, sir, and before any assistance could reach him, he was run through and manufactured into No. 16 super extra cotton warp yarn."

"I s-o-vow! I believe you're jokin,' sturred Jonathan.

"Fact sir," continued the stripper; and his disconsolate mother came down two days ago, and got five bunches of the same yarn as melancholy relics."

"Fact sir, fact! and each of his fellow students purchased a skein a-piece to set in lockets, and wore it in remembrance of departed worth."

"Is that a fact, now? Was he really carded and spun, and set in lockets?"

A sense of personal danger here shot across our hero's mind; he began to retreat precipitately, without waiting for an answer. But there was not much room to spare betwixt himself and the gearing of the card behind. Another step backward completed the ceremony of introduction. His unwhisperables being of large 'calibre,' the progress of snarling them up into a hard knot was no ways slow. Our hero gave tongue! instantane-

"O-h! m-u-r-d-e-r! Let go!—you hurt! blast your pictur—let go! Ain't you got 'em for a feller in distress? Oh, dear! I'll be carded and spun, and made into lockets: Jorushion! How I wish I was to Greene!"

The card was stopped at last, but Jonathan's clothes were so tangled in the gearing that it was no slight task to extricate him, and it was only by cutting out the whole of the "invested territory," that he was finally released—*Yankee Blade.*

NEW SPRING GOOD !

will be offered at retail, and we respectfully invite attention to our stock.

GEO. W. WARREN & CO.,

and will continue the DRY GOODS BUSINESS at

No. 192 Washington Street,

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES,

Importing, Jobbing and Retailing.

The sale of the stock in the late firm will be continued at the present low rates.

On Monday, March 1st,

OUR IMPORTATION OF

NEW SPRING GOOD !

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1852.

There is much need of rain; three or four showers only have fallen since the first of the month, and only one or two of those were of much account.

FRANKLIN.

AN ENIGMA.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 3, 5, 11, is the name of a domestic animal.

4, 6, 13, is the name of a fowl.
10, 9, 11, is the name of an animal.
8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, is the name of a bird.
7, 2, 6, is what folks tell.

7, 5, 1, 6, is what many folks are.
My whole is the name of a bold robber.

SEA LARK.

AN ENIGMA.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 3, 15, 8, is a useful part of the human system.

10, 5, 7, 13, 9, 15, 16, I am well aware, is a welcome visitor to the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity.

14, 11, 8, 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 12, 13, 9, is one of the prettiest villages in New England.

My whole is a great traveller, somewhat aristocratic in his notions; as he always goes accompanied with several pages, who are very accomodating.

CLAUDE MELNOUET.

Written for the Journal.

AN ENIGMA.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 1, 2, 20, 7, is something much eaten.

3, 5, 6, 6, 11, is something used on the Prairies.
4, 9, 8, 5, is a Volcano in Europe.
7, 20, 6, is a measure.

10, 12, 8, is what you cannot have when it rains.

11, 17, is one of the words in the answer to this Enigma.

13, 5, 14, is a troublesome animal.
2, 16, is a river in Europe.

13, 5, 21, is a kind of bird.
14, is one of the last letters of the alphabet.
15, 1, 21, is what is made when the sun shines.

20, 12, is what every one has got.

My whole is what every body desires to have.

CYRUS.

NARROW ESCAPE.—On the morning of the 10th inst. the splendid car drawn by four horses, and belonging to Welch & Co's circus, while passing over a bridge in Chester village, broke through and was precipitated, horses and all, into the stream, eighteen feet below. Fortunately no person was injured. One of the valuable horses was badly hurt; while the escape of several men who were in the wagon was almost miraculous.

ALTERED BILLS.—Look out for 2's of the Traveller's Bank, altered to 10's. The figures and letters were erased and printed in so good style as to pass at one of our Banks.

The New York Herald thinks the Japanese expedition is likely to fail for want of supplies.

NEW HAMPSHIRE LEGISLATURE.—A bill to repeal the act for the further protection of personal liberty was ordered to a third reading in the House on Tuesday, by a vote of 157 to 143. Thirteen Whigs voted for, and four Democrats against the repeal.

ETHERIZATION OF A LION.—A most novel operation was performed at South Boston, on Monday afternoon. Francis Alger, Esq., has had in his possession, at his residence in South Boston, a lion about six months old, of the species known as the American lion, and brought a short time since from South America. This lion, as it has increased in size, has grown quite ferocious, and it was deemed advisable to remove his claws, to prevent him from doing injury to those who might approach his cage. To accomplish this end, Dr. Charles T. Jackson yesterday administered ether to him. At first he was quite cross and snappish, and some difficulty was experienced in getting the sponge to his nose. At last, however, a soothing impression was made, and after a pound and a half had been administered, he became quite docile, and slept quietly for twenty minutes. In the meantime his claws were removed with a pair of sharp pinchers, and when his lassitude awoke from his trance, he found himself deprived of his most formidable weapons of defense. The lion soon recovered his wonted agility, and this morning was as lively as ever. It is probable that it will be necessary to cut off his teeth before he will be considered a safe pet.—Traveller.

MARRIAGES.

In Lowell, June 19, by Rev. Mr. Eddy, Joel Crocker to Emily Maria Foss, of Concord N. H.
In Charlestown, June 19, Mr. Marion Lane to Mrs. Louis Crane.

DEATHS.

In Lowell, June 10, John B. Atkinson, 2d printer, s. of James Atkinson, of Newport, R. I.
In Charlestown, June 13, Mrs. Lydia H. w. of Joseph Hannaway, Esq., 61 yrs 5 mos.

Large Sale of Real Estate.

Will be sold at Auction, on Saturday, June 24th, at 4 o'clock P.M., the premises, 3 acres of land, and buildings, of Building Lot, situated on Railroad street, near the residence of WILLIAM WOODS. ALSO—near the residence of J. C. FLAGG, Esq., 12 acres of Woodland, consisting of Oak and Pine of moderate growth, situated on Salem St., the residence of NATH'L WADE, consisting of a Two Story House and Out-buildings, with one acre of Land, and Fruit Trees on the same. **NOTE**—This sale offers a good opportunity for investment, as it will be sold without reserve. For further information inquire of WM. WINN, JR., AUCTIONEER.

CONGRESS WATER, fresh from the spring, for five dollars and a quarter a box, two doz., or twenty-five cents per bottle, at E. E. COOPER'S Drug-store.

WINCHESTER ADVERTISEMENTS.

SIMONDS & CRAM,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
BUREAUS AND SECRETARIES,
Winchester, Mass.

WILLIAM SIMONDS, CHARLES CRAM,
Mfrs 6

J. C. JOHNSON,

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE, ORGAN, AND
ADULT AND JUVENILE SINGING CLASSES.
Lessons given at his Room, 805 Tremont Street, Boston,
at his Room, 10 Tremont Street, Winchester, and at the
rooms of the pupils.

Having received, in the outset, a thorough Musical
Education, in this country and in Europe, and having
taught, on the Piano and Organ, more than three hundred;
and in the Juvenile Singing Classes, more than one
hundred, he has received the most unanimous testimonial
of success, he feels justified in promising to all those who
will practice faithfully the most rapid progress.

Wishing to devote a portion of his time to giving lessons
in the vicinity of Winchester, Mr. J. C. Johnson
will be happy to see them at his school, *at home in the Evening and
evening, in the Cars, or morning, at day at Tremont Street,*
at his Room, in connection with A.D. Johnson's Music
Store.

* On account of the late fire, I have removed from my
Room for a few weeks.

April 19

HENRY W. HOWE,
OPPOSITE THE DEPOT, WINCHESTER.

DEALER IN WATCHES, CLOCKS, SPOONS, SPECTACLES, &
RICH SILVER WARE MADE TO ORDER.
Coffin and Carriage Plates Engraved.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry, repaired. Work sent
from a distance, will be done with care and promptness.

april 21

M. TEARE,
MILLINERY ROOMS,

Opposite J. S. Ellis & Co's Store.

The subscriber would respectfully inform the ladies of
Woburn and vicinity, that he has enlarged his store,
and has just purchased in Boston the largest and most
splendid stock of MILLINERY Goods ever offered in this
place. This stock consists of a great variety of Bonnets,
of every size and shape, very large and small, Bonnet
Bridals, of superb style, great variety of Side or
Drawn Bonnets, Lace Veils, Wrought Collars, Gloves,
Hosiery, and a thousand other articles too numerous to
mention. Mourning Goods and Mourning Bonnets, and
Rich Dress Caps, always on hand.

Old Bonnets altered into the latest style, Bleached and
Pressed, at short notice, and warranted to give satisfaction.

april 18

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april 18

MEDICINES! MEDICINES!

D. S. A. WEAVERS SYRUP for the cure of Cankers,
Sore Throat, Rheumatism, &c.

DR. A. ROGERS' Compound Syrup of Liverwort, Tar
and Camphor, a cure for Coughs and Lung diseases.

General Petroleum, or Rock Oil, for the cure of Sciatica.

DEVINETS Compound Pitch Lozenges, for Colds,
Coughs and Asthma.

ALSO, a great variety of Medicines, just received and
for sale by DAVID YOUNGMAN, M. D., Winchester.

May 29

SCYTHIES! SCYTHIES!

Best cast Steel Scythes, Lamson's Snare, Hay Forks,
Bass Hocks, Snow Rakes, &c., for sale by

L. THOMPSON, Jr.

W. M. WESTON,
MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry, Gold and Silver Pencils
Whitney, Pen and Mustard Spoons, Cream Ladies,
Butter Knives &c.

Silver and Plated Ware of all
kinds, made to order.

Silver Comb, Spectacles, Fans, Steel trimmings and
Buttons, &c.

Musical Instruments,
such as VIOLINS, MELLOPHONES, ACCORDIONS, and MUSIC
BOXES.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, and JEWELRY, repaired in the best possible
style.

OLD GOLD and SILVER taken in exchange.

ALSO—MELODIANS TO LET.

april 3

FISH POLES, BOOKS AND LINES.—constantly on
hand and for sale by EDW. E. COOPER.

May 25

EDWARD HOWE,

WOBURN.

W. M. WESTON,
MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry, Gold and Silver Pencils
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Silver Comb, Spectacles, Fans, Steel trimmings and
Buttons, &c.

Musical Instruments,
such as VIOLINS, MELLOPHONES, ACCORDIONS, and MUSIC
BOXES.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, and JEWELRY, repaired in the best possible
style.

OLD GOLD and SILVER taken in exchange.

ALSO—MELODIANS TO LET.

april 3

FISH POLES, BOOKS AND LINES.—constantly on
hand and for sale by EDW. E. COOPER.

May 25

EDWARD HOWE,

WOBURN.

W. M. WESTON,
MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry, Gold and Silver Pencils
Whitney, Pen and Mustard Spoons, Cream Ladies,
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SILVER and PLATED Ware of all
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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1852

could be, it would be a blessed assurance. We do not know, but we can hope.

'And now, dear Edward, the being I have loved best on earth—the one whom I have prayed to see but once more before I die—the one whom I hope to greet in heaven and sing his safe arrival there—farewell. My latest prayer and thought shall be for you—farewell—farewell. Your own FRANCES.'

There was a spirit in these lines which breathed of heaven. They expressed the last fond feelings of her soul, and I would not have parted with the consolation they afforded my wounded heart for the whole world. I recalled her request and her promise. I could not separate them. I knelt before the Father of the Universe, and by that grave I sealed my vows to be his obedient child. In a moment the deep struggle in my bosom ceased, and I felt a sweet submission to God's will. For the first time in my life I looked up to heaven, and with a tender, confiding, and grateful love, exclaimed, 'Oh! my Father'—and then experienced a calm impression that the ground on which I knelt and the air around me was holy. I heard no voice which spoke to the outward ear; but retreating within my soul I seemed to hold communion with that pure and glorified being I had loved. And not an hour has since passed that I have not felt that the smile of God and the guardianship of my sainted Frances lingered around me. I stayed in that peaceful church-yard for hours, but I did not feel that I was alone. I pressed those parting gifts to my heart and left her grave.

Since that time, at almost every anniversary of her death, I have gone to her native village to visit her resting-place. It was but a few days before we said that I stood there. Fifteen long sad years had rolled away since her death, and yet it seemed but a brief period. The green grass had overgrown the mound, and the same broad arms of the sycamore still sheltered her repose. Her parents, too, were resting by her side.

You cannot wonder, now, my dear sir—my companion said—that this has been to me a somewhat dreary world. I have felt no disposition to win the love of another, for my heart is still pledged to Frances. Since her death I have laid my father, mother and sister in the grave, and spent most of my life at sea and in foreign lands: for I enjoy better health and I experience a quietness of feeling on the ocean, and an excitement abroad which make me contemplate the past with less gloom—but I never should have been able to endure all this, if I had not been sustained by the hopes and consolations of religion. My misfortunes I consider the only agency which led me to experience the blessedness of personal religion. They have weaned me from my strong attachment to the world and I have long anticipated my own death with cheerfulness. I believe there is nothing earthly and fading that can satisfy the restless heart of man. But I do know that a life unmeasured by the flight of years, with its sublime prospects and exalted hopes can completely fill the soul.

'You have told me a sad story, my dear sir,' I replied. 'But still the light of heaven dispels its darkest gloom. It reminds me of the traveller, who, when he comes at evening to some mountain's brow, after battling storms and tempests through his journey, sees nothing but ruin spread over the ground he has traversed, beholds the sun when he is setting, casting from a clear sky a flood of golden light promising a fair day to-morrow.'

'Come,' said my companion, 'let us go below, and in my state-room I'll show you her picture.'

When we had entered the room and the door was closed, he took from a small writing desk a miniature. It was a picture of surpassing loveliness; there was a bland and beautiful expression over it—it was taken while she was yet in the prime of youthful beauty. I kissed the picture, and he thanked me, and returned it again to its place with a deep sigh, saying:

'Poor Frances! But she's an angel now. My heart was too full for utterance, and we wept together.'

AGRICULTURE.

*(He who by the plough would thrive,
Honesty must either hold or drive.)*

THE APPLE TREE BORER.

One of the greatest of all evils that the fruit grower has to contend against is the apple tree borer, which also attacks the quince, mountain ash, white ash, locust, hawthorn and the aronia. We have repeatedly called attention to their destructive habits, and have heretofore given the illustrations below, but as the evil is perpetual, so must our promptings be. Beside, some thousands of persons are now readers of the Farmer, that were not so, when these subjects were alluded to before.

This borer is the larva of the two-striped sapeira, (*Saperda bivittata*). This is the beetle or insect in its perfect state.

The upper part of the body is marked by longitudinal white stripes, among others of a light brown. The face antennae, the under side of the body and legs are white.

This beetle comes forth from the tree in June, in the night, flying from tree to tree for food or companions, resting in the day time among the leaves on which it feeds. In June, July and sometimes in August, it deposits eggs on the bark of the tree, at or near the ground.

The larva or young borers from these eggs are fleshy, round, whitish grubs, without legs. This grub eats through the bark, and remains there the first winter. The next season it penetrates the wood, throwing out dust or cuttings, like saw dust, by which it may be traced, generally ascending, as it proceeds, and boring

deeper into the tree. Its whole passage is usually about 12 or 15 inches. It becomes a full grown borer.

The third season, nearly two years from its entrance, it approaches the surface, where it undergoes its final transformation, becomes a beetle and leaves the tree.

Rarely, the borer gets off the track, and descends; sometimes it enters the tree several feet above the ground, and seldom it enters the limbs of the tree.

Keep the trees well washed and the bark smooth, and keep the grass, weeds, and rubbish away from the trees that they may be examined conveniently. During the time of depositing the eggs, wash the trees occasionally with a rather strong lye of wood ashes, or a solution of one pound of potash to two gallons of water. A strong lye is liable to injure the trees. These and other corrosive substances may destroy the eggs, or annoy the insect; but they are not always sure. The borers may enter between the roots that branch high, where washes do not affect, or the eggs may not be destroyed; therefore keep the trees smooth and clear of every thing around them, and examine them often; and when the young borers have just penetrated the bark, they are easily destroyed. So attend to them the first season.

Make a wash of two quarts of soft soap, whale oil soap, half a pound of sulphur and two gallons of water. Add also camphorated spirit, asafoetida, tobacco and other offensive substances, and wash the tree with it. A little clay or lime added will make a coating holding these substances, which may be offensive to the beetle or young borers, and prevent their operations.

After the borers have penetrated the trees they may be destroyed by running a wire or other flexible substance into the hole.—N. E. Farmer.

THE BEST LOCATION FOR PEACH TREES.

Although the season for transplanting fruit trees has passed, the present condition of the peach in this vicinity so fully confirms the views of observing and practical horticulturists as to the best location for them, that it may be well to put them on record for the guidance of future operations. I have three acres in peach trees, about one-half of which are situated on low, plain land, and the other half on high hill in the immediate vicinity. My trees on the low land have been injuriously affected, and many of them entirely destroyed by the severity of the past winter, while those on the hill, occupying a bleak and exposed position, never looked more finely, and are now in full blossom. The popular impression is, that plain lands, with a somewhat sandy soil, are the best adapted to peach trees, and that they cannot live at all on the bleak and rugged eminences, which form so large a portion of every New England farmer's domain. But this is one of the numerous cases, where the popular belief, in horticultural matters, is at variance with the well established results of close and scientific observation. The peach loves an elevated locality, and one nearly as rough and rocky as the vine luxuriates upon on the banks of the Rhine. It requires a soil of considerable strength, and if it has a clayey subsoil, so much the better. My own observation and experience also go to overthrow the vulgar belief, that highly manured grounds are the most favorable to the peach. A part of my peach orchard occupies ground, which has for half a century been used as a garden, and which has been liberally manured. It is preposterous to think, as many do, that it will flourish in sward land, even if the soil be ever so good. The soil about peach trees needs to be thoroughly stirred by the plow and the hoe, at least as often as every other year, or they will do little or nothing. Plant your peach trees then on your hills, and among the rocks where there is a good depth of soil, and let the soil be frequently stirred, and enjoy only a slight quantity of manure, and you will find that they will successfully resist the severity of our winters, load your table with most luscious fruit, and enable you to send to market an article which is always in demand, and which will amply repay your toils for its production.—N. E. Farmer.

CATERPILLARS.—These creeping gentry were made for some good undoubtedly; but outrage all our notions of propriety by feeding upon and denuding our fruit trees. This is the season for them to appear, and we recommend to every person who objects to their proceedings to after them early in the morning with brush and pole, finger and feet, or in any other way which shall effectually put a stop to their depredations.

CORN CULTURE.—I suppose that almost every man who lives on a farm calculates he knows how to raise taters and corn, without looking into any of your garbled books and papers; for he learned of his father, and he knew how as well as anybody; but be that as it may, I believe in improvement, and in order to make all we can, it is just as necessary to report a failure as it is if we succeed ever so well; that others may not fall into the same error.

Last spring I planted one acre and a half to corn. An acre of it was to potatos the year before, and the other half acre to corn. The half acre was manured with green manure the year previous, and last year I used well decomposed manure in the hill, applying no other in any way. I put a smallish shovelfull to a hill. On the acre I put about twenty loads of green manure; plowed it in about five inches deep, using none in the hill. No lime or ashes were used on either. 250 lbs. of gypsum was used. It was all in one pieces. That on the half acre was considerably the best. The whole was extremely light, yielding only fifty bushels of ears. The reason of the failure, I think, was the absence of the phosphates, and might have been supplied by the use of lime, gypsum or ashes. If others have had similar results, please report.—N. E. Farmer.

BOSTON & LOWELL RAILROAD.

COACH AND TICKET OFFICE, 50 Court street, Sedgley's Building.

CHANGE OF HOURS: On and after MONDAY, April 6th, 1852. Train leaves Boston—

—UPPER RAILROAD TRAINS—Leave Boston at 7:30, A. M., 12, M., and 5, P. M.

Leave Lowell at 8, A. M., 12:30, and 5:30, P. M.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS—Leave Boston at 7, 12, 3, 6, 9, 12, and 5:30 P. M.

Leave Lowell at 8, A. M., 2, and 4:30 P. M.

WOBURN BRANCH TRAINS—Leave Woburn Centre at 6:30, 7:10, 9:30, A. M., 1:15, 4:15 and 7:45, P. M.

Also, a Train leaves Winchester for Woburn Centre on the arrival of the 6:30 P. M. Train from Boston.

* On Wednesdays this Train leaves at 11, P. M., and on Saturdays at 10, instead of 9, P. M.

WALDO HIGGINSON,
April 3, 1852
Agent B. & L. R. R. Co.

GEO. W. WARREN,

A. B. WARREN, and D. WHITE, Jr.

HAVE formed a COPARTNERSHIP under the name

GEO. W. WARREN & CO.,

and will continue the DRY GOODS BUSINESS at

NO. 192 Washington Street,

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES,

Importing, Jobbing and Retailing.

The sale of the stock from the late firm will be continued at the present low rates.

On Monday, March 1st,

OUR IMPORTATION OF

NEW SPRING GOOD !

will be offered at retail, and we respectfully invite attention to our stock.

GEO. W. WARREN & CO.,

Feb. 28, 1852 Boston.

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GOLD PENS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND FANCY GOODS,

AND SILVERWARE, GLASS, GEMS, & SILVER,

WATERS, and FANCY GOODS, of every description,

all of which we warrant and offer on the most reasonable terms.

WILMARTH & BROTHER,

9 Court St., Boston—Lubbers from Washington street, P. S. Gold Pens, Watches and Jewelry repaired, or exchanged.

oct 18, 1852

DAVID YOUNGMAN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Lyceum Building, WINCHESTER MASS.

Dr. YOUNGMAN respectfully informs the inhabitants of Winchester that he has, connected with his extensive Apothecary Store, where will be found a complete and well arranged collection of MEDI-

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REMEDIES, and various articles of interest.

We also keep constantly on hand a complete and fresh

assortment of MEDICAL, SURGICAL, and CHEMICAL

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT THE OFFICE
OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE, BY
FOWLE & BROTHER,
GEORGE W. FOWLE, JOHN A. FOWLE

TERMS,--\$1.50 per year, payable always
in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.

Correspondence should be prepaid, and addressed to the *Editor*, *Woburn* or at No. 27 *Federal St., Boston*.

Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring towns, solicited.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

THE DYING GIRL.

Come twine thy arms around me, and let my sick head lie;
Against thee, darling sister, once more before I die;
My heart is sad to leave thee, I grieve that it is so;
I fain would stay to love thee, but they call me, I must go.

So put thine arms around me, and lay thy face to mine,
For there has been no one in life, with love as true as thine;

Look up the curtain, sister, while on us bright stars smile,
Their light, so pure and holy, in morn will begin to pale;

Oh! cease these sighs and tears, dear one, I go but to prepare,

A place beside the friends long gone, our pell-mell mother there;

A little while, and then wilt come to that far land of light,

Where sights to fragrant odors change, and tears to rainbows bright.

Where spirits talk in music tones, where loved ones never part;

Where hopes bright star is needed not, peace reigns in even heart;

I feel that I am dying now, but e'er I say farewell,

One message for thine sister, a secret I must tell,

Doth thou remember youthful hours, passed beneath the trees,

Hanging high?

We weaved long "bowers for thy curls, these playthings

of the breeze?"

Or wandered by the river's side, to gather precious gems,

Stones with many colours dyed, to form us diadems;

Ah! yes, thou dost remember, by the leaving of thy heart,

I know thy thoughts are with me, and yet, and yet, we part;

Cease, cease these tears and let me tell of a sorrow dark and drear,

That has stamp'd in twain my heart-strings, and laid me lowly here;

Tell of one who came among us, with a haughty men and air,

Who praised my dark eyes brightness, my soft and glossy hair;

Who wound himself so closely round the tendrils of my life,

That one short hour with him seemed with endless pleasure;

He won my trusting heart, sister, and coldly left me then;

And went from this dull wilderness to the happier haunts of men;

He said that once he loved me, that my stay was light as air,

That I was very beautiful, but others were as fair;

His tones were cold and heartless, my very soul they stung;

And though so lowly spoken, they loudly since have rung;

Yes darling they have crushed my heart, and made my pulse run low;

They've been a bane of bitterness, but now 'twill cease to flow;

'Twll cease to flow, for angels bright are calling me away,

They bid me haste to realms of light, to lands of endless day;

And were it not for thee, my soul long since had gone,

But I sorrow when I think that thou will be alone;

Thou'll miss me but a little time, for soon I'll meet thee there;

And mighty hand above thee, and listen to thy prayer;

I cannot bear to leave thee, but oh! it must be so;

Their're calling me, I must say, one kiss before I go;

Farewell, farewell my darling one, how now my peace can tell,

For I leave thee in thy father's hands, dear sister fare thee well.

Charlottesville, June, 1852. H. A. K.

ORIGINAL TALE.

(Written expressly for the *Woburn Journal*.)

A GLIMPSE OF CITY LIFE:

on

The Virtuous and Vicious Hearts' Reward.

BY MAY RITCHIE.

Author of *Mary St. Clare, the Maid of Rochester*, &c. &c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

"Let me go to the city, mother; I can get work enough there, and you say that we must soon be occupants of the almshouse, if much longer without the employment that has hitherto sustained us, so do give your consent for me to go." Thus spake the lovely Emma Hartley, upon listening to her mother's sad account of the destitution they must soon experience, if much longer without occupation.

"But my child," replied Mrs. Hartley, and the fond parent gazed with deep solicitude upon the fair face of her lovely daughter. "My child," she repeated, "you know nothing of the temptations and snares that beset an unprotected female at her first entrance into a town—so different from a retired country life!" Mrs. Hartley paused.

"But mother," returned Emma, her cheek and bosom crimsoning, "I shall not be unprotected; for Charles," she slowly faltered, "will be my guardian: I shall be safe, for—"

"Emma," interrupted Mrs. Hartley, in an excited tone, "Emma, I cannot consent for you to go to the city, for an artless girl like yourself knows nothing of the great world, and consequently cannot guard against the intrigues of the same. How many a beautiful being," she added in a tone of touching pathos, "has left their childhood home with the fond and confident anticipation of not only procuring their own subsistence, but in helping to support an invalid parent or a younger brother or sister, and returned,—alas! that it should be thus—returned to that home from which they had but a short time been absent, to die! They had fallen a victim to the snares which environed their path, and now, with their youthful prospects blighted—the brand of infamy legibly stamped it upon her brow, they had returned to seek a premature

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. I. 36 WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1852.

NO. 36.

JOB PRINTING

OF ALL THE VARIOUS KINDS AND FORMS OF DESCRIPTIONS
COMBINING IN PART
Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, Blanks, Catalogues, Pamphlets, Shop Bills, Show Bills, Notices, &c., &c.

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The office has been furnished with new type through out, and we are prepared to execute all orders for printing in the best manner and at short notice.
Printing in Gold, Silver and Brass done in superfine style, at reasonable rates.

WOBURN RECORDS.

DEATHS, COMMENCING 1642.

Elizabeth, d. of John and Susannah Richardson, d. June 18.

Roger Buck, d. Nov. 10.

Jonathan, s. of Seth and Hester Wyman, d. Jan. 19.

John, s. of John and Sarah Swan, d. March 1.

Josyiah, s. of Josyiah and Ruth Converse, d.—

Samuel, s. of Samuel and Hannah Baker, d.—

John, s. of John and Elizabeth Coggen, d. March 9.

Thomas, s. of Samuel and Hannah Baker, d. Dec. 5.

John, s. of John and Mary Converse, d. Dec. 15.

1644.

Susannah, w. of Israell Walker, d. 7th of Mar.

Sarah, d. of James and Mary Burleene, d. 17th of March.

Henry, s. of John and Elizabeth Coggen, d. 17th of March.

Ursula Peirson, d. 28th of May.

Jonathan Peirce, d. 17th of June.

Jonathan, s. of Jonathan and Hannah Peirce, d. 7th of July.

Elizabeth, d. of James and Hannah Converse, (aged 19 years), d. 27th of July.

Persis, w. of Jacob Kendall, d. 19th of Oct.

Margery Clark, d. 11th of Oct.

Sarah, w. of Samuel Snow, d. 28th of Jan.

Thomas Peirce, d. 12th of Jan.

Hannah, relief of Joseph Knight snr d. 13th of Jan.

d. of William and Prudence Wyman d. 29th of Nov.

1645.

Thomas, s. of John and Mary Polle, d. 14th of Apr.

s. of Thomas Kendall, d. 16th of Dec.

w. of Thomas Kendall, d. 18th of Dec.

John Baker, d. 6th of Nov.

Widow Elizabeth Polle, d. 2d of May.

Mary, w. of John Walker sen, d. 8th of Nov.

1646.

Widow Sarah Russell, d. 25th of Apr.

Lt. Mathew Johnson, d. 19th of July.

Susannah, d. of Joseph and Phebe Read, d. 29th of Jan.

1647.

Josyiah, s. of Josyiah and Ruth Converse, d. 30th of April.

Henry, s. of John and Elizabeth Coggen, d. 21st of August.

John Sears, d. 5th of Oct.

George, s. of George Jr., and Abigail Read, d. 6th of Oct.

Tabitha, d. of Sam'l. and Lidiah Peirce, d. 30th of Sept.

John, s. of John and Elizabeth Russell, d. 12th of Sept.

Benjamin, s. of John and Abigail Knight, d. 5th of Sept.

Martha, d. of John and Sarah Holden, d. 27th of Sept.

Abigail, d. of John and Mary Brooks, d. 12th of Oct.

John, s. of Jacob and Allis Kendall, d. 17th of Oct.

Susannah Thompson, d. 6th of Feb.

Joseph Richardson, d. 13th of Feb.

Deacon Henry Baldwin, d. 14th of Feb.

Rebeckah, d. of Robert and Joanna Dayle, d. 1st of Feb.

Ebenezer Thompson, d. 19th of Feb.

Rachell, w. of Jabez Brooks, d. 23d of Feb.

1648.

John, s. of Joseph and Mary Eams, d. 5th of March.

Dorcas, d. of Daniell and Hannah Baldwin, d. 7th of March.

Mehitabell, d. of Wm. and Hannah Greene, d. 27th of March.

John Mousall, d. 2d of Apr.

Elizabeth, d. of Nathaniell and Abigail Richardson, d. 10th of Oct.

Elizabeth, d. of John and Sarah Snow, d. 24th of June.

Joseph, s. of John and Elizabeth Coggins, d. 22d of Sept.

Thomas, s. of John and Mary Peirce, d. 18th of Dec.

Rebeckah Gipson, d. 10th of June.

Reuben Lillie, d. 5th of Sept.

Eunice, d. of Ebenezer and Martha Brooks, d. 4th of Feb.

Richard Gardner, d. 29th of May.

1649.

Elizabeth, d. of John and Elizabeth Fowle, d. 4th of March.

Susannah, w. of Ebenezer Lock, d. 13th of June.

John, s. of John and Abigail Pelham, d. 29th of Sept.

Solomon, s. of Josyiah and Abigail Wood, d. 13th of Oct.

John Walker Jr., d. 29th of April.

Francis Wyman, d. 30th of Nov.

Samuel Converse, d.

Thomas Henshaw, d. 16th of Jan.

John, s. of Samuel and Judith Walker, d. 25th of Jan.

Hannah Thompson, d. 8th of May.

Rebeckah, w. of James Richardson, d.

To be continued.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

JOHN A. FOWLE.....Editor.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1852.

NOTICE.—The proprietors of the "Woburn Journal" propose, at the close of Volume First, to submit the original pieces contributed for this paper to a committee; and in accordance with their decision, they will distribute to the successful authors two or three PRIZES, each consisting of one or more of our most costly ANNUALS.

AGENTS.

North Worcester.—Messrs. Nichols, Winn & Co. are agents for this paper.

Winchester.—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

Stowham.—Mr. G. W. Dixie will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

Boston.—Messrs. S. M. PETTENGILL & Co., Statestreet, are agents for this paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. L.—Your encouraging letter will do much good, in waking up our young folks, on the subject of a Lyceum and Library; we have a small hint of some movement on foot, which we hope will give ample encouragement for a beginning.

M. RICHARDSON.—We are much indebted to you for your kind favor; "The Old Burying Ground" is received, and we shall insert it with pleasure.

H. L.—We recognize this handwriting, under several signatures which have been received; we have no knowledge of the author, or who would give him a friendly hint to purchase Webster's Spelling Book, and study it well, before he attempts to write another letter; the remarks about our London Correspondent's incidents may be true, but we should like to see one paper, from the round it has gone,—we might then explain it, for the "edification of our Woburn readers."

E. L.—Asks us several questions about our correspondents, which we cannot answer, and we could not answer his inquiries, we should decline because we never divulge these secrets; they are confidential with all Editors, and should be strictly adhered to.

J. E.—Another interesting letter from our Georgia correspondent; southern life and customs are very little known at the north, and we hope these familiar letters will tend to remove or soften the prejudice we have against our southern neighbors.

MORMONS.

Men who have been in the active scenes of Life, for the last fifty years, have seen many wonderful changes; and in viewing the present state of society, and comparing it to what it was in their young days, they are no doubt lost in perfect astonishment. Every thing seems to have undergone a complete change, and the rapid progress in population, customs, and manners, seem to have placed our aged friends in a generation left behind. We often see the "oldest inhabitant" in a brown study while anxiously viewing some spot, which he was familiar with in his youth; but now, by the hand of improvement, made into a different object, and altogether beyond his conception.

It is very singular, in some instances, to see how small a speck can be made to spread over a vast surface, and by excitement and fanaticism become a leading feature in society. In our school boy days, we used to read poetry, and we remember these lines:—

"Large streams, from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks, from little acorns grow."

and in looking back upon past events, we find many sufficient proofs of these old lines. Our attention has been particularly drawn to this subject, by a friend who gave us a few items respecting that singular people, the Mormons. He says, "I knew Joseph Smith" and his brothers, they lived in Palmyra, New York, in poor circumstances. "Joe" dreamed one night, that there was buried in a certain sand bank several brass plates, on which was written the Mormon Bible; he told his brother of his dream, and they found the sand bank—and, as they ascended, dug up the brass plates; the inscription appeared to be in a strange language, but they translated them, and this Bible was put in a pamphlet, and distributed gratis. At first every body made ridicule of Smith and his Bible, and I well remember when the "Erie Canal" was finished, that the boat in which many persons made a first trip on the Canal, stopped at Palmyra. Joe came on board and left a lot of his Bibles for us to read; much sport was made at the time, and many Bibles were cast into the canal. For a long time after this, Joe continued to supply the boats gratis with his Bibles. This is the origin of the Mormons, this is the little fountain, or noon, from which sprung that singular sect, who are now rapidly spreading, and bid fair to become a nation. This is one of the phenomena of the times, and would almost convince us that "greater the absurdity of a theory, the more adherents and the more rapid its progress. Millerism had its day, and we can well remember the first time we heard Miller, in New York; the hall was full and overflowing; the excitement was terrible, and would no doubt have continued, had Miller put off the end of the world some 20 or 30 years. This is a strange age we live in! Reason and discretion, seem to give place to blindness and fanaticism with all new and singular doctrines.

We don't stop to reflect, but follow the multitude, judging them by their number to be right; all false doctrines will admit of persuasive arguments, and those who possess oily tongues, are always ready to use them, especially when it advances them from obscurity.

We can only wonder at these delusions, we cannot stop them; each has its day, and then comes another to fill up the space left by its predecessor.

COAL YARDS.—We notice that Young & Converse, of this town, and Bayley & Co., of Winchester, have each established a Coal Yard for the accommodation of their friends; they are near the Woburn and Winchester depots, and we hope each will receive a full share of patronage from our readers in both towns.

We learn that Mr. J. W. Page, of this town, has taken the Provision Store of John L. Parker, and we refer our readers to his advertisement in another column. Mr. Page we hope will be patronised by our citizens liberally, and if the fine lot of Strawberries and Cherries we received from him, might before last, is a sample of his stock, we can assure our readers they will get well filled at his store; we return our thanks and well wishes to Mr. Page for his donation.

The venerable Dr. Sharp, of Boston, preached at the Baptist Church, in this town, on last Sabbath, and looked as pale and hearty as he did 10 years ago; his discourses were well adapted to the occasion, and he delivered them with an energy and interest that would do credit to any young man.

A SWEET PRESENT.—Mr. Simon Holden has sent us a sample of honey in the comb, from his own hives; we have never seen or tasted of a finer lot of this delicious sweet, and thank Mr. H. for it. Raising bees and honey is something that should receive more attention from farmers, for it pays to give these little industrious individuals a house room, as they always return a good rent to their landlords.

ACCIDENT.—Last Saturday night as Miss Howland was crossing Main Street, near Mr. Cooper's Store, she was knocked down by a horse and carriage, passing in an opposite direction; the lady was taken into Mr. Cooper's Drug Store, where she received every attention needed. We learn that her injuries are not of a serious nature.

ACCIDENT.—During the tempest of last Tuesday, the thunder and lightning was truly terrific; we learn that the electricity struck near the house of Mr. Thompson, in North Woburn; a young man near by was struck senseless, and we learn that he was seriously injured, and has not yet recovered; his escape was miraculous.

SAD MISTAKE.—Two children of Mr. Fennimore, of Dubuque, Iowa, who were ill with the measles, were poisoned recently by a mistake of the druggist in putting up a prescription of Muriate of Morphia, instead of Syrup of Ipecac, as ordered by the Doctor attending them.

SCIENCE.—At Enfield, N. H., at about half-past two o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday last, as the mail train of cars was coming down, a woman threw herself in front of the engine, and was instantly killed. When the train was within a few rods she looked round and saw it, and then jumped on the track, and lying down, the cow-catcher struck her on the head, and staved her brains out, carrying her some little distance before the cars could be reversed. She was a stranger in the place, having come down a few days before from Vermont, and had been stopping with the Shaker community, located near by. She was about 22 years of age, and respectably dressed.

DAMAGE BY LIGHTNING.—The house of Mr. Jones, in Andover, was struck by lightning during the storm yesterday, but the family escaped injury.

The bridge across the Nashua River, just above Groton on the Fitchburg Railroad, was struck by lightning and burnt. This bridge was about 150 feet long, and the trains over the road were delayed in consequence.

In Northboro', Mass., a barn belonging to Rev. Mr. Farrar, was struck, and set on fire and destroyed, with its contents, hay, grain, pigs, a wagon, &c.—A house belonging to Isaac Davis, in the same town, was struck, with slight damage. In Berlin, a house belonging to Mr. Ira Brown, was struck, the chimney damaged and thirty-two panes of glass broken.

The house of Mr. Andrew Larkum, in Beverly, was struck. The fluid passed down the chimney, broke a sinkall to pieces, with other damage, stripped an umbrella of its covering, and passed around a table at which the inmates were eating their supper, without injuring any one.

The passengers on the road from Bath to Portland report seeing a bold stroke a barn at the side of the road, which was set on fire.

The steeple of the Unitarian Meeting-house in Cohasset was struck by lightning during the shower yesterday afternoon, and the tower somewhat injured. We learn from the Journal that the house of Mr. G. Richards, Dedham, was struck by lightning yesterday, and set on fire, but the fire was extinguished without much damage.—The lightning, in passing through the house, capsized two chairs, one of which was a boy, and in the other a cat. Both were thrown into the middle of the room, but were unharmed. A barn in Melrose, belonging to Mr. Boardman, was struck but not injured. A large ash tree in front of the house of Mr. Wm. MacIntosh, in Lincoln, was struck and completely shattered. The fluid passed under the house and knocked down a servant girl, who was sitting in the kitchen. The house of Mr. J. E. Holt, Somerville, was also struck, but no damage was done.

The depot at the Greenwood station, South Reading, was struck and somewhat injured. A barn in Danvers was struck and set on fire. A house in Neponset, occupied by Mr. Wood, who was absent at the time, was also struck. A servant maid, who was in the kitchen, was thrown through an open door into the entry and stunned.

The house of Frederick Unnack, on Round Hill, Northampton, was struck by lightning during the thunder storm on Tuesday afternoon.—The electric fluid passed through four rooms, tearing up floors, tearing of plastering, and seriously damaging the house, inside as well as outside.

The wife of Unnack, as well as several children, who were in the house, were not injured.

During the same storm a cow, belonging to Dr. Barrett, was knocked down but recovered

and is doing well.—*Traveler.*

WINCHESTER SCHOOL COMMITTEE REPORT.

At a meeting of the School Committee, of Winchester, June 22d, 1852, it was voted:—

That we instruct the Clerk, in concurrence with the Chairman, to prepare notices of the transactions of our meetings, for publication in the *Woburn Journal*.

The following Report was presented by the Sub-Committee, and voted to be adopted:—

Whereas certain "Friends of Education" have authorized the publishers of the *Common School Journal* to send, at their expense six hundred copies of the said *Journal* to School Committees, of the States of Massachusetts and Maine:—

And whereas the School Committee of Winchester, Mass., have received several numbers of this publication, requesting a "careful perusal and candid consideration of its statements."—

Resolved, That the School Committee of Winchester respectfully decline receiving the *Common School Journal*, as a gratuity, in future.

Resolved, That the School Committee of Winchester disapprove the bitter and unfriendly tone of the *Common School Journal*, towards the Massachusetts Board of Education, and its captious criticism and uncandid depreciation of the excellent Annual Reports of the present Secretary of the Board, the Rev. Dr. Sears.

Resolved, That by his valuable Annual Reports, and the able, manly, and efficient manner in which he has uniformly discharged the numerous and difficult duties of Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, the School Committee of Winchester have been led to regard, and do still regard, the Rev. Dr. Sears with feelings of gratitude and respect. By the clear and practical manner in which he has discussed many important questions relating to the subject of Education; by the vigor of his thoughts and the soundness of his views; by his chaste and classical style of writing; and, above all, by his reverent and religious spirit, he has commended himself to all true friends of education in this Commonwealth.

Resolved, That the numbers of the *Common School Journal* hitherto received by the School Committee of Winchester, be returned to the publisher.

Resolved, That the Examination of the High School take place on Friday, July 9th.

Resolved, That the Exhibition of the High School be held in Lyceum Hall, on the same (Friday) evening, at 7½ o'clock.

J. M. STEELE, Chairman.
D. YOUNGMAN, Clerk.

W. Winchester, June 24, 1852.

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and is doing well.—*Traveler.*

CATERPILLARS.—We must look out sharp for our trees, as we see strong evidence, that the caterpillars have appeared in great numbers, and if we are not up early and late, with brush and sticks, they will destroy some of the best trees; we saw several elms that looked quite black with these destroying worms. Farmers should be very careful to watch their apple trees, they should be attended to early in the morning and at evening. There are many ways of destroying them,—we have tried gunpowder, which is very effectual; when the caterpillars form a nest, load a gun with powder only, and discharge within a foot of the nest, and there will not be many left. Some use tar and a brush,—we prefer powder, when they have made a nest, but when they first come, the foot and stick will do the business.

We observe, also, that the Canada Thistle

is suffered to grow; this is the worst weed

that can get into a field, and we think they

spoil the looks of a village if suffered to grow

on the side of the road; they indicate a want

of spirited inhabitants; every man should feel

under an obligation to apply the hoe to these

pests. Weeds and grass should be kept down

on the side of streets and roads,—they destroy

the beauty of a village; our "Tree Society"

have done well, and deserve much credit.

We must have a "Side Walk Society,"

to keep the side walks clear of weeds and

Canada Thistles, with liberty to keep the trees

on the square and streets clear from the cater-

pillars.

Written for the Journal.

Mr. EDITOR:—I have read with interest, the several pieces which have appeared in the "Woburn Journal," relating to a "Public Library." This is a subject I have long thought of, and it is something which will not only tend to the happiness of the members of our community, but will be of great benefit to them. How many there are in our village who now spend their time in other ways than that which will be for their good, who, if we could get them interested, in this subject of having a "Public Library," would have the honor of helping on a good cause, and of instructing and benefiting themselves.

What a large number of young men there are among us, who could, if they only would take hold of this thing, have such a pile of literary matter, as would be an honor to "Old Woburn." It seems to me Woburn is far behind the times in regard to these things; we can point out towns not near so old as this, that are far ahead of ours. The people here do not look enough to the community at large. They do not look enough for public good.

I doubt not sir if you keep agitating this subject, that you will after a while wake the sleeping powers, around us, and we may see, this good subject taken hold of and carried on in good earnest.

For one, I am willing to unite myself with those who feel interested in this thing, and aid in carrying it along. Many may hesitate in this matter, saying they know of no way by which such a thing can be done. But if any

feel interested and would show that interest, there would be a plenty of ways provided, whereby it might be carried on successfully. Yours, with the hope of hearing from you again.

H.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

The past week has been an exciting one; the field of politics has been deeper ploughed than the field of agriculture; all is now calm again. The weather and the crops are favorable, and industry will reap its due reward;

—There are ninety-six boys in the Farm School, and the institution is in good condition.—John, the faithful servant of the late John Randolph, lately died in Ohio.—The "Crawford House," at the White Mountains, is opened for the season.—Three cases of Sunstroke in New York last week.—The Congregational Church, in Thompson, Ct., was struck by lightning last week.—G. Washington Warren, of Charlestown has been chosen President of the "Bunker Hill Monument Association."—A daughter of Jerome Bonaparte, is a Nun in a Convent.—The Supreme Court of Maine have decided that Liquor may be transported through the State, without being subject to seizure.—The liquor Bill has passed the New Hampshire House of Representatives, and will no doubt become

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1852.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

MEMORY.

How sweet when friends we loved are gone,
To dream again o'er hours of bliss;
And joys from forever flown,
And think again of loves first kiss.

And sweet it is to come again,
To the loved haunts where we have happy been;
Though dimly now life's taper burns,
We live those happy days again.

And if those lips breathe welcome yet,
And eyes beam love, that wept our parting then;
O! in the heart of friends thus met,
We live those happy days again.

They tell us of a strain that flowed,
In the giddy days of yore;
Whose waters bright fresh youth bestowed,
Alas! the fount now flows no more.

But memory bright to us still appears—
Presents the sparkling cup, and when
We sip the sweets of former years,
We live them over again.

M. W. P.

AGRICULTURE.

*(He who by the Plough would thrive,
Himself must either toil or die.)*

LOOK OUT FOR YOUR HORSES.

One of the exceedingly troublesome diseases to which horses are liable is the "Grease," or better known among us as "Scratches." It is an inflamed state of the space between the fetlock and the coronet of the hoof. In a healthy state no velvet can be more soft than this, and with this softness it has an oily touch, which one would scarcely look for in a part so much exposed to dust and dirt. The disease sometimes attacks all the feet, but the hind feet more frequently. After inflammation has existed a short time the skin becomes dry and cracks, and soon the part is raw and very tender.

The cause of the disease is undoubtedly the want of proper attention. The horse is driven through the cold mud, and perhaps is left standing in it for two or three hours during the day, and then returned to the stable with a portion of it adhering to his heels. This absorbs the peculiar oil that is upon the surface and perhaps checks its secretion, until dryness and cracking of the skin takes place. The best way, then, is to prevent the disease by proper care. Whenever the animal is returned to the stable during muddy travelling, the legs should be thoroughly cleaned, and briskly rubbed for a minute or two, and the pastern washed and wiped dry. But if the disease is there, washing, and the application of soft oil or grease, will soon effect a cure. Horses that are passing through the barn yard frequently, will likely contract the disease. If the scratches extend up the legs, or are very bad on the heels, wash with castile soap and warm water.

Foul in the foot of neat cattle is occasioned by exposure to the strong substances through which they pass in the barn-yard, or standing in them and in the cold mud while loading manure. A careful farmer will wash their feet on returning them to the leanto for the night. Scratches are sometimes caused by allowing the horse to stand where the urine, manure and other dirt, is allowed to gather under his feet.

SMOKING MEAT.

The best, most effectual, cheapest, and neatest manner of smoking meat that has come under my observation, is to place a shovel of live coals in an old pan or some low dish, and lay on them a few sugar-maple chips. Dry ones are the best, for it requires too much fire to use green ones. No other wood will produce so sweet smoke as sugar-maple; and the coals of it will keep alive as long, or longer, than the coals of the other wood. In the absence of chips, we use corn cobs, which are nearly as good as chips. Three or four, laid on a few coals, will produce smoke sufficient to fill an ordinary smoke-house.

As a substitute for a smoke-house, we have been accustomed to use a molasses hogshead, covered with boards on the top, and a hole sawed in the side, near the bottom, large enough to admit a small pan of coals, with a cob or two, or a few small chips. Thus we avoid danger of setting fire to the smoke-house, and consuming meat and all, and our meat is not "half baked," but presents a clean, copper-colored appearance.

Let those who have been accustomed to smoke their meat over a log-heep, adopt the mode of smoking it gently, and then say which way is the best.—*Albany Cultivator.*

THE SEASON.

The month of May was too dry and cold to be favorable for the grass crop, and nearly the middle of June there had but little rain fallen during that portion of the month. Grass did not get well set, and therefore is thin at the bottom, and the crop at present is not very promising.

Grain and corn look strong and healthy. July and August are the months in which the corn crop principally grows; if they are hot and give seasonable showers a fair crop may be expected, although the plants may be backward on the first of July.

Squashes, melons, tomatoes, and most of the garden vegetables, appear well—of good color, stocky and strong, and with a hot mid-summer and seasonable rains will yield an abundant crop.

There has been frost several nights in the first half of June, but mostly confined to low grounds, and not so heavy anywhere as to injure vegetation materially. There was frost on the night of the 11th.

There is, then, the greater necessity for frequent hoeing and the most careful cultivation, which will do much for us toward obtaining a good crop.

CARROTS.—From experience in their growth, and a close observation of their effects, we are prepared to say, that this is one of the best roots grown for the food of milk cows—and are justified in affirming, that the carrot is a highly nutritive root—that milk cows, fed properly with it, yield more milk than when fed upon hay alone, yield it of a better quality, and, withal, thrive upon it; but carrots, as well as parsnips, sugar-beets, or mangold wurtzel, or, indeed, any other roots, when fed to milk cows, should be mixed with cut straw, hay, or fodder of some kind; besides which they should be given other portions of long provender uncut, or cut, as the feeder may best like, by itself. When given roots, cattle, of course, consume less long food, but still they should receive such portion, as when added to the roots they may receive, will form an equivalent in nutrimental matter to a full feed of hay, fodder, or other long provender.—*American Farmer.*

Lincolmites and opened his mouth and spake unto them saying, ye Lincolmites, hear the articles which I am about to read unto you, then he read to choose Chief Scribe, and he said who do you choose for Chief Scribe, and they said Henry, and Henry was chosen; then William said unto the Lincolmites, who do you choose for first Father or Selectman, and some said William, the son of Solomon, and others said William, the son of Charles, and William, the son of Charles was chosen.

DUNNALLAN.
To be continued.

ALWAYS BUSY.—The more a man accomplishes the more he may. An active tool never grows rusty. You always find those men who are the most forward to do good, or improve the times and manners, always busy. Who start our railroads, our steam-boats, our machine-shops, and our manufactures? Men of industry and enterprise. As long as they live they keep at work, doing something to benefit themselves and others. It is just so with a man who is benevolent—the more he gives the more he feels to like giving.—We go for activity—in mind, in body, in everything. Let the gold grow not dim, nor the thoughts become stale. Keep all things in motion. We should rather that death should find us scaling a mountain than sinking in the mire—drifting a whirlpool than sneaking from a cloud.

LADIES' SEWING BIRDS.—Our yankee friends are always contriving something useful, neat, and practical in some of the departments of social and business life. We have received from the manufacturer, C. E. Storn, of Middleton, Conn., a very convenient article, to which the inventor has given the name of "Sewing Bird." This Bird is fastened to the table by a screw, and holds in its beak the material upon which the lady is employed with her needle. The present practice is to pin the article to the dress, which has the effect of placing the body in a stooping position, tending to round the shoulders and injure the lungs. The "Sewing Bird," however, obviates all these difficulties, by allowing the person to sit upright in a natural position, and to pursue her work with greater ease and facility. Believing such to be its advantages, from a neat lithograph now before us, we commend the "Sewing Bird" to the protection of the ladies.—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

WAITING FOR A GUEST.—Nothing, perhaps, is more annoying to a host who has invited a dinner party than to have to wait for one of his guests, especially if that guest be a person of more than ordinary pretensions. And not only is the generous entertainer rendered impatient at perceiving how fast the piquancy and flavor of his costly dishes are wasting away, but he has also the mortification of seeing, in the half-suppressed irritability which rests upon the countenances of those who have attended punctually, plain manifestations that the warmth of his meats is being diffused through the temper and conversation of his guests. It would be well for diners-out, especially for literary lions, who are commonly supposed to be somewhat tender to pungent criticisms, to bear in mind the knowing remark of a celebrated French wit, who was asked why he was so particular in coming early when invited to dine. "Because," said he, "I have frequently noticed that the faults of one who is waited for invariably present themselves to those who wait for him."

A poor emaciated Irishman having called a physician in a forlorn hope, the latter spread a large mustard plaster, and immediately clapped it on the poor fellow's lean breast. Pat, who, with a tearful eye, looked down on it, said,

"Doctor, it strikes me it's a dose of mustard for so little mate."

It is a good rule, never to speak of men's faults to others, till we have first and faithfully spoken of them to the offenders themselves. This would prevent a world of mischief and slander, and perhaps save many from persisting in sin.

KITCHEN girls are now termed "young ladies of the other parlor." People who grind knives, scissors, and razors, "gentlemen of the revolution." Folks who dig claims, are termed "profound investigators."

EFFECTS OF CHewing TOBACCO.—Never chew tobacco, but above all never chew your words, or you may find yourself holding forth after the following fashion.—"Can virchue, forchitude, graciehude, or quickehude dwell with that man who is a stranger to rectitude? Did you ever hear tell, neighbor, of the Connecticut butcher-fly, which is the most beautiful creature ever nature produced, as it is all over spotted?"

It has been truly said, "the first being that rashes to the recollection of a soldier or a sailor, in his hearts difficulty, is his mother. She clings to his memory and affection in the midst of all the forgetfulness and hardness induced by a roving life. The last message he leaves is for her, his last whisper breathes her name. The mother as she instils the lessons of piety and filial obedience into the heart of her infant son, should always feel that her labor is not in vain. She may drop into the grave, but she has left behind her an influence that will work for her. The bow is broken but the arrow is sped and will do its office.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Written for the Journal.

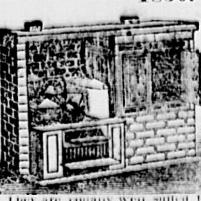
1 CLASS OF CHRONICLES.

And it came to pass, in the days of Boutwell, Chief Steward of the Massachusetts, that the Lincolmites were assembled together unto the Town Hall, which was a large upper room, set on a hill in the midst of the town of the Lincolmites, and there was a goodly number assembled together of the tribes of Cyrus and Aaron, and Isaæ, and Abijah, and Samuel, and Abel, and Henry, and John, and Thomas, and Levi, and Leonard, and Ephraim, and Solomon, and Daniel, and Charles, and Jonas, and Calvin, and Hosea, and Elisha, and Amos, and Jacob, and Phiney, and divers others, and Amos arose and said order, and there was order.

And he said, who do you choose for a Chief Moderator, and some answering, said unto him William the son of Solomon, and others said Samuel, the son of Abijah, and there were more that said William, the son of Solomon, than there were that said Samuel; and William was chosen, and William arose and walked unto the desk behind which was seated Henry the Chief Scribe, who was also a physician, and Henry arose and took William by the hand, and said hail thee William, and William said hail Henry; then William turned unto the

POND'S IMPROVED UNION RANGE.

1850.



THE subscribers having for several months made a new improvement in their COOKING RANGES, which are now in great demand, are prepared to offer them to the trade, and to set them for the use of families, boarders, and houses, hotels, &c.

They are equally well suited for wood and coal, and are made of six different sizes, adapting them for large and small establishments.

THEY ARE THE ONLY RANGES IN THE MARKET WHICH ARE MADE SO EASILY ACCESSIBLE WITHOUT BEING OBLIGED TO REACH OVER THE FIRE WHEN BAKING, AND IN BRINGING THE BOILERS IN MEDICAL CONTACT WITH THE FIRE, SO THAT THEY ARE OF GREAT SERVICE.

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